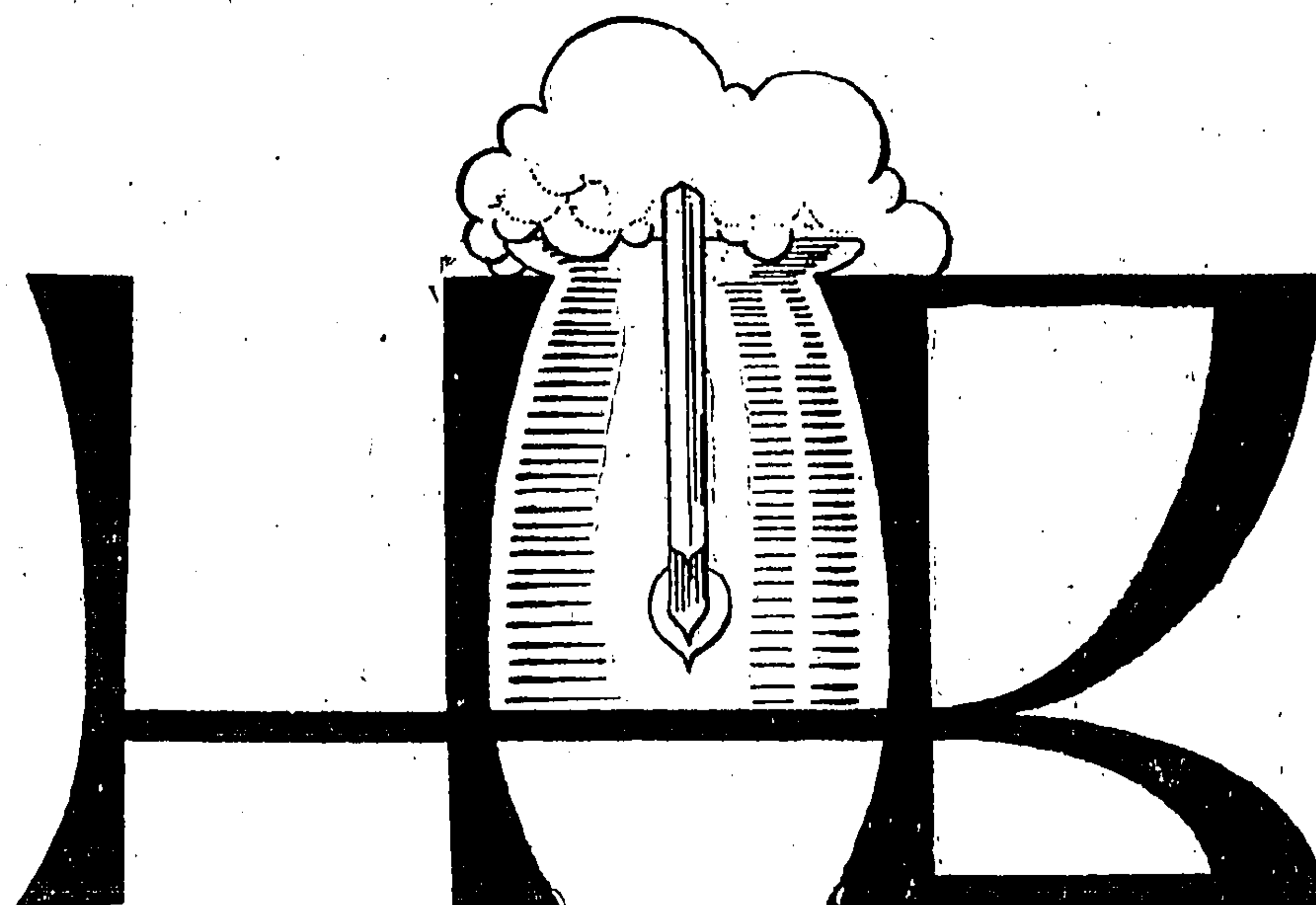


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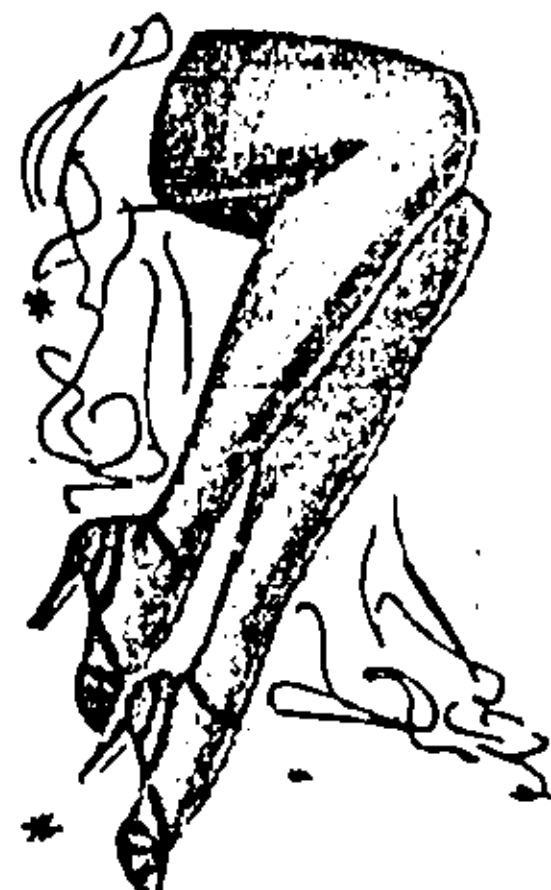
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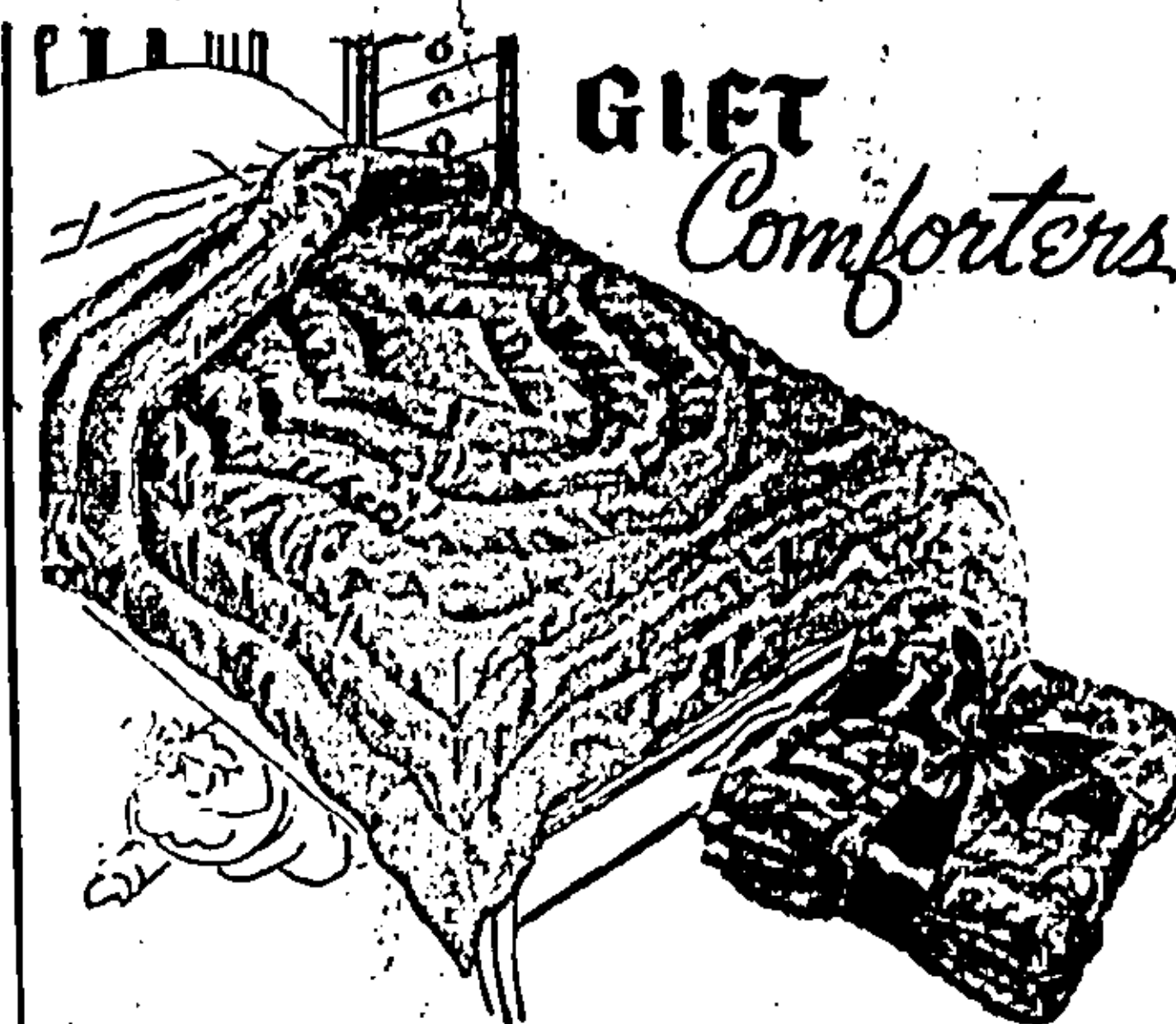
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NERVOUS...RUN-DOWN?

GET AT ONE CAUSE OF THESE TROUBLES THIS SIMPLE WAY



DO you suffer from a tired, nervous feeling... heaviness after meals? Troubles like these may mean that your digestion is slow... that you need more vitamins.

A tonic food that has helped many people is Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

It provides extra amounts of 4 necessary vitamins—A, B, D and G. The yeast acts like a booster for these vitamins when digestion is slow. It supplies other

essentials that help you make fuller use of these vitamins and the food you eat. This should help you feel more energetic.

Start now to eat Fleischmann's Yeast every day. Eat it 1/4 hour before meals—plain or dissolved in a little water. See if you don't begin to feel like taking part in good times again.

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All the average person needs in addition to his meals of A, B and D, and a rich supply of the vitality vitamin G.

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Vitamin A—5200 Units
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Party Time Is Here Again

Games To Create A Jolly Atmosphere

PICKS AND CUPS
LET the players sit in two straight rows facing each other. Each row, which must be of an uneven number, forms a team. Five, seven, nine, and so on.

The odd numbers on each side are then termed the picks, and the even the cups.

The cups hold their hands together, stretched out in front of them. That is all they have to do. Half a dozen small things, like buttons or nuts, are placed on the floor at the top end of each line.

The word to start is given, and the first pick in each team takes up one nut and drops it into the waiting hands of his neighbour, who is the first cup.

It is taken out by the second pick and put into the next cup, and so it goes on down the line.

As soon as the last pick calls "safe" (which signifies that she has dropped the nut into a basin or hat which is on the floor at her side), the first pick snatches up another nut and starts it off again.

No more than one nut should ever be moving along at the same time.

The team which first gets all its nuts down into safety is, of course, victorious.

TABLECLOTH SQUEAKS
ONE team goes out of the room, and presently sends in one of their number crawling on hands and knees, and completely hidden under a tablecloth or sheet, emitting squeaking noises.

The team which has stayed in the room is allowed to make a slight guess as to the hidden one's identity. Should the guess be right the other team comes in and the successful one goes out; if the guess is wrong the draped player crawls out—and someone else comes in.

SNOWBALLING
HANG a small wooden hoop from the ceiling, or a doorway, and in the middle of it suspend a tiny man, with an easy-ringing bell attached.

The players are now supplied with "snowballs," made of cotton wool, and begin to toss them at the hoop, in turn. Each time that the man is hit so that his bell rings three points are counted, and two

points when the snowball goes through the hoop without touching the man. When there is a complete miss one point is taken away.

The most convenient way of scoring is to have a dish of dried peas or nuts. Players can then be given their trees or twos, and can repay their nuts into it.

VACUUM
THE teams sit in two straight rows, facing inwards. Each player is provided with a cup, and a strong straw of the sort served out in restaurants with lemonade.

The leader, at the head of each line, has in his cup half a dozen small dried beans or peas.

When the starting signal is given each second player puts one end of her straw in her mouth, and the other in the cup of her neighbour. By drawing in air through her straw she is thus able to lift a bean against the bottom of it, and by continuing this suction the bean can be transferred into her own cup—though it is a process that needs considerable care.

Immediately, number three, by the same means, transfers the bean to her own cup; and so it travels down the line. As soon as the second player's cup is clear she may secure another bean.

The winning team is that which first gets all its beans into the cup of the end player.

SIR WALTER'S CLOAK
THIS is a game in which couples take part. Newspapers serve very well for the cloaks, and each



Anyone who loses her balance and touches the floor should go back and start afresh.

POISON SPOT
AN opened newspaper or small rug is placed on the floor, in the middle of the room. This is the poison spot. The players all clasp hands and form a large ring about it, each trying to push or pull her companion on to the fatal spot. Anyone who does step on it becomes "poisoned," and so falls out of the game. The last to remain in is, of course, the winner.

HARBOUR FOG
THIS is splendid fun in a fairly large room. The harbour mouth is formed of two chairs placed a yard or so apart at one end. At the other end of the room are two teams, each consisting of about four players. These four stand one behind the other, each with her hands on the shoulders of the one in front. All are blindfolded. The task of these teams is to make their way up the room and through the "harbour mouth." That team wins which gets through first. Behind each team is its pilot. He is not blindfolded, and he stays at the bottom of the room. His task is to direct the team by calling instructions—"a little to the right," "straight on," and so on, or use nautical terms.



IVOR BROWN on Christmas

Not What It Was

CHRISTMAS cards, more than most things, are certainly not what they were. Once they had to be all frost and snow; now they remind us of anything under the sun—and quite a warm sun too. The sentiments remain gallantly the same. In the grim face of Europe they proclaim peace and goodwill. But they do so with reproductions of Old Masters or with charming scenes of National Trust property, which have nothing to do with the Christmas case. Not vanished, certainly, but scarcer now are venerable platitudes in colour so long deemed proper and even essential to Yuletide, the Old Gabled House with polar snows upon the roof, the jovial huntsmen, the coach and four galloping, somewhat rashly, on frozen roads, and mild-eyed maidens rosily expectant under mistletoe.

Do people still sigh for a Good Old-fashioned Christmas? No doubt, since people will sigh for anything. If by an old-fashioned Christmas is meant one in which there were no gas-rings and no electric kettles, so that some poor drudge had to start the day by cleaning out a dirty fire-place with numbed hands and slowly getting a fresh flame amid the ashes (and nothing can be quite so dismally cold as a dead fire soon after its demise), then very few who do their own housework or work for other, people will regret that desolate splendour of the ancient festive morning. The gas or electric flame with its quick cup of tea and relief for frozen fingers is a good Christmas companion, and let those who most sentimentalise about the season's blazing log be honest enough to confess the value of its mechanical assistants and alternatives.

If we are to be merry for some four days on end, a considerable strain at any time and even more vexatious with the world as it is and with the tax-collector's punctual reminder that the more the trouble the more the cost, then to be reasonably and constantly ing up to this annual job of being jocund. The early celebrators of a Good Old-fashioned Christmas had enormous fires here or there, but everybody knows that enormous fires here do not over-

come enormous chilliness there. Their remedy, if we can trust in Dickens, was to pump themselves so full of hot brandy and water, of a steaming negus of this or that, and of some sickly boiling punch that they became wholly oblivious to the outer world, frosts and draughts and downpours included. Their Christmas was a liquorish procession from carols to coma.

These Good Old-fashioned Was-sailers, staggering or snoring through their wild December, must have been far harder than we. The absorption in large quantity, of hot, mixed liquors, with-out a devastating migraine to follow, appears to be a lost art. Let us admit that we are, in this matter, "softies." We do not fight the climate with a mess of boiled Cognac; we have begun to quiver before a Yuletide glass of port and make evasive remarks about acidity. We prefer our central heating to be supplied with proper craft by the plumber and not thus crudely by the wine merchant.

On the other hand, those who no longer have hot brandy inside them should be all the more insistent on having their hot water in the pipes. Gout dwindles, but rheumatism does not. That the British have established a high record for rheumatism is surely in some degree due to their distrust of properly distributed heat. The passage from blazing firesides to ice-cold bedrooms, after a few stiff brandies, was a certain prelude to a stiff awakening on the morning after Christmas; even if the bedroom had, to grace and greet the season, its own Yule log, that would perish in the night and cause the sleeper to awake in a room perhaps twenty degrees colder than that in which he had fallen asleep. This again was scarcely hygienic.

But many of the British still retain, despite the ubiquitous talk about "all modern comforts," a deeply planted suspicion that comfort is really Satan's handiwork. In their austere opinion it ranks with laziness, and the idea of having a house equally and constantly heated is still just as odious to some minds as opening a tin to get your dinner, though it is now ob-

vious to anybody who will seek to find out the cheerful facts that tinned food can be most attractive in quality and variety, as in handiness, cleanliness, and price. It is the people who do not get their own dinner who grumble away about this, just as the lovers of a natural fire are those who do not have to get up and light it.

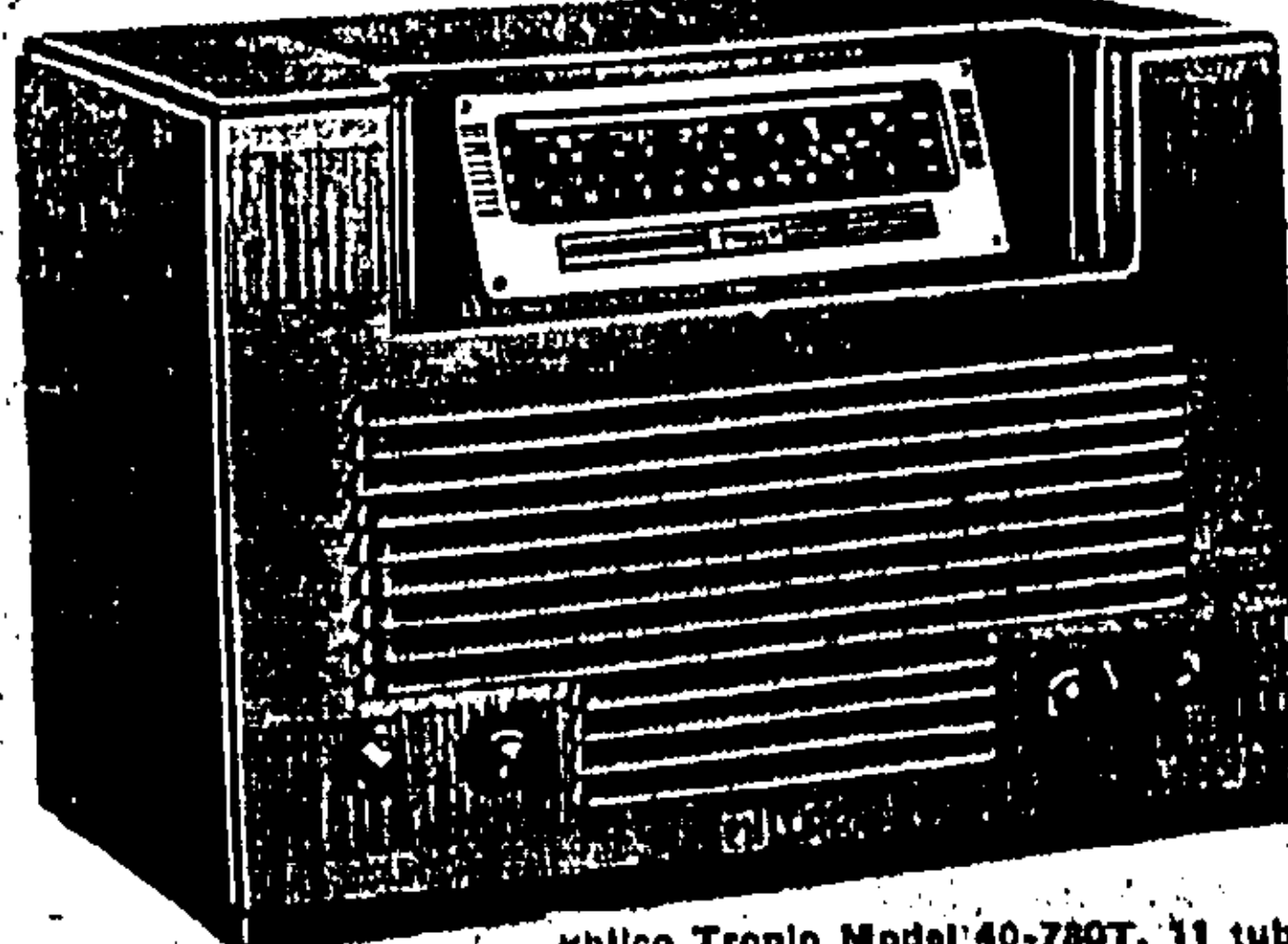
For my part Christmas can have as many cans and contraptions as are calculated to save labour and promote amenity. Let the Yule log blaze in the open grate on condition that hot water is throbbing comfortably in the pipes elsewhere. The devotees of the Good Old-fashioned stuff still make a great to-do about Christmas Pudding, preparing all its details weeks in advance, and insisting that everybody stir the nauseous hodge-podge, as it then seems, and generally serves the festival of fuss. But if the hodge-podge, so labouriously agglomerated, were thrown out with the scraps, as, on its appearance, it well might be, and a Chain Store product or a tinned pudding served in its place, everybody would say how nice the pudding was this year. It is never wise when you farm to speak well of the milk and butter they are certain to have come from a shop, and the butter will have crossed most of the world to reach you.

The Good Old-fashioned Christmas was an orgy of chilblains for the young as well as of negus for the old. The very genius of it is in Shakespeare's lyric of Hens, Winter. Tom is bringing the logs to the hall, which is better for those in the hall than for the carrier with his chapped hands. Poor Tom's a-cold. Blood is nipt. The wind is howling and the ways are a muddy morass. Greasy Joan is washing up the pots, and Marian's nose is red and raw. Some roasted apples are hissing in the bowl. Surely, if Joan had had a decent hot-water supply and Marian some modern cosmetics, the Christmas of both would have been a trifle more festive and more comfortable. The gentry in the hall would have been all the better for central heating to confirm and to extend the radiance of Tom's logs and the roasted apples that seem a dubious delicacy, a thin material for feasting.

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SUCH A LOT OF PRESENTS TO BUY

CHRISTMAS is close upon us once more, and I have such a lot of presents to buy! What shall they be? I want to give my friends and relatives something really useful this time. And there's the children, too; they will want the latest in toys.

Some such soliloquy will be in the mind of nearly everyone this month; but they need not worry about the answers. As season succeeds season, the displays of attractive gifts to be seen in the shop windows seem always to go one better than those of last year.

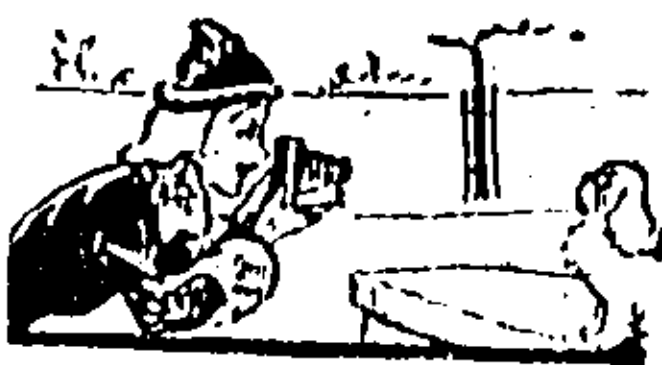
If you wish your presents to have that individual touch which makes them so much more acceptable to the recipients, then make your purchases early enough to enable you to retain the articles in your own possession for a week or two, carefully wrapped up.

You will find that to some of them, if not all, you can add a little personal touch that will convey a sense of your own individuality to your friend. A well-chosen card with a suitable verse, bearing your name carefully written, instead of hastily scrawled, or a small calendar with a picture of your friend's favourite subject—a dog, a cat, a horse, a landscape or spray of flowers—could accompany the gift. If it is a book, make a ribbon bookmark in your friend's favourite colour, and embroider one end with his or her initials. The same can be done in the corner of serviettes and towels, though in the case of handkerchiefs it is better to buy them already monogrammed.

It is only by commencing in good time that you will be able to add these personal touches, but they are well worth while.

CRAZE THAT STAYED
When it first became popular to own a camera and take one's own snapshots, it was said by professional photographers to be only a passing craze. The same was said of the picture postcard when it first appeared. Yet both have outlived the imputation, and both will continue to enjoy popularity for a long time yet. A camera is therefore a suitable gift for anyone who is really enthusiastic on the subject. Here again, it is best to buy it early, ask the salesman to load it, and on a bright day go out with it yourself and take snaps. By

thus trying it, you will make sure that the gift is in good order and ready for use. Any fault it may have can be remedied in time for Christmas.



MAKE SURE IT'S IN GOOD ORDER

If you have a snap of a friend that you know she especially likes, then get a coloured enlargement made of it, but make sure the tints are correct in accordance with what was born in the picture. An error there will detract from its value. Of course, the enlargement must be mounted by the photographer; then buy a nice frame of the latest style and finish the job yourself. Such a gift carries with it

a decided personal touch, and will be prized by the recipient for years.

Another gift in this line is a well-made album for snaps, with three packets of gummed "corners" for making spaces for different sized pictures. If your friend has his own dark room, an outfit of the necessary chemicals with half a dozen spoons of film, will make a pleasing gift. But do not buy dishes and frames unless he is just commencing.

GLOVES AND BAGS

For the lady who just likes to go out to see and be seen, few things are more useful than kid gloves or a handbag. In the latter, beautiful styles are to be had in colours that will tone with any outfit. Be sure, however, that the interior contains a tiny mirror. A chubby to match her latest coat, or a fashionable umbrella is acceptable because of its utility; or a showerproof cloak with hood will be sure to please.

Girls who still make up will appreciate a wafer thin flapjack in blue, green or white enamel, with



FOR THE LADY FOND OF ENTERTAINING

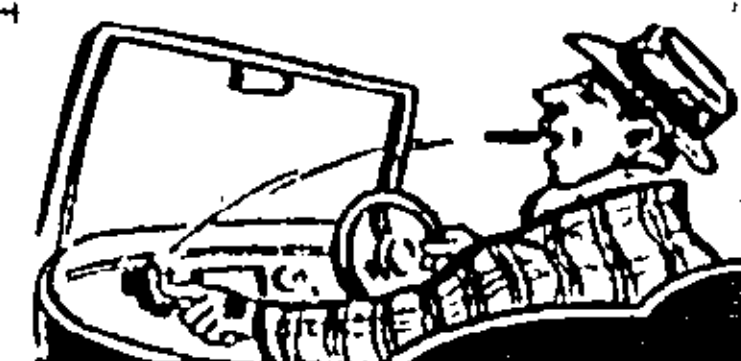
a circle in the centre for the initial. Get this done, and again you have the personal touch with your gift. Jewellery is always liked if two things match. Bracelet and earrings, or a brooch and jewelled belt. A wristlet watch with a gem in the strap and a ring.

The girl who writes in her spare time can always do with a well-equipped compendium; add a small calendar and a book of postage stamps.

For the lady who is fond of entertaining there are lovely centre pieces for the dining or drawing room table. A full-rigged yacht with white or brown sails on a mirror base, with a blue reflection coming from somewhere. A cigarette box with a set of ash trays in chromium or bronze to match the yacht. White vases in pottery ware and fluted wall vases are popular; and a dozen napkin rings or silver spoons engraved with an initial are a welcome gift.

If you are fond of embroidery, display your talent on a smart duchess set or the corners of a supper cloth. Nothing lends the personal touch better. A black satin cushion with a design of flowers worked in the corner or the centre, is a delightful gift. A pair of well-cut slippers in velvet, embroidered in contrasting silk is useful; to buy these things all ready done is expensive, so by

doing it yourself you not only give the personal touch, but you have the satisfaction of feeling



EJECTS CIGARETTE that your present is really a good one.

ELECTRIC

Something new in the way of electrical appliances appears every year, and this season is no exception. The latest thing for the male friend is an electric razor.

No house seems to have too many lamps of the kind that can be placed anywhere. One simple is a tall erection of shining metal in the form of a lighthouse; the base is a rugged reef on which a



ELDERLY PEOPLE LIKE ANTIQUES

hip is wrecked. Anyone who is keen on winter sports will be charmed with the figure of a skier poised on the top of a snowy height; the light from the lamp shines through the dazzling whiteness of the slope.

A lamp that is very useful where space is valuable is one combined with a clock. The base of the gadget has the timepiece fixed at such an angle that when the light is switched on the hour is plainly seen. The faces of these clocks can be had to tone with the colour scheme of any room. Shades of blue, rose, green, amber or cream, with the old-time Roman numerals instead of figures, these clocks are decidedly ornamental.

If your married friends are motorists they will appreciate that neat little appliance which it attached to a corner of the car; when the button is pressed, a small tray springs upwards into a horizontal position and a lighted cigarette is expelled.

Could anything be more obliging?

FOR THE COMFORTABLE

A difficult present to select is one for the couple who are pretty well off, and seem to have everything in plenty that you can afford to buy. A lot depends upon their tastes. If they are card players, another table for that purpose is always handy, as it folds up and occupies no space when not in use. And there is a small oak table suitable for afternoon tea; its reversible top with green baize inside, provides a card table. With the top perpendicular, it forms a fire screen in summer, flanked by tall plants.

A visit to an antique shop will prove interesting. Elderly couples like old-fashioned things. A bronze statuette or a pair of crinolined girls in pretty china. A pair of warriors or Marlboroughs or a ten-set in the real old willow pattern; if the last-named is your gift, be careful to see that it is complete. A dozen tumblers, complete with crystal jug, is acceptable, or an antique carrying set in silk-lined case.

Since exposure to the vital actinic rays of sunlight is essential to the maintenance of good health, and spirits—and consequently to adequate resistance to disease—medical opinion is unanimous in recommending artificial sunlight treatment as the best corrective for run-down conditions in winter. Efficient ultra-violet radiation must, however, be assured; and in this respect leading hospitals and clinics the world over depend upon artificial sunlight treatment by means of Sun Lamps.

Speaking of music and of Christmas, music is the home circle, an indispensable basis for the true Yuletide Spirit certainly lies in a glass of fine old sherry. Without this most mellow of wines, which has a traditional significance of hospitality and good cheer in English homes, Christmas and New Year—and in fact all festive occasions—would be sure to lack some essential warmth and intimacy.

Sherry, however, must always be fine old sherry if it is to be worthy of its place of honour on the Christmas sideboard. Sherry that is "no better than it ought to be" is a sorry substitute.

Science has made possible the giving of many undreamt-of gifts, but surely none more magical than the Aladdin's lamp which brings right into the home the boon of sunshine in winter. Even with

the best will to Christmas cheer, it is undeniable that the long, dark days of our English winters, with their all too prevalent accompaniments of fog and damp, tend to depress the spirits of many an otherwise happy soul.

It is a well recognised fact among doctors that by mid-winter the whole of our population is sun-starved. What this means in loss of vitality and in susceptibility to infection, leading to serious colds and other dangerous illnesses, is only appreciated by the medical practitioner.

ARTISTICALLY-FASHIONED RADIOGRAMS

There can scarcely be a more luxurious gift or one more to be desired and appreciated by young and old alike than a fine model radiogram. In such an instrument are combined all the attractions and advantages of both a first-class radio set and of a modern gramophone of superior tonal power, representing a quality of reproduction undreamt-of a few years ago. Consequently, such an instrument is a longed-for treasure in count-

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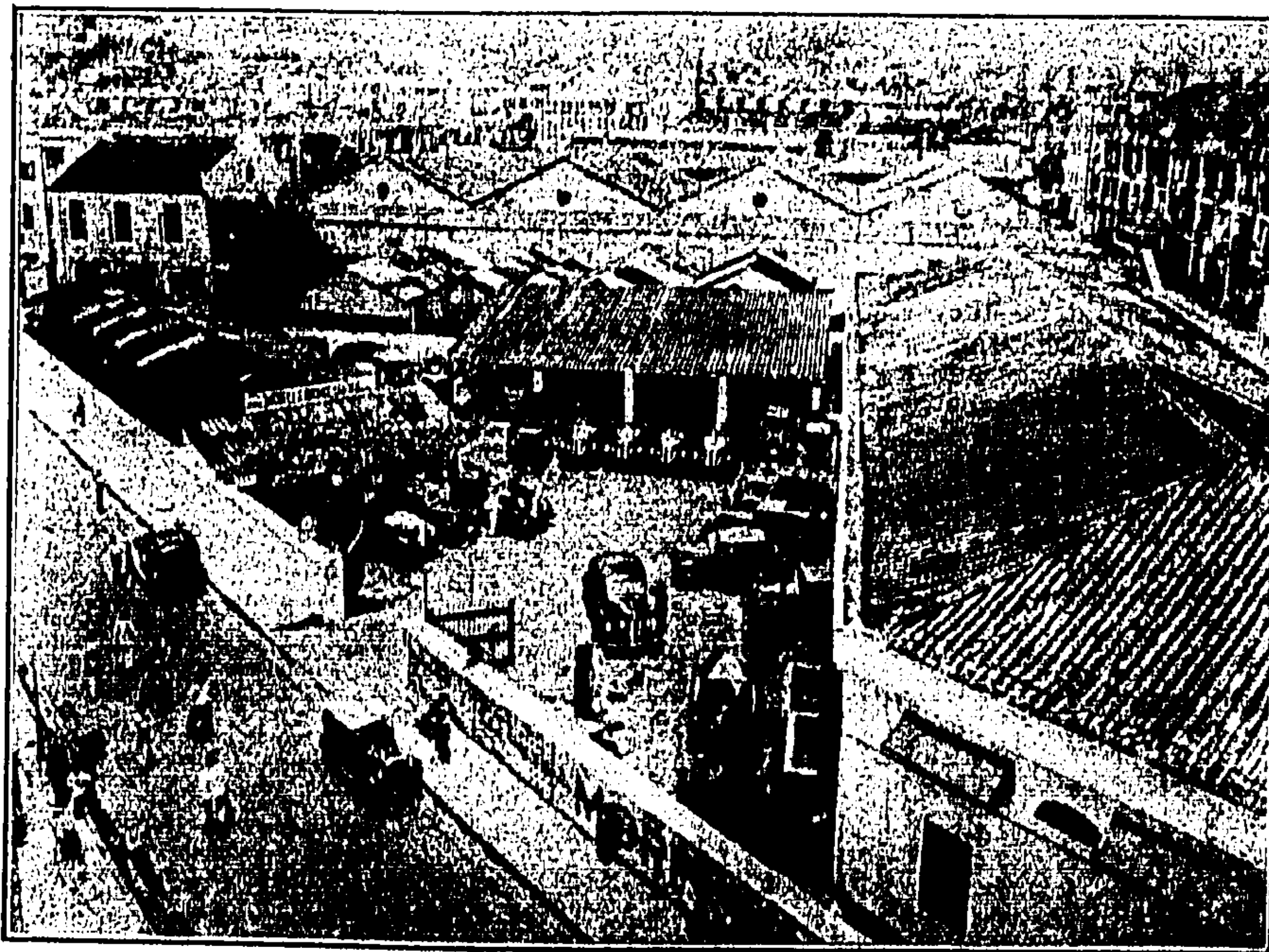
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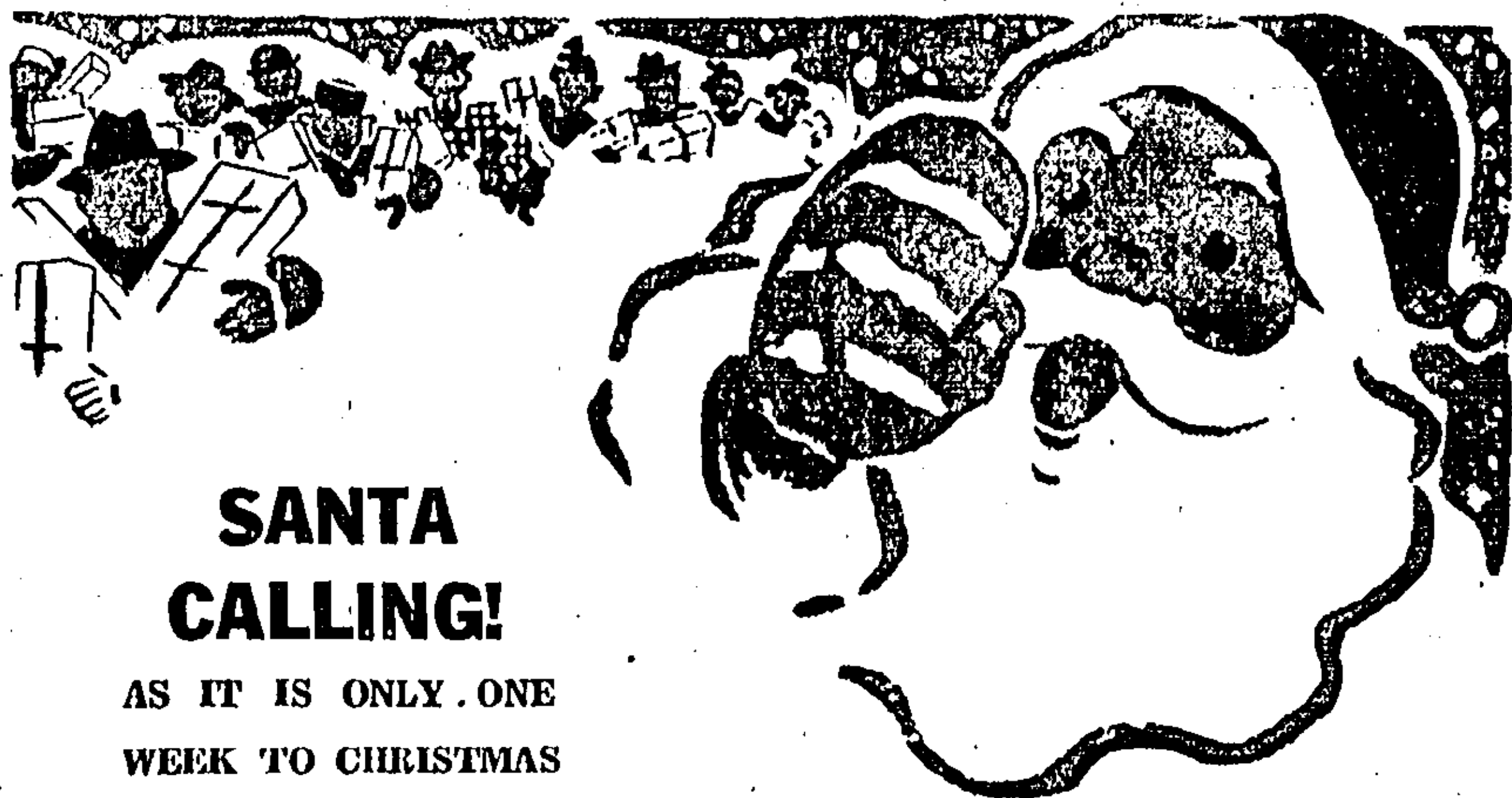
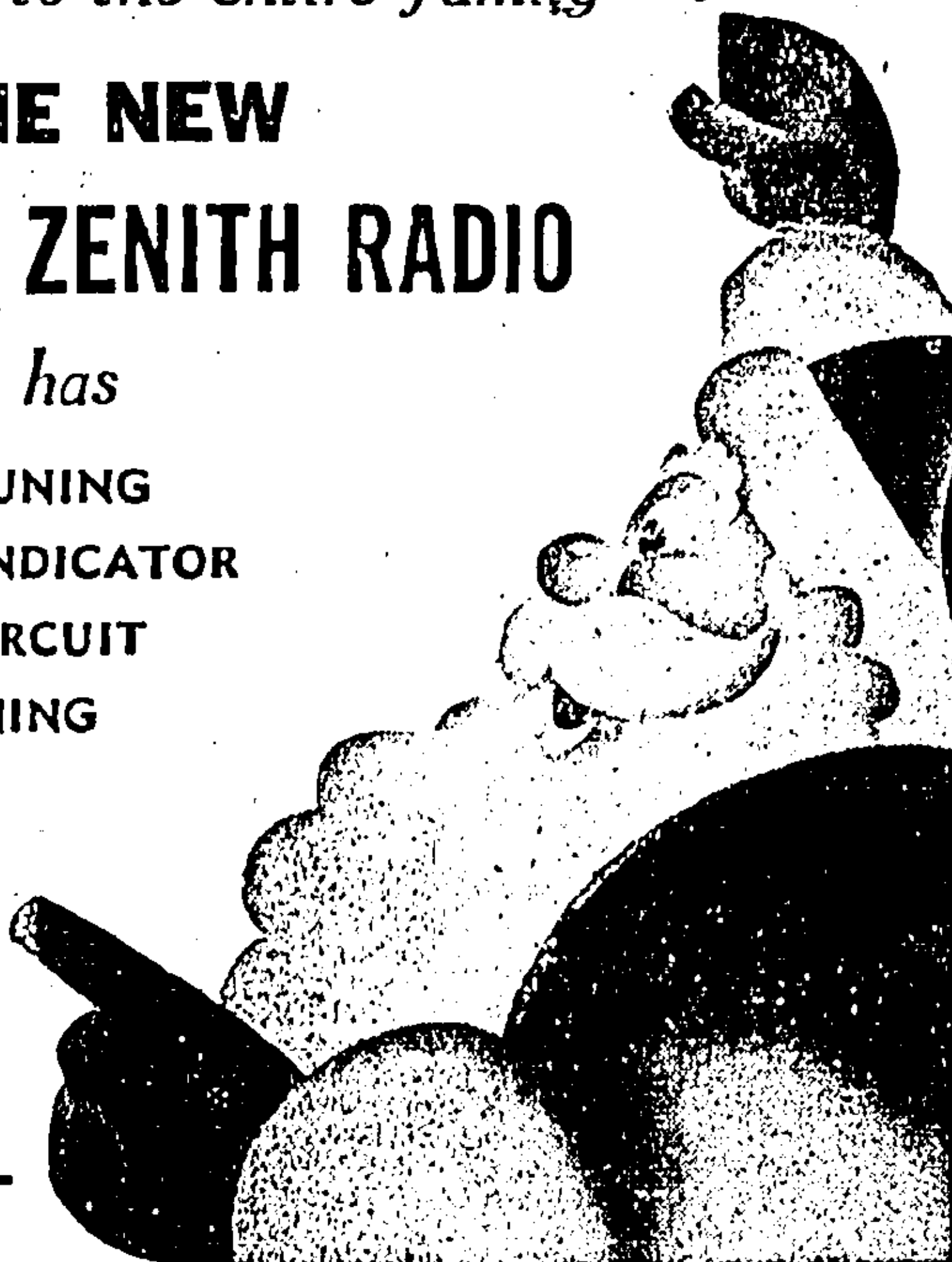
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LILLIPUTIAN LAND
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and let them tell Santa what
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Santa will show little friends
the many interesting things
in LILLIPUTIAN LAND to
thrill the little hearts with
pleasure.

Admission 10 cts. only
including a gift from Santa.

Of course, you know what happened
to the last-minute gift hunters—they
went from store to store, fighting their
way through last minute crowds and
came home exhausted—with gifts they
regarded as unsatisfactory because
they had been selected in such a hurry.
The moral is simply that early shop-
ping pays. SINCERE'S urges every-
body to do his shopping early . . . and
not to run into double-trouble at the
last minute.

TAKE SANTA'S
ADVICE AND
COME EARLY
TO SINCERE'S



Pretty Fancy Dress

BOYS and girls! Here's fun! I expect you are all thinking of the parties and dances you will soon be enjoying, and some of you perhaps have already started this very gay season. Such excitement when the postman brings your invitation and you accept with anticipation of the wonderful times to come.

Older brothers and sisters will join in the jolly and thrilling times we are going to have, so get your heads and ideas together for novel fancy dresses.

Choose a character you can act as well as a costume which will suit you, and it need not be expensive or difficult to make, as the simplest and easiest are more often the most effective creations. You can make very original affairs out of bits and pieces which you may find in your dressing-up cupboard or toy-box. Use your imagination, then ideas will come quickly and easily.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND

Boys like the idea of dressing-up as "cowboys," "pirates," bold "brigands" or soldiers—characters which are manly, dashing and brave. Little girls, of course, prefer something more feminine and dainty, such as "wood-nymphs," "fairies," "Columbines," "butterflies" and flowers. All these characters make very pretty costumes. Tiny tots can choose from the nursery rhymes—"Little Miss 'Red Riding Hood'."

A brother and sister will make charming couples, such as "Jack and Jill," "Knave of Hearts and

and green and finish all the points with tiny bells; these will jingle and make music at every turn.

The "Daisy" wears a green sateen bodice with a skirt of petals cut out from white tulle. Petals are also round the arm-holes, and make very dainty sleeves. A large daisy forms the hat, which rests cunningly on her gold curls.

The "Powder Puff" is a very plump little person, and has a skirt composed entirely of swans-down. She wears a tight velvet bodice of turquoise blue, and round her neck is a collar of swansdown which also makes her sleeves. A large powder puff forms a delightful hat.

"MUSIC"

If there is a prize for originality this design (see bottom illustration) will be in the running. Both frock and hat can be made from white artificial silk or sateen. Narrow black ribbon represents the staves, and can be cut from black sateen, and pasted on black tulle to be used for the gramo-



Queen of Hearts." "The Pie man and Simple Simon," all these couples are good ideas.

There are such a number to choose from, it really seems quite difficult to make up one's mind as to which will be the jolliest and nicest to wear; and so as to make things easier for you, here are a few suggestions as illustrated. These you will find attractive and suitable for most boys and girls, and I am sure mother will help you by running the seams up on her machine, and big sister will help you to choose and carry out illustrations.

THREE LITTLE PEOPLE

At the top of the page you will see three little people hurrying to their party. The tiny boy is dressed as "Cap and Bells," an old favourite; make it in sateen of red



"Tyrolean Maid"

With them is a jolly wee elf dressed in green and red. He looks the very essence of mischief, and nobody knows what he will be up to before he is safely tucked up in his cot—use sateen for his costume, green for the cap, and tulle red for the sleeves and knickers, and red slippers. Bind you enjoy yourself, wee elf, and button up your shoes or you may trip and fall on your funny little nose.

Now big sisters, I expect your ideas are tumbling over each other.



"Running after Alice"

For The Kiddies' Party

makes the bodice. Cover it with black velvet, and lace a scarlet cord through holes each side of the opening. Flowers clustered lightly together form a delightful head-dress.

No dance party is complete without "Pierrot," and here's a very modern version of one, dressed in a white tulle skirt, edged with black shiny ribbon, and trimmed with huge, black pom-poms; a light black satin bodice, and a huge tulle ruffle. A tiny hat perched snugly on one side of her head. Black satin slippers finish this dainty ensemble.

(Copyright).



"Pierrot"

NOT COMPLETE WITHOUT

"Tyrolean Maid" for gay light hearts. Everything in this costume is made in a straight piece, only three shoulders of the blouse are

By

ANN SHIRLY

shaped of stiff white muslin. The skirt is of bright blue sateen, with strips of green, scarlet and white sewn round the hem, and a white muslin apron edged with frills. Tailor's canvas, wide and long enough to reach round the waist,

SHERLEY'S

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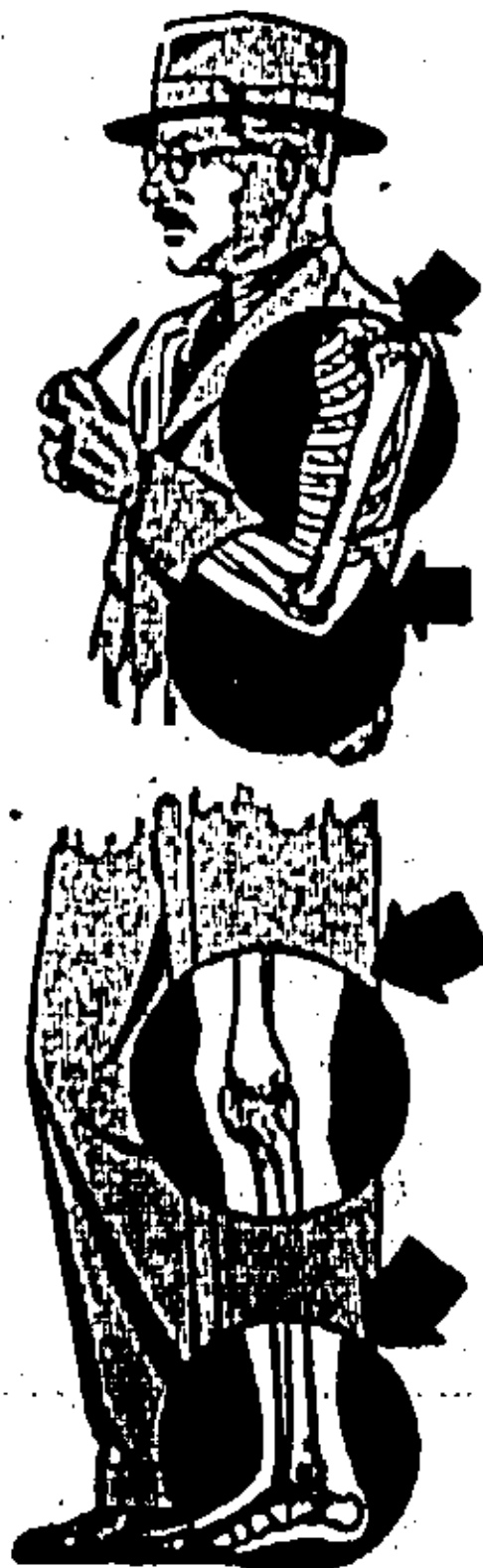
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Please send free, and post-paid, an interesting booklet on how and why "Curicones" conquer Rheumatism and allied ailments.
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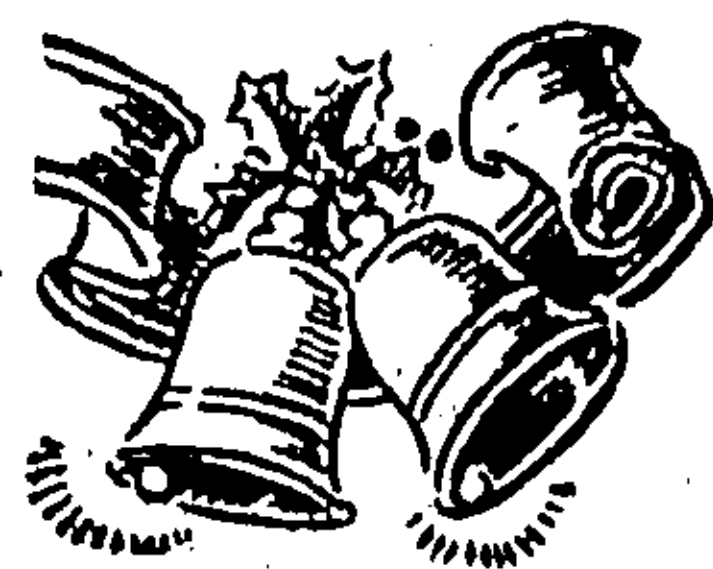
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THE COMPLETE CHRISTMAS STORE

Murder At The Towers

The Most Marvellous Mystery Story
in the World

(Begin now, so as to finish sooner!)

BY
E. V. KNOX

MR. PONDERBY-WILKINS was a man so rich, so ugly, so cross, and so old, that even the stupidest reader could not expect him to survive any longer than Chapter I. Vulpine in his scrovininess, he was porcline in his habits, saturnine in his appearance, and ovine in his unconscionousness of doom. He was the kind of man who might easily perish as early as paragraph two.

Little surprise, therefore, was shown by Police-inspector Blowhard, of Nettleby Parva when a message reached him on the telephone:

You are wanted immediately at The Towers. Mr. Ponderby-Wilkins has been found dead.

The inspector was met at the gate by the deceased's secretary, whom he knew and suspected on the spot.

"Where did it happen, Mr. Porlock?" he asked. "The lake, the pigeon-loft, or the shrubbery?"

"The shrubbery," answered Porlock quietly, and led the way to the scene.

Mr. Ponderby-Wilkins was suspended by means of an enormous woollen muffler to the bough of a tree, which the police-officer's swift eye noticed at once to be a sycamore.

"How long has that sycamore-tree been in the shrubbery?" he inquired suspiciously.

"I don't know," answered Porlock, and I don't care.

"Tell me precisely what happened," went on the inspector.

"Four of us were playing tennis, when a ball was hit out into the bushes. On going to look for it at the end of the set I found Mr. Wilkins as you see him, and called the attention of the other players to the circumstance at once. Here they all are."

And pushing aside the boughs of a laurel, he showed the police-officer two young women and a young man. They were standing quietly in the middle of the tennis-court, holding their tennis-rackets soberly in their hands.

"Do you corroborate Mr. Porlock's account of the affair?" inquired Blowhard.

"We do," they answered quietly in one breath.

"Hum!" mused the inspector, stroking his chin. "By the way," he continued, "I wonder whether life is extinct?"

He went and looked at the body. It was.

"A glance showed us that life was extinct when we found it," said the four, speaking together, "and we thought it better to go on playing tennis as reverently as possible until you arrived."

"Quite right," said Blowhard. "I shall now examine the whole household viva voce. Kindly summon them to the drawing-room."

They went together into the large, white-fronted mansion, and soon the notes of a gong, reverberating through the house and all over the grounds, had summoned the whole household-party, including the servants, to the Louis-Seize salon overlooking the tennis lawn. The gathering consisted, as the inspector had foreseen, of the usual types involved in a country-house murder, namely, a frightened step-sister of the deceased, a young and beautiful niece, a major, a doctor, a chaplain, a friend, Mr. Porlock himself, an old butler with a beard, a middle-aged gardener with whiskers, an Irish cook, and two servants who had only come to the place the week before. Every one of them had a bitter grudge against the deceased. He had been about to dismiss his secretary, had threatened to disinherit his niece, sworn repeatedly at his step-sister, thrown a port decanter at the butler's head, insulted the guests by leaving "Bradshaws" in their bedrooms, pulled up the gardener's antirrhinums, called the cook a good-for-nothing, and terrified the housemaids by making noises at them on the stairs. In addition, he had twice informed the major that his regiment had run away at Balclutha, and had put a toad in the doctor's bed.

Blowhard felt instinctively that this was a case for Bletchley Marge, the famous amateur, and sent him a telegram at once. Then he ordered the body to be removed, walked round the grounds, ate a few strawberries, and went home.

Bletchley Marge was a man of wide culture and sympathy. In appearance he was fat, red-faced, smiling, and had untidy hair. He looked stupid, and wore spats. In fact, whatever the inexperienced reader supposes to be the ordinary appearance of a detective, to look like that was the very reverse of Bletchley Marge. He was sometimes mistaken for a business man, more often for a billiard-marker or a baboon. But whenever Scotland Yard was unable to deal with a murder case—that is to say, whenever a murder case happened at a country house—Bletchley Marge was called in. The death of an old, rich, and disagreeable man was like a clarion call to him. He packed his pyjamas, his tooth-brush, and a volume of "Who's Who" and took the earliest train.

As soon as he had seen the familiar news-bill:

"HOST OF COUNTRY HOUSE PARTY INEXPLICABLY SLAIN"

he had expected his summons to The Towers. Telegraphing to the verdict at Nettleby Parva, he finished off the case of the Duke of St. Neoth, fragments of whom had mysteriously been discovered in a chaff-cutting machine, and made all haste to the scene of the new affair. It was his forty-ninth mystery, and in every previous affair he had triumphantly slain his man. A small silver gallows had been presented to him by Scotland Yard as a token of esteem.

"We are in deep waters," Blowhard—very deep," he said, as he or closely scrutinised the comforter which had been wrapped round Mr. Ponderby-Wilkins's throat. "Just tell me once more about these alibis."

"Every one of them is perfect," answered the police-inspector, "so far as I can see. The butler, the cook, and the two house-maids were all together playing poker in the pantry. Miss Brown, the deceased's step-sister, was giving instructions to the gardener, and the doctor was with her, carrying her towel and her pruning scissors. The chaplain and the friend were playing tennis with Mr. Porlock and the major, and the niece was rowing herself about on the lake, picking water-lilies."

A glum came into Bletchley Marge's eyes.

"Alone?" he queried.

"Alone. But you forget that the lake is in full view of the tennis-court. It almost seems as if it must have been constructed that way on purpose," added the inspector rather crossly. "This girl was seen the whole time

during which the murder must have occurred, either by one pair of players or the other."

"Tut, tut," said Bletchley Marge. "Now take me to the scene of the crime."

Arrived at the sycamore-tree, he studied the bark with a microscope, and the ground underneath. This was covered with dead leaves. There was no sign of a struggle.

"Show me exactly how the body was hanging," he said to Blowhard.

Police-inspector Blowhard tied the two ends of the comforter to the bough and wrapped the loop several times round Bletchley Marge's neck, supporting him, as he did so, by the feet.

"Don't let go," said Bletchley Marge.

"I won't," said Blowhard, who was used to the great detective's methods in reconstructing a crime.

"Have you photographed the tree from every angle?" went on Bletchley Marge.

"Yes."

"Were there any finger-prints on it?"

"No," replied Blowhard. "Nothing but leaves."

Then together they wandered round the grounds, eating fruit and discussing possible motives for the murder. No will had been discovered.

From time to time one or other of the household-party would sit by them, humming a song, intent on a game of tennis or a bathe in the lake. Now and then a face would look haggard or strained, at other times the same face would be merry and wreathed with smiles.

"Do you feel baffled?" asked Blowhard. Bletchley Marge made no reply.

The household-party were having a motor picnic at Dead Man's Wood, ten miles from The Towers. The festivity had been proposed by Bletchley Marge, who was more and more endearing himself, by his jokes and wide knowledge of the world, to his fellow-guests.

Many of them had already begun to feel that a house-party without a detective in it must be regarded as a literary failure.

"Bless my soul!" said Marge suddenly, when the revelry was at its height, turning to Blowhard, who was out of breath, for he had been carrying the champagne across a ploughed field. "I ask you all to excuse me for a moment. I have forgotten my pipe."

They saw him disappear in a two-seater towards The Towers. In little more than an hour he reappeared again and delighted the company by singing one or two popular revue-songs in a fruity baritone. But as the line of cars went homeward in the dusk Bletchley Marge said to Blowhard, seated beside him, "I want to see you again in the shrubbery tomorrow at 10.30 prompt. Don't begin playing clock-golf."

Inspector Blowhard made a note of the time in his pocket-book.

"Perhaps you wonder why I went away in the middle of our little outing?" questioned Marge, as they stood together under the fatal sycamore tree.

"I suspected," answered Blowhard, without moving a muscle of his face except the one he used for speaking, "that it was a ruse."

"It was," replied Marge.

Without another word he took a small folding broom from his pocket and brushed aside the dead leaves which strewn the ground of the shrubbery.

The dark mould was covered with foot-prints, large and small. "What do you deduce from this?" cried Blowhard, his eyes bulging from his head.

"When I returned from the picnic," explained the great detective, "I first swept the ground clear as you see it now. I then hastily collected all the outdoor shoes in the house."

"All?"

"Every one. I brought them to the shrubbery on a wheelbarrow. I locked the servants, as though by accident, in the kitchen and the gardener in the tool-shed. I then compared the shoes with these imprints, and found that every one of them was a fit."

"Which means?"

"That everyone of them was here when the murder took place. I have reconstructed the scene exactly. The marks of the shoes stretch in a long line, as you will observe, from a point close to the tree almost to the edge of the tennis-lawn. The heels are very deeply imprinted; the mark of the toes is very light indeed."

He paused and looked at Blowhard.

"I suppose you see now how the murder was done?" he asked loudly.

"No," mewed the inspector quietly.

"Ponderby-Wilkins," said Marge, "had the comforter twisted twice round his neck, and one end was tied to the tree. Then, at a signal, I imagine—the whole household-party, including the servants, pulled to-



gether on the other end of the comforter until he expired. You see here the imprints of the butler's feet. As the heaviest man he was at the end of the rope. Porlock was in front, with the second housemaid immediately behind him. Porlock I fancy gave the word to pull. Afterwards they tied him up to the tree as you found him when you arrived."

"But the alibi?"

"All false. They were all sworn to by members of the household, by servants or by guests. That was what put me on the scent."

"But how is it there were no finger-prints?"

"The whole party," answered Bletchley Marge, "wore gloves I collected all the gloves in the house and examined them carefully. Many of them had hairs from the comforter still adhering to them. Having concluded my investigations, I rapidly replaced the boots and gloves, put the leaves back in their original position, unlocked the kitchen and the tool-house, and came back to the picnic again."

"And sang comic songs!" said Blowhard.

"Yes," replied Marge. "A great load had been taken off my mind by the discovery of the truth. And I felt it necessary to put the murderers off their guard."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Blowhard, examining the foot-prints minutely. "There is now only one difficulty. Mr. Marge, so far as I can see."

"And that is?"

"How am I going to convey all these people to the police station?"

"How many pairs of manacles have you about you?"

"Only two," confessed Blowhard, feeling in his pocket.

"You had better telephone," said Bletchley Marge, "for a motor-omnibus."

The simultaneous trial of twelve prisoners on a capital charge, followed by their joint condemnation and execution, thrilled England as no sensation had thrilled it since the death of William II. The Sunday papers were never tired of discussing the psychology of the murderers and publishing details of their early life and school careers. Never before, it seemed, had a secretary, a step-sister, a niece, an eminent K.C., a major, a chaplain, a friend, a butler, a cook, two housemaids, and a gardener gone to the gallows on the same day for the murder of a disagreeable old man.

On a morning not long after the excitement had died away Bletchley Marge and a house-agent went together to The Towers, which for some reason or other was still "To Let." As they looked at the library, Bletchley Marge tapped a panel in the mantelpiece.

"It sounds hollow," he said.

Finding the spring, he pressed it. The wood shot back and revealed a small cavity. From this he drew a dusty bundle of papers, tied together with a small dog-collar.

It was Ponderby-Wilkins's will. On the first page was written:

"I am the most unpopular man in England and I am about to commit suicide by hanging myself in the shrubbery. If Bletchley Marge makes it a murder I bequeath him all my possessions in honour of his Rhythmic success."

"Extraordinary!" ejaculated the house-agent.

Mr. Bletchley Marge smiled.

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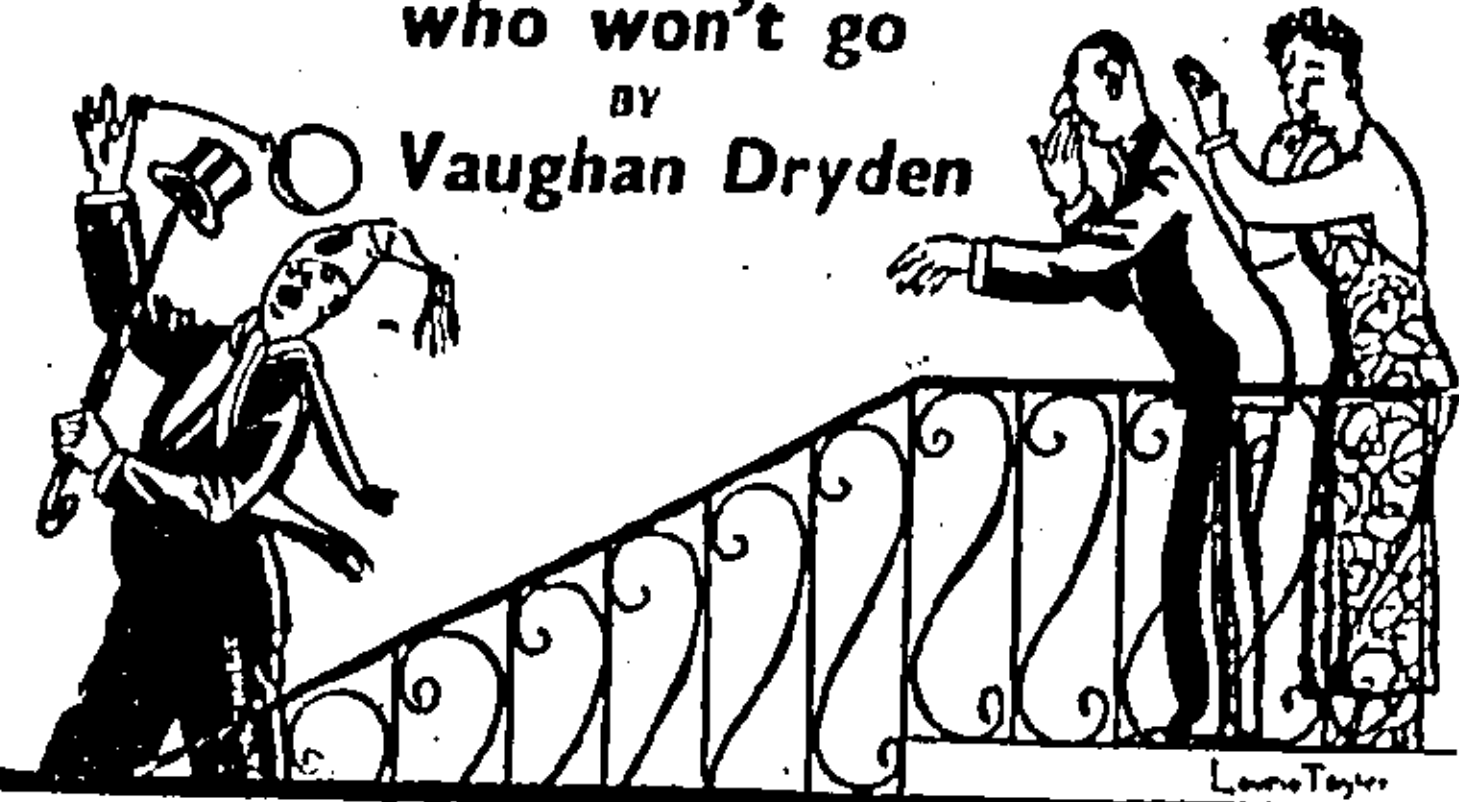
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*"We Don't Like To Lose You
But We Think You Ought To Go"***SPEEDING
the
non-parting guest**What to do with People
who won't goBY
Vaughan Dryden

"SPEED the parting guest" advised the poet; but these verse-makers do not know as much as the old pal with whom you went to school will anchor himself to your hearthrug as if nothing short of a change of religion will remove him.

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

How does he know? If the flower of which he so carelessly speaks is unseen, it is plain that he never saw it, and therefore knows nothing about it. Very well, then.

But to return to our non-parting guests. "Speeding" seems the only thing to do, as they will not go. It is nice to know that your friends like you and your house



The non-parting guest is never unduly thin-skinned.

and your hospitality so much that they are reluctant to leave. It is really a kind of flattery, but it is a well-known fact that too much flattery is bad for one.

THE OLD SCHOOL PAL
Observant people have noticed before that of all tenacious guests those of Christmas are the most tenacious. This may be due to the tradition which gathers around your relatives and your oldest friends at what we call the festive season. They are notorious for staying-power. While new friends

are quite willing—even, in some cases, seem anxious—to leave the premises when etiquette dictates, the old pal with whom you went to school will anchor himself to your hearthrug as if nothing short of a change of religion will remove him.

Relatives are worse. Your cousins will stick to you like the cold-in-the-head, which is generally another visitant at the Christmas season.

There are two kinds of relatives who come to dinner during Christmas week. These are divided into (a) the relative who contrives to become offended at some incident or remark, and flounces out of the place before the evening is half over; and (b) the relative who is so invincibly pleased with you and your entertainment that he stays on and on and on, long after the others have departed. There is no ostensible reason why he should, for he has a nice home to go to. Nor can it be the charm of your conversation. After all, the fellow knows you!

HAS NO FEELINGS

This kind of relative, or the old school chum, never conceals the fact that he thinks himself entitled to outstay the rest of your guests—in fact, he seems to glory in it. When the last of them has been seen off the premises, he drops back into his chair—the most comfortable one in the room—with a sigh of relief. "Now they've all gone, old chap," he says brightly,



The relative who contrives to become offended at some incident.

"You and I can have a nice cosy chat to ourselves."

It is nothing to him that you have been working like a bee all the evening to make the party go well, and that you are on the point of dropping with fatigue; it never occurs to him that a nice cosy bed at the moment means more to you than any amount of nice cosy chats. Your glance of dismay is lost upon him altogether; it is as ineffective as if a woolly lamb had glanced with dismay at a hungry tiger. This kind of stayer has no human feelings at all, no compassion, no sympathy—in short, none of those characteristics which are known to distinguish mankind from the brutes.

Which brings us to the second part of this acute and well-reasoned dissertation. The non-parting guest being what he is, how are we to shift him; how, in fact, detach him from our dwelling?

OBSERVE THE CONVENTIONS
Physical violence may be dismissed at once; after all, the conventions have to be observed. Besides, the servants soon notice anything like that. Ostentatiously putting the whisky bottle away in the sensitive, but the non-parting guests is never unduly thin-skinned.

Asking him with polite anxiety, "Have you a long way to go?" is ineffective, because hypocritical. You know where the fellow lives, and what is more, he knows you know it. He is not to be shifted

with any transparent pretence like that. Gazing out into the night and remarking that it is pretty fine now, but might rain before some of them get home, is equally ineffectual. The incubus will blithely retort that a drop of rain won't hurt him, old boy; he is not made of sugar or salt.

Some people advocate telling him a series of the dullest and most pointless stories you know; but there is danger in this. Being a privileged person, he will have no scruple in denouncing you as a purveyor of chestnuts. Worse still, he may even go to sleep. Which reminds us that yawning loudly and repeatedly might do the trick; but good manners forbid this unrefined remedy.

THIS MAY DO IT

There remains the desperate resort of looking at the clock, giving a slight start, and exclaiming, "By Jove, that clock has stopped; it must be later than that!" If this does not move the stayers, hardly anything will.

There is yet another method, but it depends on whether the maids have gone to bed or not. If not, a maid could, with a little manage-



I not a maid could, with a little management, be prompted to look on.

ment, be prompted to look in and ask if anything else is required. This is your cue to reply in a distinct voice, "No, thank you, Ellen; we are off to bed soon." That ought to do it.

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TUDOR
Pattern****MAPPIN & WEBB'S****PRINCE'S PLATE**Local Agents *Lane, Crawford, Ltd.***MY BOY'S CONDITION
WORRIES ME!***I FOUND OATMEAL
HAS A VITAMIN THAT'S
WONDERFUL FOR KEEPING
YOUNGSTERS FIT!*

HER STORY—
MY LITTLE JIMMIE WAS A NERVOUS FIDGET. DIDN'T GAIN AS HE SHOULD. WAS ALWAYS HIGH-STRUNG AND RESTLESS.



I NEVER DREAMED DIET HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT. THEN SUDDENLY I READ A MAGAZINE ARTICLE BY A FAMOUS DOCTOR ON THE VITAL IMPORTANCE OF VITAMIN B FOR KEEPING FIT! HOW IT COMBATS CERTAIN DISORDERS OF NERVOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION AND LOSS OF APPETITE.



I LEARNED MIGHTY FEW FOODS HAVE THIS VITAMIN B, BUT THAT QUAKER OATS HAS LOTS OF IT—IT'S DONE HIM A WORLD OF GOOD!

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The incubus will blithely retort that a drop of rain won't hurt him.

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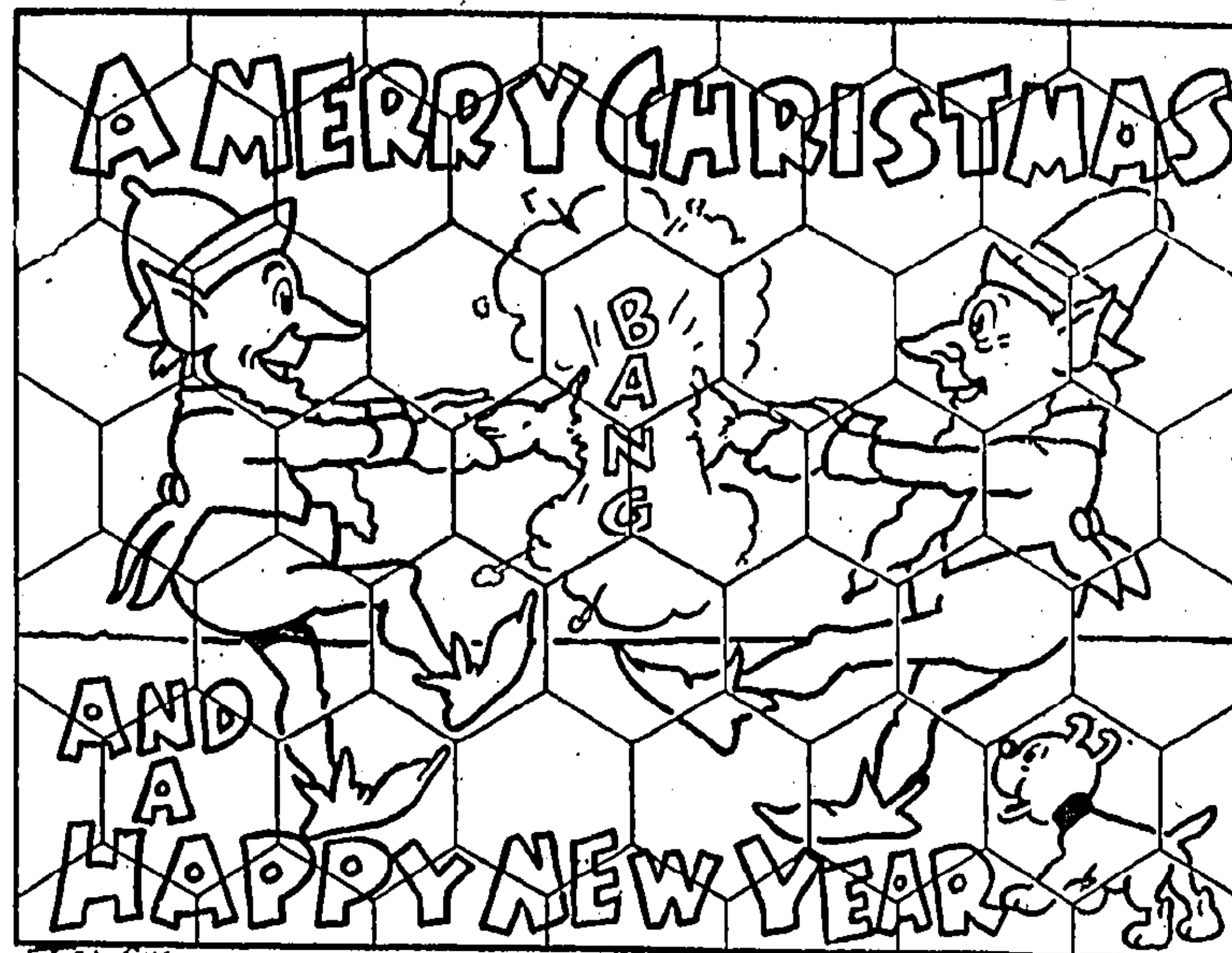
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A NEW KIND OF JIG-SAW

No, this is not a bee's honeycomb, but a jolly Jig-Saw puzzle. It is quite different from the usual sort with squiggly pieces. First of all, carefully colour the picture with paints or crayons, but do not put the colour on so thick that you cannot see the outlines of the sections. Then paste the picture on to thick paper or very thin cardboard, and cut out all the pieces very carefully. Keep to the lines or they won't fit together correctly. Then mix them up and try to re-form the picture. You will have lots of fun.



(Figures in parentheses denote the number of letters in the words required)

ACROSS

- 2 A & Open air
8 It is a
10 Christmas
11 Topical
12 The fruit is
13 After tea
14 No child
15 Vehicle for
16 Car
17 Car
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19 Car
20 Car
21 Car
22 Car
23 Car
24 Car
25 Car
26 Car
27 Car
28 Car
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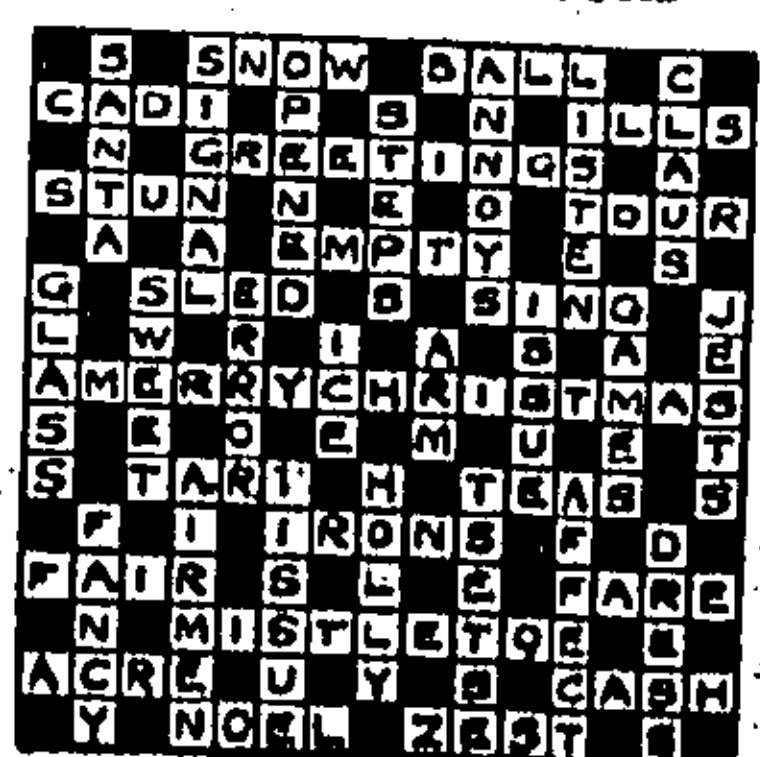
DOWN

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4 A & Open air
5 A & Open air
6 A & Open air
7 A & Open air
9 A & Open air
11 Topical
13 After tea
15 Vehicle for
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"SUM" TEASER!

SOME sum! That may be your opinion of the multiplication sum you see below, but are entitled to give yourself a pat on the back if you can reason out what figures the letters stand for. It can be done. The figures 1 to 9 all appear in the calculation, but nought does not come into it.

X M A S
T R E E
T D R A R
T D R A R
D R X D E
A D M O .

O O T M O D R**SOLUTION OF CHRISTMAS
CRYPTIC CROSSWORD****GET THIS CAROL**

THIS Christmas Tree puzzle! This particular Christmas Tree has been "decorated" with letters instead of presents. The idea is to try and read off the title of a well-known Christmas Carol, using up



all the letters. The letter at the top of the tree should be used first, and then the rest is a matter of finding the order in which the letters are to be used—there is a definite one.

DO YOU KNOW?

SOMETHING different now. We are going to ask you a few questions on topics mainly connected with Christmas. With each query, a group of possible answers is supplied, and the test is to tick off those you think to be right.

(1) First of all, which is the native country of that popular Christmas bird, the turkey?

Persia China
India Scotland
England Turkey
America Australia

(2) Which country originated the custom of the Christmas Tree?

Denmark Palestine
Germany Italy
Holland Switzerland

(3) According to tradition, which is the correct date to take down all Christmas decorations?
December 31st. January 1st.
January 6th. December 27th.

(4) In which of these countries did the practice of giving presents at Christmas originate?

Wales Ireland
Germany Italy
Belgium Holland

(5) Where is the custom of serving The Bear's Head observed every Christmas?

The Mansion House, London
Windsor Castle
Queen's College, Oxford
Balmoral Castle
Trinity College, Cambridge.

(6) And finally, one of these people is said to have been the originator of the Christmas Card. Can you say who it was?

The Prince Consort
Charlotte, Queen of George II
Sir Henry Cole
Queen Victoria
Sir Joshua Reynolds

OTHER SOLUTIONS

QUESTIONS: 1. The turkey was introduced into this country from America; 2. Germany; 3. Twelfth Night, which is January 6th, of course; 4. Italy correct, since the practice arose from the habit of giving presents at the old Roman new-year festivals; 5. Queen's College, Oxford; 6. There are many stories as to how the Christmas card first started, and one version is that Sir Henry Cole—one of the organisers of the Hyde Park Exhibition—asked a member of the Royal Academy to design him a card in 1843.

Christmas Tree Puzzle: Starting at the letter G at the top of the tree "God rest you, merry gentlemen" can be read off by using all one style of letter first, then all of another, and so on, until they are all used up.

Some sum: The solution is as follows:—

3 5 7 9
2 4 6 8
2 1 4 7 4
2 1 4 7 4
1 4 3 1 6
7 1 5 8
8 8 2 5 8 1 4

SOME GAMES for the PARTY

B. MARY VIVIAN

CHRISTMAS is the joyful season of family gatherings, when relatives of all ages meet under one roof. Such reunions are extremely pleasant, but there comes a time when conversation lags, and the children of the party become restive and long "do something." This is the moment to suggest playing one of the following games.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—Before the party cut out from a coloured catalogue four times as many pictures of Christmas presents of all kinds as you have guests. The pictures need only be very roughly cut out, and each one should then be cut into two, all the pieces being put upside down into a box lid.

To play this game everyone sits round the table, and the box lid is passed from one player to the

while music is played as, for MUSICAL CHAIRS, the line follows its leader all over the house. The moment the music (which must be played loudly) stops, there is a general stampede for the room where the piano is. The first one back becomes the new leader and the last arrival is out of the game.

CLIMBING THE LADDER is not nearly as strenuous as it sounds, so even Grandma can do it!

On a large sheet of paper draw a ladder with steps, pinning it up to the wall or curtain within the reach of everyone. Put everyone's initials on a separate slip of paper and dig a pin through each. Then let everyone take a turn at climbing the ladder. This means that each player is either blindfolded or shuts his eyes tight-

ly and proceeds to dig his pin in the ladder, as near to the top as he can. When all the players have climbed in this way a small prize is given to the one who is nearest the top.

MATCH BOX TEAM is a most exciting team race. Divide the players into two sides and let them sit facing each other. Each first player is given a match box cover which he has to place on his nose.

At the word "Go" each first player has to pass this on to the nose of the second player without using his hands! When the second player has it, he passes it on to the third and so on down the line. The winning team is the one that gets the matchbox safely to the end first of all.

Needless to say, if the cover should fall on to the ground on its journey down the line it has to

be passed back to the first player who puts it on his nose with his hand and then passed down the line as at the beginning of the race.

RED AND BLUE also needs players in two groups, one side being called Reds, and the other Blues. The players all move about the room until an umpire calls either "Red" or "Blue" immediately a colour is called, the owners of that colour have to sit down quickly on the floor before being touched by an owner of the other colour. Anyone who is touched has to take the name of the other colour.

There is, of course, no need for the colours to be called alternately, in fact, it is much more fun if they are not. The winning side is the triumphant colour that in the end has absorbed all the other side, leaving no one.

WEALTHY CANDLE will give everyone time to get back his breath. Give everyone a birthday candle, a halfpenny, and a lighted match. At the word "Go" each lights his candle, places it on the halfpenny by means of melting fat and watches it burn. The winner is the one whose candle lasts longest, and his reward is the collection of halfpennies belonging to all the other players as well as his own.

If there are a number of children present it is a good plan to divide the players, into pairs so that the lighting of the candles is done by grown-ups, the winning couple sharing the spoils.

TRAIN TO TOWN is greatly enjoyed whenever it is played. The players divide into two sides and sit in two lines on chairs facing each other, as in a railway carriage. Each is given a newspaper which has every page out of order. At the word "Go" everyone begins to sort out the pages, and the closer the players are to each other the more difficult their task. As soon as any player has finished he takes his paper to the umpire and retires from the games, giving the others more elbow room. The winning team is the one which first leaves its side of the "carriage" empty.

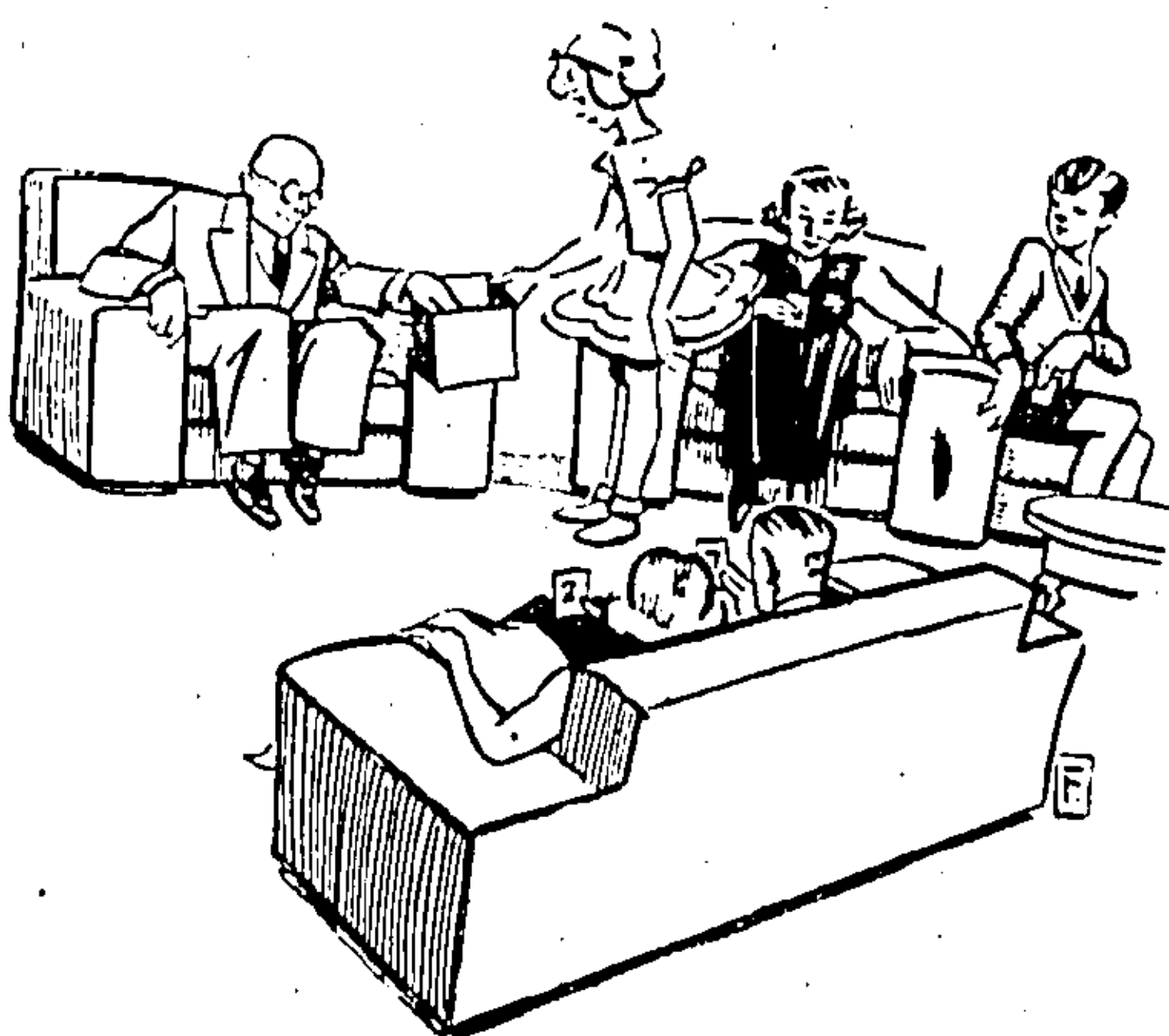
MUSICAL NUMBERS.—Before the party cut up a number of figures taken from old calendars, using any number up to 10. Put these into a box. The players all sit in a circle and the box is passed round to music.

Every time it stops (which it should do very frequently), the player who is holding the box

takes out a number. The music begins again and the box is passed on.

When all the numbers have been taken out, the score is added up, the winner being the one with the highest total.

THE END



From Nose to Nose

using his hands! When the second player has it, he passes it on to the third and so on down the line. The winning team is the one that gets the matchbox safely to the end first of all.

Needless to say, if the cover should fall on to the ground on its journey down the line it has to

Children's Games

To play the "Feather Game" arrange the players in a close circle. Into the centre of the circle throw a feather. The players must then blow as hard as they can to keep the feather from settling on their clothes. Whenever the feather does drop on somebody that player is out. The game goes on until only one player is left.

While you are sitting in a circle try "Passing the Parcel." A small object is wrapped up in a parcel and, while somebody plays the piano, the parcel is passed rapidly round the circle. Whenever the piano player stops the player then

holding the parcel is out. The game gets more exciting as the players become fewer until only one player is left—the winner—who opens the parcel.

And here's an uproarious card game to end with. Each player is given the name of an animal, such as horse or cow, and a game of "snap" is started with this difference. When two similar cards are turned up the players, instead of shouting "snap" have to make the noises of the animals they represent, the winner of the cards being the first player to make his proper noise.



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There's nothing which will meet with more hearty approval than a case of Malaya's Best Beer, in remembrance of pleasant friendship throughout the year.



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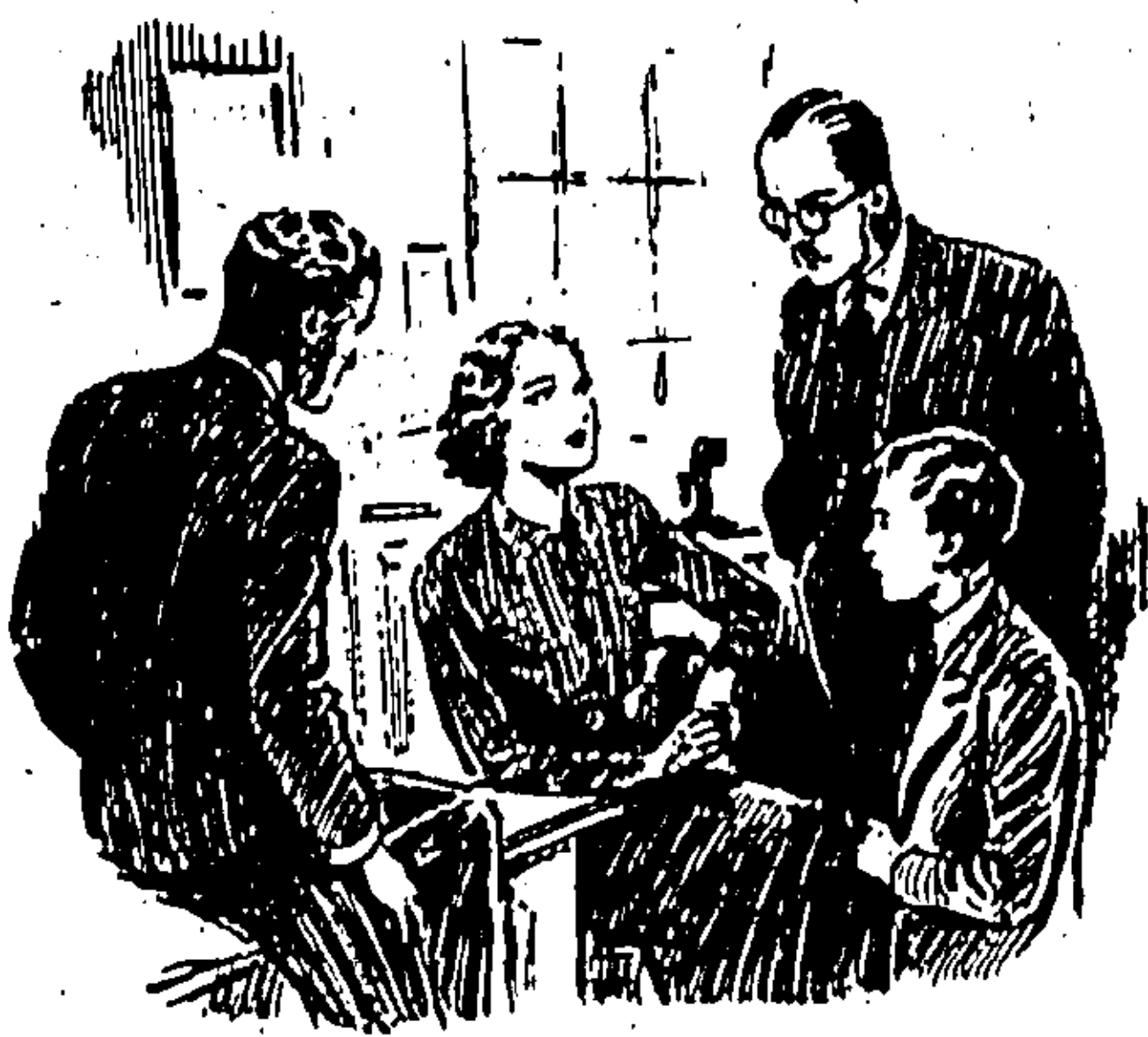
12 BOTTLES
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CHRISTMAS BONUS

the wizard of the Victorian era. Mr. Rainsford informed her: "Ebenezer Scrooge was an old miser who hated Christmas. But he saw a ghost, and that changed him."

Miss Webb felt: "It would take more than a ghost to put the wind up our old Scrooge. He won't change until he finds himself in the place where money doesn't help you any longer."

bury's staff—he ran a canned goods importing business.

If, instead of being merely a creation in the brain of Charles Dickens, Ebenezer Scrooge had been a real person, it would have been found that Mr. Northbury was related to him on both sides of the family.

Miss Webb, his typist, was in the habit of asserting: "I'll bet you he counts the lumps of sugar in case his housekeeper exceeds her allowance." And Walter Hadfield, the junior clerk, gave it as his sarcastic opinion: "The mice only sleep in his house; they've got to go next door for their meals."

"Look at these carbons." And Miss Webb would indignantly hold a carbon sheet up to the light, when it would be seen to be so thin with use that the sun positively streamed through it. "And look at the ribbon in my machine. You don't want fingers to do your typing in this office; what you want is a couple of sledge hammers."

Young Hadfield believed "Some day when I ask him for a new pencil it'll cost him his reason." "E won't give me his fares; he thinks I'm a 'omer piglin, or something with wings," and tears of sheer exasperation would stand in the office-boy's eyes at thought of the wrangles which took place every time he was sent on an errand.

"And the sad thing is"—it was Mr. Rainsford, the firm's bookkeeper and general factotum speaking now—"the sad thing is that he has nobody to leave his money to but nephews and nieces, who probably don't care a rap about him."

To which Miss Webb would agree with a "Huh! They're very likely looked up the tables to see what his expectation of life is."

These four comprised Mr. North-

bury's staff—he ran a canned goods importing business. Mr. Rainsford frequently told himself that it didn't consort with his dignity to hobnob with the other members of the staff. But his resolution not to hobnob always broke down under the crying need to find an outlet for his feelings regarding the common enemy.

So all four were parties to the discussion when the annual question of the Christmas bonus cropped up again. When engaging anyone it was one of Mr. Northbury's little dodges to mention that, in good years, he allowed his staff a bonus at Christmas time. This usually did the trick just when the applicant had decided not to wear out his life at the wage Mr. Northbury was offering. Actually, of course, when Christmas approached Mr. Northbury always started to bemoan that this was one of the worst years the firm had ever had. And that was the bonus saved for another twelve months.

The subject was raised by young Hadfield one afternoon when, a reminder of the coming of the festive time, a flurry of big soft snowflakes was wafted silently against the grimy windows of Messrs. Northbury and Co.'s offices.

"I wonder if Ebenezer will cough up anything this Christmas," was how he vulgarly put it. The principal had been christened "Old Scrooge," or, alternatively, "Ebenezer," by a member of the staff who had long since indignantly shaken the dust of Mr. Northbury's office from his soles. And as the name was so very apposite, it had stuck.

"Who was Scrooge anyway?" Miss Webb wanted to know. "Dickens gives me a pain," she explained her generation's indifference to

the children. But what would Bill say if we threw money about while we're owing him all that sum?"

He had replied hopefully: "Perhaps old Northbury will give us a bonus this year—we didn't get any last time. And we've really had quite a good year."

"It would make such a difference," Looking down at the open ledger in front of him, Mr. Rainsford was seeing Alice's eyes, and the hopeful look in them. He was visualizing the loan repaid, and he and Alice able to look Bill and his wife squarely in the face again, and the children able to have the Christmas which was theirs by right. He was seeing himself giving Alice the present which she always carefully bought herself, and only allowed him to hand over; he was seeing Alice giving him

ByALLAN GOVAN

the present which he always carefully bought himself and one allowed her to hand over; and both of them laughing at the foolishness of the thing, yet feeling somehow that the gifts really were gifts, something different from a tie or handkerchiefs bought in cold blood in the ordinary way.

He was seeing his little girl marvelling at that mystery of mysteries by which toys appear from a magic toyland presided over by an old gentleman with a long white beard who can come and go in one's house at will. He was seeing his two boys, who had got past the Father Christmas stage, enthralled by the mechanical wonders which they'd been talking about and asking for weeks. He was seeing Christmas Day itself, frugality thrown to the winds for once, his house a place of plenty for a day, a palace of feasting and laughter.

Charlie Cobbett, the office-boy, didn't like to talk about what he wanted the bonus for.

Charlie's father was by way of being a sort of myth. Charlie had a vague remembrance of having seen him when

he was a very small boy. He hadn't seen him any more after that, for the reason that his father had rid himself of his obligations by quietly disappearing.

Charlie had been reared in a tough school. Although he was little more than a child, he knew his world better than young Hadfield did.

If there was no bonus there would be no money for him to spend at Christmas—every farthing that came into the house was budgeted for in advance. But if there was a bonus!

When Charlie got the job Mr. Northbury had thought him of too small importance to talk to him about a bonus. So Charlie had only heard about it later. But he had planned out exactly what he was going to do with it, if he got it.

Charlie wasn't going to say a word about the bonus to his mother—If he did she would just take it all from him.

But he had told Bert about it—Bert was his brother, younger than himself, and not yet working. If he got a bonus he and Bert were going to have a bono on Boxing Day. They would have as much chocolate as they could stuff into themselves. And coffee, and big, satisfying pastries at a coffee-stall or a cheap restaurant—Charlie knew the places where you got the biggest pastries for your money.

And they were going to the gallery at a pantomime! Charlie had, of course, been to the pictures—sitting in the front seats, where the figures were all distorted. And it had always been a wild thrill.

But the pantomime was very different. It was a wonderful affair. In a pantomime there were real people! Charlie had never seen anything like that.

So Charlie didn't say what he was going to do with his bonus, if he got one. But he was hoping.

Least of all could Miss Webb tell why she was hoping and praying that they would all get something extra at Christmas.

Unlike Charlie, Miss Webb wasn't going to keep it dark at home that she had got a bonus, if she did get one. And, unlike young Hadfield, she wasn't going to spend it, if she got it, on a correspondence course in anything. And, unlike Mr. Rainsford, she wasn't going to use it to pay her debts, for she hadn't any debts. Yet Miss Webb felt that that it was vital that she should get that bonus; her whole future might hang on it.

Miss Webb was twenty-two, very pretty, and very much in love. And it was because she was very much in love that she wanted the money, terribly.



Like those of the others, Miss Webb's home wasn't so opulent that her wage didn't matter. Miss Webb had to hand over practically all of her salary, leaving her with only just enough to dress herself, go to the pictures, and stand herself a theatre gallery now and again.

The young man with whom Miss Webb was so much in love was a chartered accountant. Also his people were rather better off than Miss Webb's people. And this was why Miss Webb wanted a coat with a real fur collar.

"I'm so tired of wearing dyed rabbit," Miss Webb had told her mother when, at the beginning of the winter, in the hope that her mother could perhaps find the money for it from somewhere, she had broached the subject of the coat.

"I'm very sorry, Maureen dear," Mrs. Webb had apologised, "but I'm afraid I can't help you. You know very well that, if I could find the money for the sort of coat you want, I would let you have it."

"I know, Mummy. But — but Eric's sister and her friends are so well dressed."

Mrs. Webb understood — it was such a common fear. But she was too wise to say anything so insane as that, if Eric wasn't satisfied with her as she was, Maureen was better without him. She knew that it is only after he has been attracted and bedazzled that

a man begins to love a woman for her own sake.

Miss Webb said hesitatingly: "You—you know, Mummy, that it isn't because—because Eric's people are nice people and because he's doing well that I—"

Mrs. Webb saved her daughter from having to go on by laughing a little rippling laugh, a laugh which had a ridiculous fearfulness behind it.

"I was most terribly in love with your father, and I remember plubbering before the first dance. I went to with him. Dance frocks cost money in those days, and they had to last you more than one season. I had to go in my last year's. It seems funny to look back on it now, but at the time the thing was sheer tragedy."

Mrs. Webb's laughter had been for her own youthful problems, long since settled and done with. She was quite serious when she referred again to her daughter's. "So I understand perfectly, dear! and if I could possibly help you I would. But you know it will be a while before Sue is earning any money, and Jack will go on costing us a lot more some years yet."

"We might get a bonus this year."

"If you do," Mrs. Webb promised at once, "you shall have it for your coat—the coldest part of the year is after Christmas."

Later in the very afternoon of the discussion in the office, Mr. Northbury referred depressingly to the volume of business done during the year.

Mr. Rainsford tried to cheer him up by quoting figures. But (Continued on page 13)

"FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS FEAST"

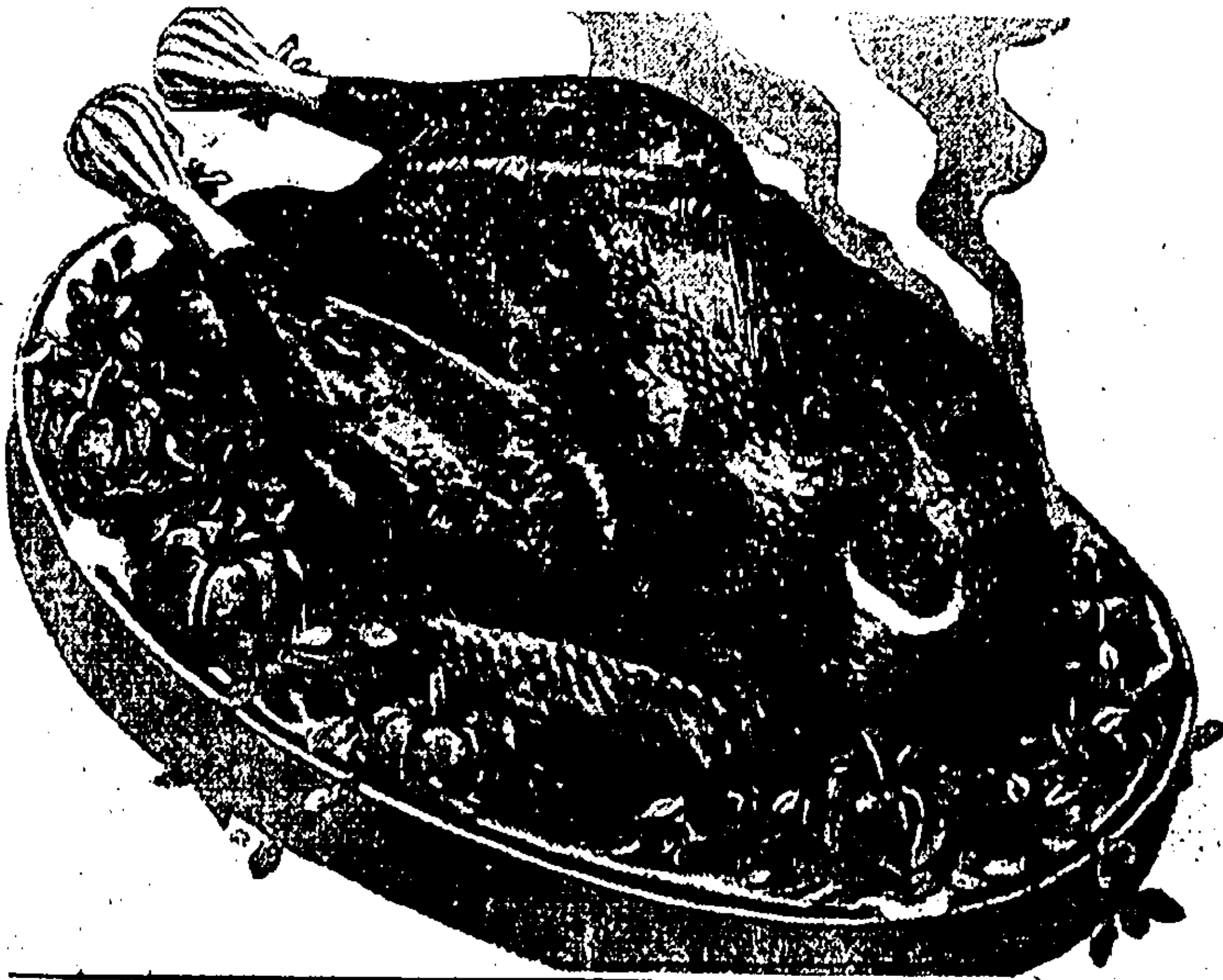
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By DOROTHY
DESMOND

English Country Christmas

THE dusk of Christmas eve was spangled with soft starlight. We had driven into Cambridge in the afternoon and now a snow-lined road uncurled rapidly before us as we chugged back home.

In the back seat, the children sat with their heads together, and arms around each other, fast asleep. What a day for them, ending in hair cuts, small purchases selected with care, and hot milk and scones. Over the rims of their steaming cups, their eyes were like glazed-blue porcelain saucers, brimming with glee.

"Nice, isn't it?" Karen said, hopefully prodding my silence. But even the nearness of a trusted friend cannot altogether undo a Christmas Eve silence, once it has settled down upon you.

"We shall have carolers," Karen tried again.

"English carols?" I answered with satisfaction, rising to the bait. "I thought it was almost too much to expect."

Karen chuckled. "Oh, yes, English carols," she agreed, "but mind you, I'm not saying how they're sung! Deacon Broom would have been a lyric soprano if he could

have. Miss Philips is the bass he should have been. Doris Postlethwaite is an alto without mercy and

"Then I shall go to bed early," I announced calmly.

"Nothing of the sort," Karen denied me the right. "You'll sit up and help me entertain them. Otherwise they will line up back of the piano and stay until morning. We shall give them something hot and something filling promptly—and when their cups get empty, you say, 'Can't I give you another half cup before you go out in the cold?'"

We were ready for them at eleven, with steaming kettles of broth and chocolate. The children, given permission to stay awake to hear them, had been asleep for hours. As we heard the carolers coming across the meadow, we

left the innocents asleep, and picked our way across the old, uneven floors, shielding our candles from the many drafts.

Sixteen strong, they came through the garden entrance. There was a hush, giggles, a stern command, and then voices quavering into the words of "Hark, the herald angels sing." Karen said, "Let them earn their supper." The end of the third carol had overtones of pleading in it, so we opened the door and greetings rang out— "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

Karen had thoughtfully loaded the piano keys with parcels, and this discouraged the would-be singers, who took seats around the great fire instead. Deacon Broom had songs on his mind nevertheless, and those songs had to be sung before the evening waned.

"Come now, Miss Postleth-

waite, lead us off with 'Good King Wenceslas,'" he begged. She sat up very straight, breathed in correctly, and out-acted all aces for all time. The good King's name was so bruited that the old onken beams seemed to creak and tremble.

At a strategic point, Karen signaled for food and for half an hour there was a respite. The warmth of the broth brought out a few more songs, for the Deacon was still feeling lyric; so, catching Karen's eye, I dutifully offered them a touch more broth "before going out in the cold," and after it, they drifted off into the moonlit night. At last only one was left, a young and anxious little thing who sat restlessly before the fire, saying nothing. It had grown into a fairly awkward pause when there was a loud rattle on the door. Little Miss Moore leaped

from her chair, racing across the floor with the staccato explanation—"that will be Percy."

It was nearly two o'clock and setting a few things to rights, we turned off the flickering gas lamps and picked up our candles from the hall table.

It seemed only five minutes later when I woke to find myself surrounded. There were four of them, red-cheeked, tousled, shivering in bathrobes and holding in triumph before them cubistic socks, shouting "Merry Christmas." For a little while, they squatted on the floor, tearing tissue paper, throwing string, shouting, singing, turning somersaults of joy. Then they were gone, with only a littered room to tell the tale. I heard them making the rounds of the house to show everyone, to shriek and shout and share.

"God rest ye merry," I began to

before. It was preposterous; it was sheer impertinence; it was, in fact, everything that was ungrateful and wicked.

"When I feel that the firm can pay bonuses, I'll pay them. But not till then. Tell the rest of the staff from me that—"

Mr. Northbury bounced to his feet to give his words more weight, knocked his chair nearly over, twisted round and made a wild grab at it to stop it from going right over, lost his balance and went over himself, letting out a sharp yelp when he and the chair struck the floor all mixed up together.

Rainsford wasn't sure whether he was expected to go and help his principal, or whether his principal was supposed to get up on his own power. He waited, undecided for a moment. Mr. Northbury struggled, and let out another yelp.

"Give me a hand, Rainsford—I've twisted my leg or something." Mr. Rainsford ran round to the other side of the desk, cleared the chair out of the way, and got his hands under Mr. Northbury's armpits. Mr. Northbury made an attempt to rise, but sank back to the floor.

"I think it's broken," Mr. Northbury groaned. "Best get help."

For a moment Mr. Rainsford stared in shocked bewilderment at his principal.

Then he wrenched open the door and dashed into the outer office.

The staff was in a muddle, waiting anxiously to know whether it was to be or not to be. Rainsford electrified them by gasping out:

"Mr. Northbury has fallen and broken his leg—come and give me a hand, Hatfield."

Miss Webb gave a little shriek cry. The office boy goggled. Hatfield was the only one of the three who kept his head.

"Only his leg? A pity it wasn't his neck!"

In due course Mr. Northbury went away in an ambulance. And with surprising dispatch his leg was set and he found himself in a private room of the hospital with stretching out before him, a long time for thought and meditation.

Now it isn't going to be suggested that, like his namesake, Mr. Northbury had a remembrance of conscience. He had no such thing; it was only in the Victorian era that people's consciences changed all in a minute. What was troubling Mr. Northbury was that the story would be sure to get about—that his clerk had been asking for a Christmas bonus, and he had jumped up in such a fury that he had fallen over his chair and broken his leg. And when it got about people, being what they were, would laugh. Mr. Northbury hardly felt the pain in his leg, he was so mad. Judging Rainsford by what he himself would have done in similar circumstances, Mr. Northbury could hear Rainsford telling the joke to everybody who came about the office, and everybody liking it. Immensely, Mr. Northbury gritted his teeth, and hated every single one of his business associates.

When it had first occurred to him he didn't quite know; but presently he was telling himself that, if he paid Rainsford and the rest their bonus that would shut their mouths!

Next moment he was trembling at the thought that his weak state was making him think things he wouldn't think when he hadn't a broken leg. He would be doing something foolish presently, if he didn't get a grip on himself.

Then with a gasp of joy he remembered that he couldn't walk, and consequently couldn't go along to the bank and draw any money.

But that cheering thought lasted only seconds. Half-a-dozen different ways of getting money out of the bank before three o'clock suggested themselves to him, and he just stifled a groan.

The nurse who hovered about the private room, and the sister in charge seemed very bright and cheery. He had done nothing of the sort, but Mr. Northbury felt sure that when he delivered

him to the hospital, Rainsford had explained exactly how his employer had got his broken leg. The nurse and the sister were enjoying the joke. Mr. Northbury hated nurses and sisters.

The young house-surgeon had a look in. He, too, seemed to have a smidge on his face. When he went out Mr. Northbury hated the whole world.

It was almost half-past two when Mr. Rainsford got a telephone call instructing him to come to the hospital at once.

"I—ah—I just didn't like being asked for the bonus," Mr. Northbury told Rainsford. "But we'll say no more about that. And there's no need to talk about about that part of it to outsiders."

"I'm sorry I rather rushed you," Mr. Rainsford very cleverly took his cue. "And of course all that anybody need know is that you slipped and broke your leg. I brought the cheque-book as instructed."

When the bonuses had been paid over and the staff were getting ready to go Mr. Rainsford, a superstitious little man, wondered:

"Will money which has come to us in this way bring luck with it?"

"Luck!" scoffed young Hatfield, who was not superstitious. "It would have been much worse luck if we hadn't got it."

Charlie hardly heard. He was much too busy thinking about the chocolates, and the pastries, and the pantomime.

Miss Webb didn't hear at all. Miss Webb was thinking of Eric's eyes when he saw her wearing the coat with the real fur collar.

(The End.)

CHRISTMAS BONUS

(Continued from Page 12)
for once figures didn't talk; Mr. Northbury only shook his head gloomily, and spoke about the

general unrest throughout the world.

Rainsford thought it better not to tell the others—Mr. Northbury might be fighting the battle out with himself, and whatever he had in the way of a better nature, might yet win.

But Mr. Northbury got more gloomy as Christmas drew nearer, and Mr. Rainsford could no longer delude himself.

He said with conviction, when the question was again mooted at an office conference: "If he were going to give us anything, he'd be bad-tempered at the thought of having to part with it. But he's just plain gloomy, which means, No bonus."

"The rotten old miser!" Young Hatfield's teeth came together viciously. The thought that he was to be baulked in his ambition was infuriating; for the first time in his young life Hatfield was knowing that horrible feeling of being helpless in the hands of circumstances.

"But won't give us something, Mr. Rainsford?" Charlie was thinking that, if they got anything at all he and Bert could perhaps cut out one of the items. But if they were going to get nothing—if he and Bert weren't going to have a farthing to spend on Boxing Day! "Won't a give us something?" Charlie yelled.

After that talk with her mother, with some wild notion that she could save the amount required for the coat, Miss Webb had started a campaign of counting every penny before she spent it.

But she had very soon realised that it was impossible. She knew now that the amount she had saved would just about cover the cost of the Christmas presents, which she would have to buy—she couldn't be mean about them; and there were her mother and father, Sue, Jack, and her married sister's children. Miss Webb had made a mental picture of herself appearing before Eric for the first time in the new coat, and Eric's eyes lighting up at sight of her— "But surely . . ." she suggested desperately to Rainsford, as though she felt he could do something about it.

"I—I could do with a little bit extra myself," Mr. Rainsford admitted, in a sort of half confidence, and going further than he felt he ought to.

By the morning of Christmas Eve Mr. Northbury's office was seething with revolt.

Charlie in his innocence and desperation, suggested:

"Wouldn't a give it to us if you ask 'im, Mr. Rainsford?"

"Yes, ask 'im," encouraged Charlie, suddenly wide-eyed with new hope.

Miss Webb's heart began to flutter quite distressingly. Eric was going to be with his own people on Christmas Day and Boxing Day, and she wasn't going to see him. But he had booked two seats for a musical show for the following Saturday—and she could have the new coat by then.

"The only person who could possibly ask him is Mr. Rainsford," Miss Webb was quite breathless when she pointed this out, because of that doubt at the back of her mind that it wasn't quite right to ask.

All over again Mr. Rainsford thought how different Christmas would be if he had that bit extra. And it occurred to him that he could put it to Mr. Northbury that it was the staff that was discontented, and he was merely voicing their feelings.

"Yes, you go and ask him, Mr. Rainsford—he can't eat you!" Young Hatfield wasn't in the least troubled about the ethics of the thing; what concerned him was getting on and getting the money.

Mr. Rainsford put it to Mr. Northbury very diffidently, making it plain that he was merely the spokesman for the others, almost suggesting, in fact, that he himself wasn't particularly interested.

But that didn't help any. For, fifteen seconds later, Mr. Northbury was wiping the floor with him as he had never wiped it

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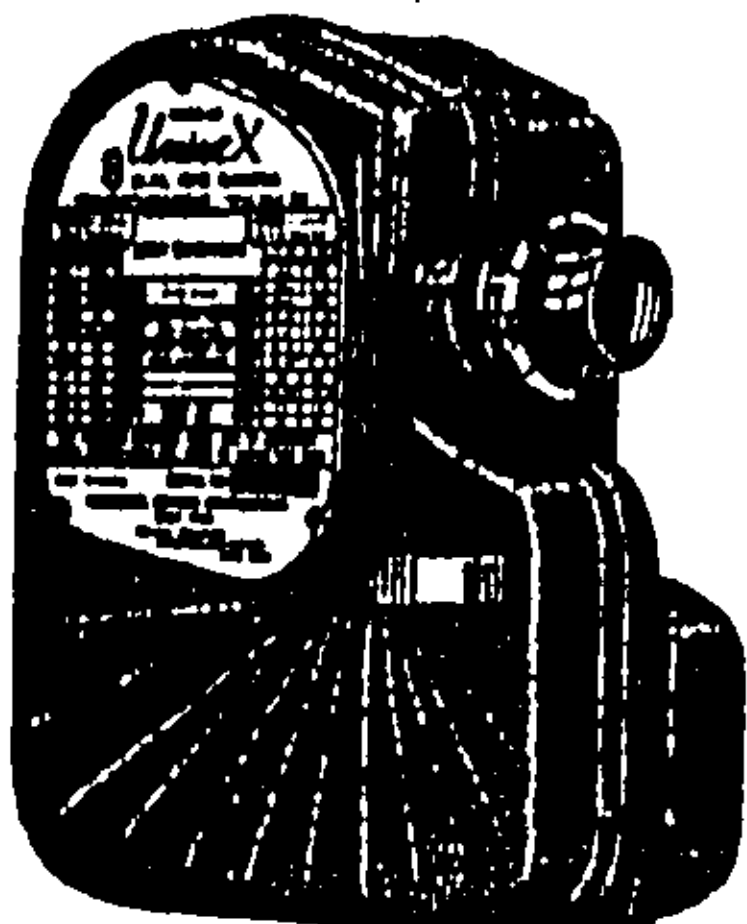
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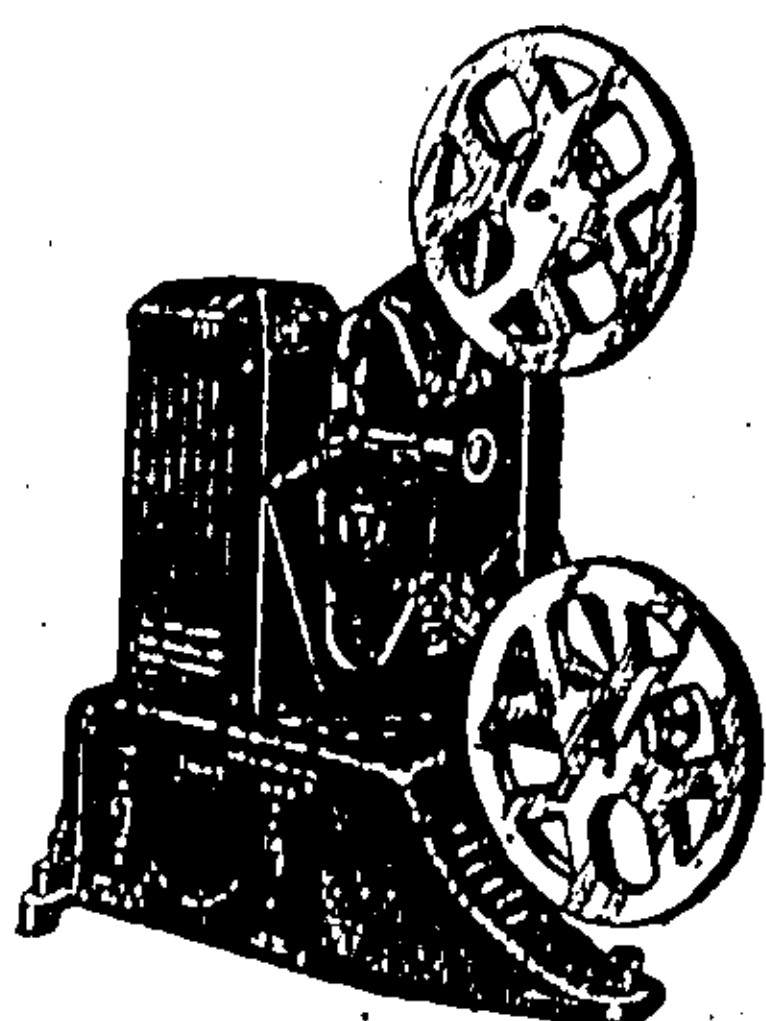
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HOME-MADE cracker novelties may be formed from cardboard, crinkled paper, paint, etc., so do not gaze hopelessly at these elaborate creations far beyond your purse. Try one of the gay novelties suggested here. Follow the instructions carefully and you will be surprised at the decorative effects obtainable with the everyday materials mentioned above.

The first on our list is the ever-popular crinoline lady. Here she appears as **MISTRESS CRACKER**. The lowest frill of her skirt is covered with wee crackers, and her fichu has a decoration of them, also her waist. If you wish, her bonnet may be lined with them also, or the outside of it covered. Less crackers than shown may be introduced, of course.

Here are the essential parts of Mistress Cracker.

A piece of thick card measuring 21in. by 24in. is folded and glued into a column shape as in diagram 1.

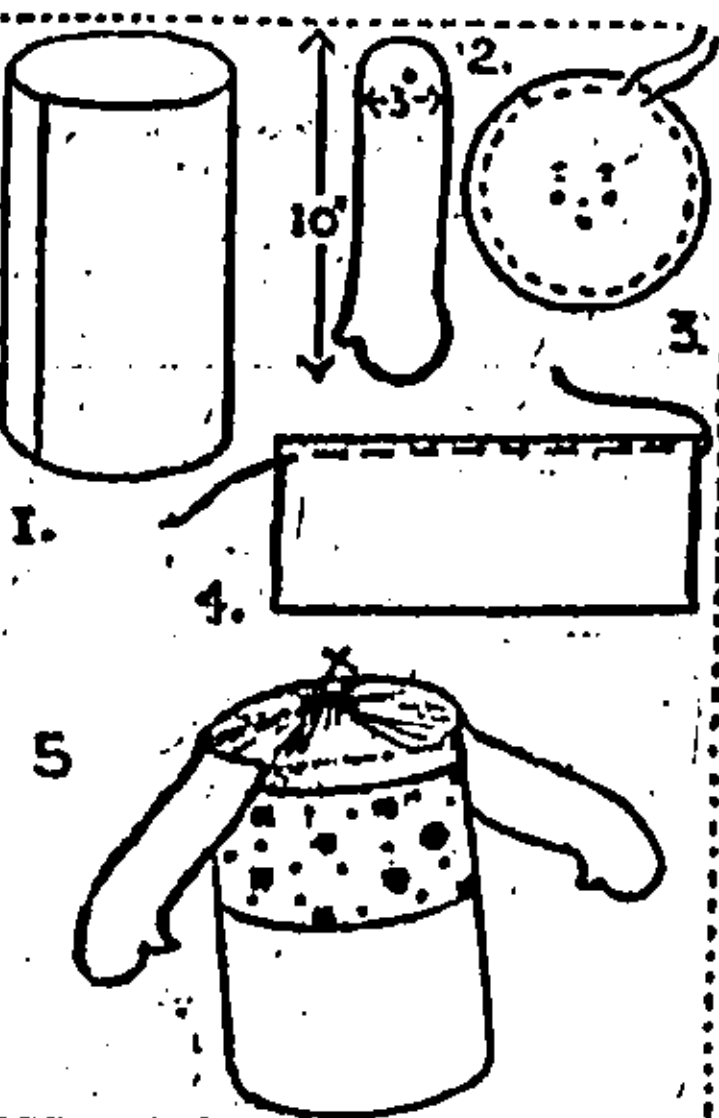
Two arms and hands are cut in card as in diagram 2 and coloured pink. Cut out a circle of pink crinkled paper about 22in. in diameter and run a thread along its edge as in diagram 3. The pink colour chosen to paint the arms should be as near as possible to the pink of the paper. Another piece of pink paper 21in. by 6in. is required, and has a running thread along one 21in. edge as in diagram 4. Allow a little extra at each narrow end for joining.

A piece of paper 10in. by 21in. will form the bodice of the "gown," and a portion 50in. by 14in. makes the skirt. These pieces are pretty if cut from a patterned paper. A strip of a daintily contrasting paper in a plain colour measuring 50in. by 4in. will form the skirt frill, and a strip 45in. by 3 1/2in. the fichu.

Cut a piece of card to the shapes and sizes shown in diagrams 6 and 7 to form the bonnet. Cut out pieces of the plain paper to the same sizes to line them and pieces of the patterned one to cover the outside. Two strips of plain paper about 15in. by 2in. are attached to the bonnet and tie in a bow when ready.

Unravel as much white, yellow, black, brown or orange rug wool as possible for hair, or else introduce a piece of fur cloth to give the same effect.

Cut out and prepare each part mentioned above and have them each to hand before commencing to assemble them.



Take the pink circle and paint upon it two eyes, a nose, a mouth and two pink cheeks. Partly draw up the thread and stuff crumpled paper into it to shape the head. This must be very light and quite round. When sufficient has been inserted, draw up the thread and tie it firmly at the back of the head.

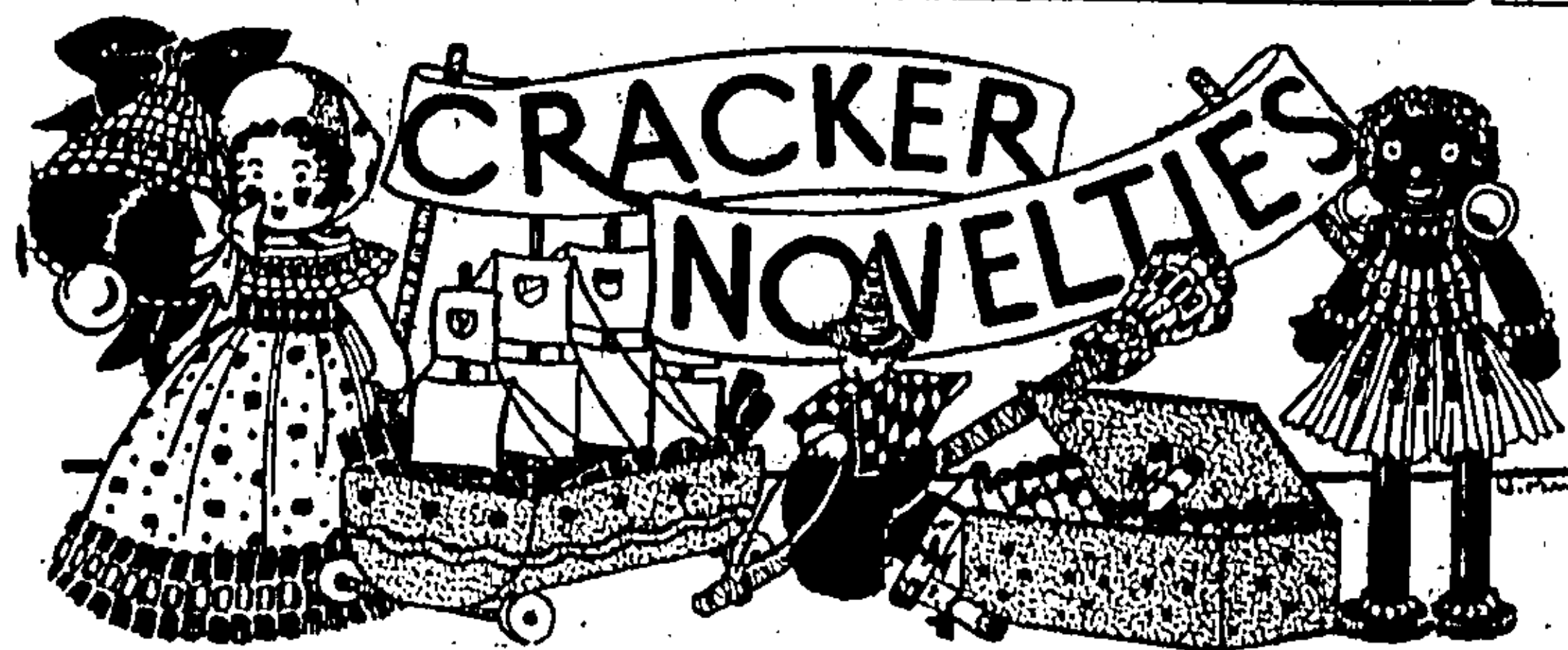
Take the pink paper, diagram 4, and glue the two ends together. Glue the unthreaded edge over the top of the column for about 1 1/2in. Draw up the thread. Paste the patterned material, the bodice portion, around the upper half of the pink material. Stick an arm at each side. The appearance should now be as in diagram 5.

Take the skirt frill and draw up the edge of it to fit the skirt. Sew it along the bottom 4in. from the edge. Join up the seam of the skirt, draw up the waist thread and stick the skirt into position. Draw up the shoulder frill and stick it to where the patterned bodice and pink paper join.

Send the bonnet shape, diagram 6, and sew the small prepared circle, diagram 7, into the back. Attach the hair to the head around the face, making it as realistic as possible, then fit the bonnet over it. Glue the whole thing over the centre of the drawn up portion of the part marked x in the diagram 5.

Attach crackers as suggested, or as you wish, with the aid of dabs of glue, and Mistress Cracker is ready for the party.

DUSKY MAIDEN is made very similarly; the column of card being only 12in. deep, however. One end of this is filled in with a circle of card which is glued over the opening. Attach to this circle of card, using tacks, two light wooden poles or sticks, insert the ends of these into small wooden bases as in the illustration. Two pieces of brown crinkled

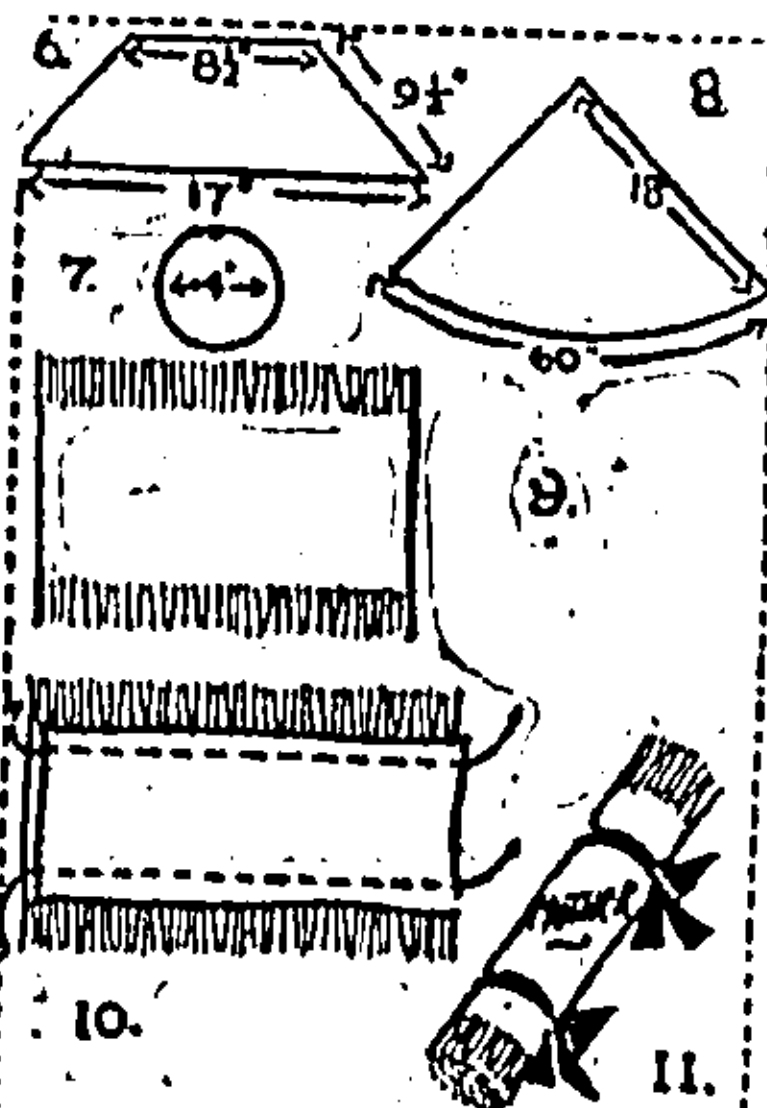


By JANICE JAY

paper as in diagrams 3 and 4 are required, and these are introduced to the figure in the same way as before.

Cut out a pair of arms again, colour them brown and attach. Make the face nigger-like and cover the back of the head with a piece of astrakhan cloth, making a little cap from it.

Add a necklace of crackers, stringing them on elastic and in-



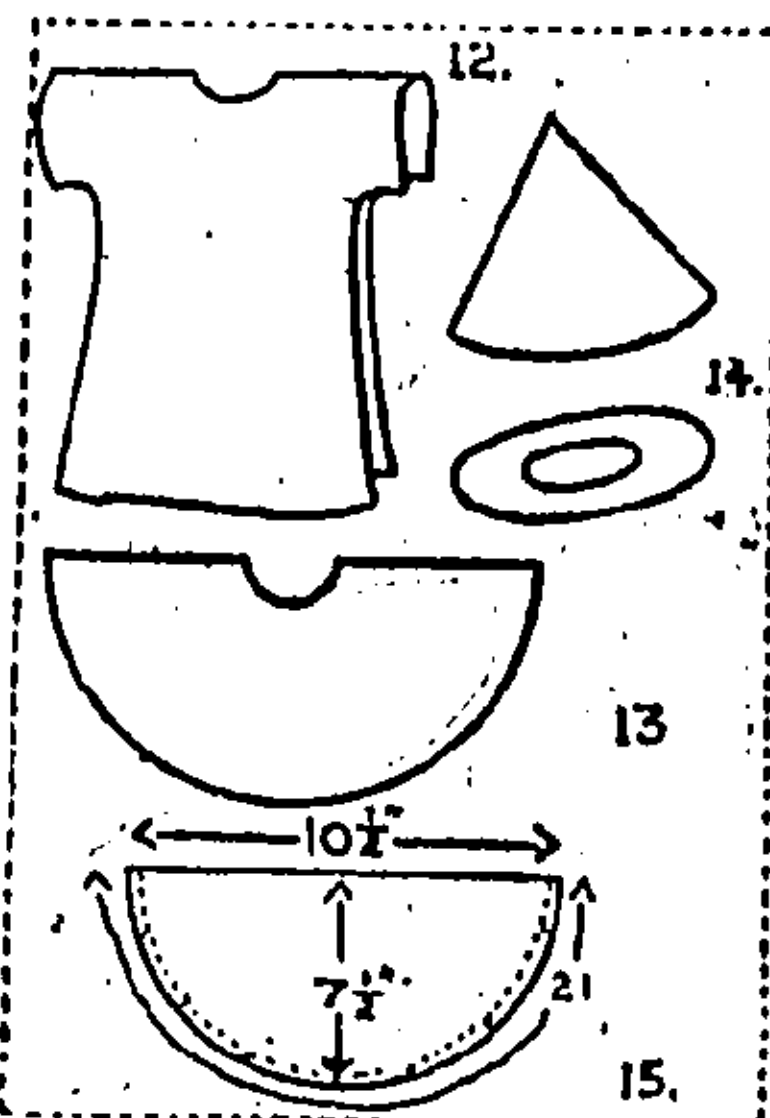
roduce a skirt of raffia with crackers interspersed. Bracelets and ankles of beads finish off the maiden and two large brass or wooden curtain rings as earrings complete her outfit.

The **CRACKER BELL** is very simple to form. Cut out card as in diagram 8 and cut one pink and one white crinkled paper shape to the same size. Paste the pink on to one side and the white on to the other. Fold the card into a cone-shape with the pink on the inside.

Stick white and silver crackers to the outside and finish off the top with a large bow of pink crinkled paper. Suspend a round silver Christmas tree ball inside the bell with the aid of a length of silver tinsel. The bell may be hung over the table with delightful effect.

GOLDEN GIFT BOX is merely a plain-lidded box covered with shiny gold paper. Cut out circles of brightly-coloured Cellophane paper and stick them here and there as if the box were "studded" with "precious stones."

Fill the box with crackers of your own making. To make the crackers cut out a piece of coloured paper about 6in. square and fringe the top and bottom as in diagram 9. Cut out a piece of white paper 7in. by 6in. to line the cracker, and place it upon the fringed portion. Run threads 2 1/2in. from the fringed edges. Draw up the threads slightly, insert a small gift between them, then draw them up fully and stick the two edges of the papers together. Finish off, if you wish,



small crackers in the place of twigs and tie a doll into place; either one you have in the house or a sixpenny one from the cheap stores. A dress of red cotton may be cut as in diagram 12 and a cloak as in diagram 13 completes her wardrobe. The measurements depend upon the size of the doll of course. The witch's hat is made from a cone of card painted black and attached to a circle of card with the centre cut out. These are shown in diagram 14.

If the doll is very light and easily made to balance the broomstick may have cords attached to each end and may be suspended in mid-air with a delightful "flying" effect.

The **DREAM BOAT** is formed from cardboard cut as in diagram 15. This shows the end portion of the "galloon" and two of these must be cut. The other portion is a piece of card about 21in. square. The dotted line in diagram 15 demonstrates a little extra allowed all round which, when slit here and there, enables it to be attached easily to the rest of the boat.

Send the square of card and insert the two portions, diagram 15, into the two ends. Now attach a strip of wood 21in. long along the underneath of the curved card with the aid of tacks knocked in from the inside of the boat. Attach two small strips of wood about 1 1/2in. long as in the illustration and introduce small wheels at the ends of each.

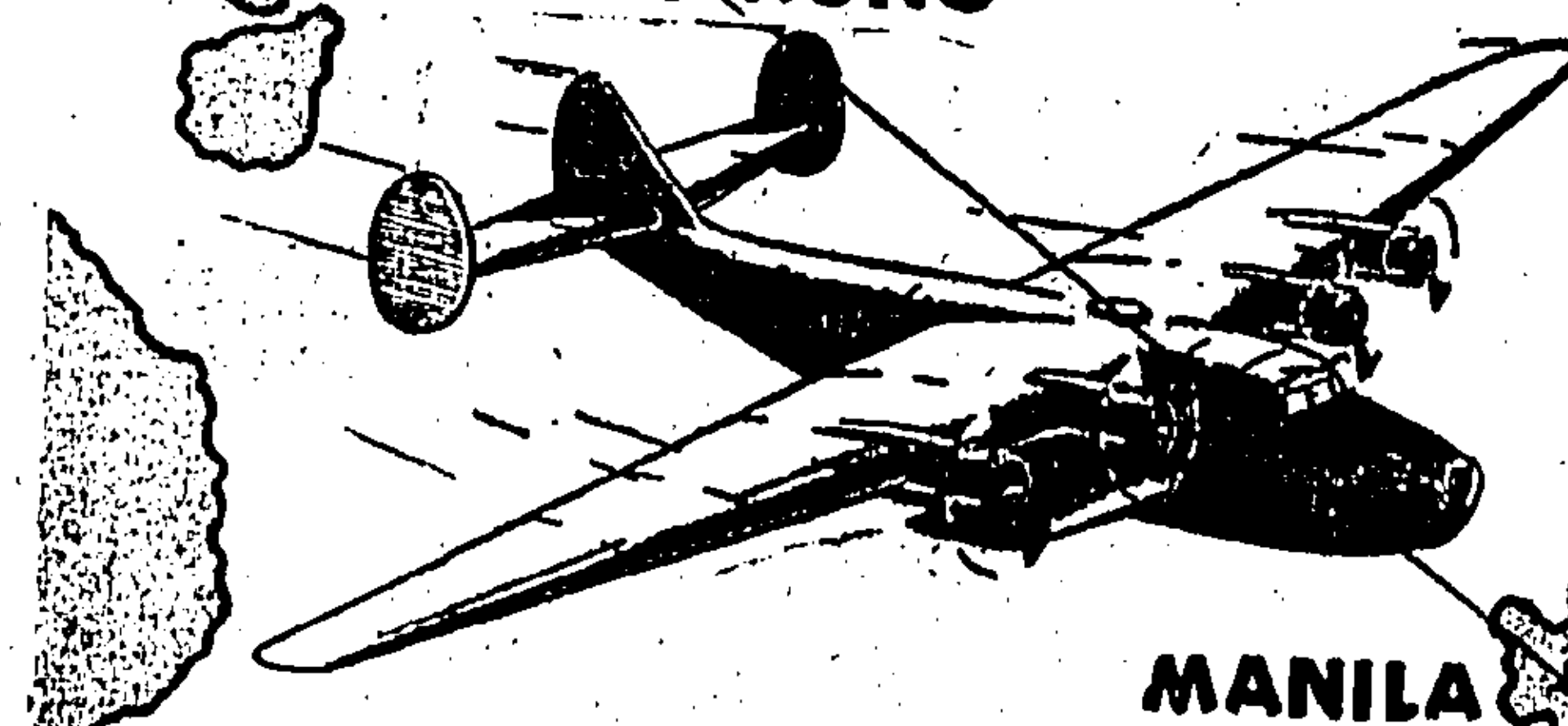
Tack four strips of wood along the middle of the galloon as "masts," the centre ones about 16in. tall, and the other two about 10in. tall. Glue the whole thing with gold paint, adding any decoration you wish. Next cut out four pieces of white paper about 4in. square and four about 6in. by 4in. and stick these to the masts. Tinsel cords may be stretched from these to the sides of the galloon for better effect. Fill the craft with crackers, tie a cord to the front, and a cargo of fun is ready to be drawn into your party.

with a bow of transparent paper at each gathered portion. The recipient's name may be written upon the front as in diagram 11.

The **WITCH'S BROOMSTICK** is formed from a gilded pole or strip of wood. Attach large and

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KEEPING CHRISTMAS UNDER DIFFICULTIES

DECEMBER generally sees me well on the way to the back-of-beyond. So my Christmases are not at all according to pattern. I have spent them in the Australian bush, with the temperature running out of the top of the thermometer; in a show business off the Arabian coast with slave traders ominously near; in the house of a Kurdish chieftain while the Turkish armies besieged neighbouring villages on Mount Ararat; and among Nestorian Christian refugees after the great earthquake which lifted a whole town in Western Persia from its foundations, and heaped its two thousand three hundred houses one on top of another in an inextricable confusion of beams, plaster, window-frames, bricks, straw and earth.

Can you imagine my arrival on the plain of Salmas one evening about a week after the earthquake? It was almost impossible to believe that a township with ten or twelve thousand inhabitants had ever existed. The place was a succession of rubble heaps, twenty or thirty feet high, with here and there a cluster of timbers sticking out of the rubbish, like spillikens, or a window-frame hanging from a mass of loose bricks.

Quantities of merchandise were still underneath the ruins, for a well-stocked bazaar had been buried with its contents. "It would take the whole army of Persia to dig out Dilman," said an old man who had been buried alive for several hours, before his relatives, hearing grunts under the earth, had succeeded in clawing a way out for him with their bare hands. Many other people were still buried, alive or dead, under the debris.

The Nestorians and Armenians are a hardy people. They have withstood persecutions as fearful as the quakes which still continued, so that nobody dared sleep under a roof. In mid-winter camp-beds were pitched in the dust and sand along what had once been a prosperous street.

Having an introduction to the mayor, I was offered shelter in one of the hastily erected sheds, in which there was neither front wall nor division. People were sleeping in rows on the floor among whatever quilts or carpets remained to them, with the meagre relics of their furniture piled around.

Others had contrived tents of branches or roof timber, leaning one against the other and plastered together on the outside with mud mixed with chopped straw. Sometimes these pathetic little re-

fuges had part of a noble front door with a vast padlock to close the entrance.

On that occasion my Christmas dinner consisted of bread—a portion of the Government dole, baked daily—and some muddy water faintly flavoured with tea; but in the most sheltered corner of the shed burned little families of candles. For on Christmas Day each Nestorian lights a taper representing his own life.

According to the way it burns, he knows what will happen to him during the following year. If it gutters out too soon, he will not live to see another Christmas. So you can imagine how the wails of that high and isolated plateau crouched among the rubbish heaps, wrapped in odds and ends of clothing, watching the wax dips provided by the Government Salvage Corps or saved at enormous risk from houses in the process of crumbling.

Hanging over the feeble flames, hungry still after the bread which was largely mixed with dust, they prayed fiercely to a very personal God in some such terms as these: "You know, Lord, where the old carved chest with brass hinges is hidden. Help us to dig in the right place, and do so that it is not broken." Or, "It was good of You to show us where Grandmother and the baby were lying under that beam. We thank You that neither was hurt, but now the old woman has got a chill. Be good to her so that she may not after all die."

Another year I returned to that high borderland between Persia and Turkey because I wanted to see what was happening on Mount Ararat where Kurdish peasants defended their villages against Mustafa Kemal's wandering army corps.

The second week in December found me staying in a Nestorian village built of mud. All the houses opened inwards on three sides of a yard wherein goats, chickens and bullocks lived in comfortable confusion. The villages were making plenty of money running guns and ammunition across the frontier. They promised that I should travel with the next party—on a moonless night, with the rifles hidden in bundles of faggots, and the bullets disguised in potato sacks.

Ten days I stayed with a family covering four generations. We all slept on the same mattress. It was placed near the huge round oven sunk in the middle of the earthen floor. Under the patchwork quilts

which covered us, all the family undressed; but I used to take up a careful position at the end of the room and discarded only my riding boots.

I remember we spent a lot of time during the week preceding Christmas making raw alcohol from roots cultivated for the pur-

By Rosita Forbes.

pose, and baking a rich dark-coloured bread with dried fruits in it, ornamented by primitive designs representing the Holy Family with oxen shrunk to the size of toys.

We also made a love philtre which is specially potent at Christmas-time. There is a great deal of laughter and joking when the young men try to introduce the stuff—brewed from special herbs are difficult to find—into the tea of the girls they want to marry. For, in spite of the sturdy, self-sufficing Christianity to which the Nestorians, lost among the Persian Hills, have adhered for sixteen centuries, superstition is as firmly rooted in their character as the uncomplaining pride which no amount of misfortune has been able to break.

Two days before Christmas, the apple-cheeked mother of nine gave me a flask thin as a pencil. It contained a sticky, evil-smelling mess. "Here is a charm against the evil eye," she explained, "and may Christ's blessing go with it. Rub it on your feet, and they will take you safely over the border. Put a drop on your forehead and none will hurt you. Smear it on the trigger of your revolver, and you will not miss your enemy." Doubtfully, I thanked her. In the middle of that night a hand shook my shoulder. "It is the hour," said a rough voice.

By surprise we had crossed the carelessly guarded frontier—Persian sympathies were with the Kurds—and far away in the pass between the two peaks of Biblical Mount Ararat we could hear the sound of firing. It was my second visit to the beleaguered mountain where eight hundred villagers armed with out-of-date rifles were defending their homes—stone-built and mud-faced.

On that Christmas Eve I shared the sweet bread and a hot paste made of meat, dried grapes and pepper with a hungry household who gave me a pile of embroidered felts to sleep on, and because it was very cold, raked

together the ashes of a dung fire at my feet.

Next day I rode further into Mohammedan territory, and the Nestorian gun-runners with me, approaching the goal, sang a battle song of the mountains to the tune very cheerful now that they were of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." I thought it was the strangest Christmas I had ever known, and it lost all semblance of reality when, tired and half-frozen, we climbed up the sides of the last deep gully to reach a village of square, mud boxes growing one out of the roof of another.

For the sake of our bundles and sacks, and because the Kurd is supremely hospitable—he has a saying, "A good host will cut up his body to feed his guests"—we were welcomed to the largest house where there was still some food after nine months of guerrilla warfare.

A national hero, the Robin Hood of Kurdistan, happened to be visiting the mountain, so all were wearing their best clothes. From heavy chests the women had brought out delicate gizzes and brocaded saris, while the men wore eleven or more yards of wash-coats and the enormous bulk of their trousers.

While most of unknown origin

—I wondered if it were culture or horse—slewed in a cauldron, the Nestorians lit their Christmas candles and surreptitiously drank the potions or philtres for good luck pressed upon them, with cakes of sweet Christmas bread, by their families across the border.

"Doctor—my baby cannot drink milk!"

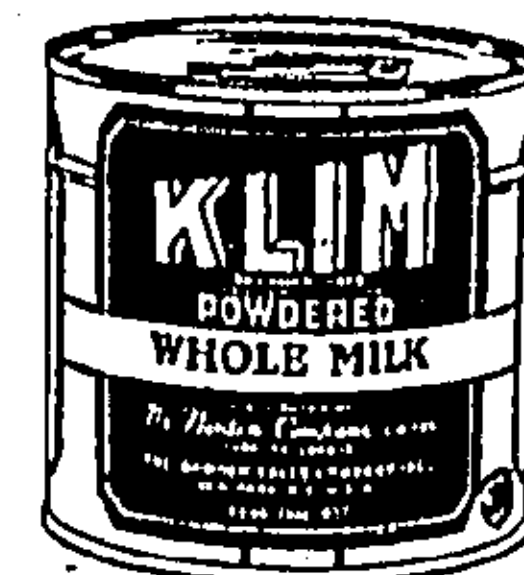
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XMAS IS DIFFERENT

SHE had been telling lies for days. When anybody asked her what she was going to do for Christmas she smiled and puckered, and said several invitations she could choose from.

She hinted at friends in the country who had begged her to come and stay and spend a real old-fashioned Christmas; or there were the other friends who wanted her to join them in a gay time in Brighton.

Then again, she had half-promised herself to some jolly cousins in Hampstead, and if she chose, of course, she could always go to her step-brother at Ealing.

It was merely a question, she said brightly of making up her mind. She supposed in the end she would have to split the holiday up, spending a day here and a day there; one naturally did not like to disappoint one's friends.

But it was all untrue. She had no friends. And as for the cousins in Hampstead and the step-brother in Ealing, she hadn't seen or heard of them for years. Nobody had invited her anywhere, and now on Christmas morning was quite alone.

The house was oddly silent. All the other tenants seemed to have gone away. There was quite a pile of parcels and Christmas cards waiting on the hall table for their return, but none for her. She looked through all the envelopes twice—just to make sure. She could hear the landlady, who was apparently having one of her "turns" again, screaming insults at her husband down in the basement. She went slowly back upstairs.

As she went, climbing up to her small room on the third floor, she was for a moment forlorn. She could not hide the fact any longer—lonely and unwanted.

But then as she entered her door and saw the sprig of holly in the pot on the mantelpiece with

the single Christmas card she had received standing up beside it, and the gas fire glowing away, she brightened. No, she would not give way. She would pull herself together, and cook her own little Christmas dinner and celebrate—

all by herself.

She smiled and said "Merry Christmas, dear," to herself in the mirror, and the stout, middle-aged woman, combing the dyed hair grey at the roots, smiled back from the glass.

It was a bright, just not cold morning. The shaded roofs stretching away, bristling with chimney

By R. G. Goodyear.

poets, beyond her window to the horizon, were awash with smoky gold light. In the old days there would have been snow on the roofs, and a hard cold sky like ice.

As she stood there by the window, thinking of the happy Christmases that were past, there came the silvery, thread-like sound of a flute. It must be the young man upstairs—a flautist by profession, and always out of work, poor thing.

The thin, mournful music filtered through the ceiling, reminding her of the crying of a bird. So she hadn't gone away, after all. She wasn't the only one that was here all alone on Christmas Day. The thought gave her comfort.

Yes, she said to herself, going to the gas stove behind the screen in the corner, and unwrapping the pudding just big enough for one which she had bought for herself, Christmas is different; even the weather is not the same.

Do you remember that deep snow we had one year when there was a six-foot drift at the bottom of Grandma's garden? That must have been the year when Uncle Arthur dressed up as Santa Claus

and couldn't get his beard unstuck afterwards.

Or was it the time when the handle of the cork-screw came off and hit Aunt Sarah in the chin, breaking her bottom set?

Do you remember how everybody cheered and clapped when Grandma came in with the enormous pudding all covered with dancing blue flames from the brandy; the pile of presents beside the plates on Christmas morning; the mistletoe in the hall which Aunt Chloe kept standing under my mistake; the uproarious games of Blindman's Buff and Musical Chairs; the carol singers and the bells at midnight?

She sighed. The flute playing had stopped now. She took out a match to light the gas under the pudding saucepan, but did not strike it. She stood staring unseeing at the box in her hand; the loneliness and sadness closed in again. Oh, wasn't there anybody anywhere who...

Then came the knock at the door. She went to it, whipping an undergarment on the chair under a cushion as she passed. It was the youngman from upstairs. He held an opened brown-paper parcel containing a Christmas pudding tea up in a cloud, and a pallid, uncooked fowl.

"Good morning," he began. He wore a shabby overcoat and looked pinched. "Look," he said, "I've had this come and I wondered... I thought perhaps you... you see I've no saucepans and things, and even if I had I can't cook, and I don't happen to have any coopers for the gas. Of course, you must share them with me."

For a moment she stared stupidly. "Share them with you?" Then, radiant, she flung back the door widely. "Come in!" she said.

Down in the street the Salvation Army Band began to play. "Christians awake! Salute the happy morn."

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"LITTLE MUGFORD . . . Little Mugford . . . Little M—"
A stentorian voice echoed up and down the platform, and Beryl Parsons jumped to her feet, collected her handbag, gloves, and the expensive magazine to which she had treasured herself, and peered through the carriage window. She had arrived! The great adventure had begun.

As she got out of the train a quick glance round confirmed her suspicions that Little Mugford did not look a very exciting place in which to spend a Christmas holiday. It was a tiny station, the two lamps which stood like sentinels at each end of the platform had not been lit, though it was dusk, and there was no one in sight. But, never mind, she thought, determined to look on the bright side, perhaps the Manor would make up for all that.

Meanwhile she had to get to the Manor. There was only one thing to do, and Beryl did it! She let out an unladylike yodel, and it had the desired effect. A tattered head poked out of a tiny building at the side of the line, and a startled voice said:

"Salute alive, it be a passenger, it be! Hold hard, Missie, I'm a'coming."

Was it her imagination, or did the porter give her a strange look? It must be imagination. Beryl gave herself a mental shake. She was getting all hot up about this visit, and that would not do. She was very anxious to make a good impression when she arrived, everyone said it made such a difference. A new voice broke in upon her reflections. A man in livery was standing near her, obviously waiting to speak to the porter, and as that worthy turned to him, he consulted a piece of paper he held in his hand.

"Excuse me, Miss! See here, Lightning, there's someone for me on this train; you haven't let 'em loose, have you? I shouldn't half get it in the neck if I went back without her . . . he looked at the slip of paper again, "It's a Miss Parsons, an old fossil from—"
"I'm Miss Parsons," Beryl broke in haughtily, "But I am going to the Manor and—"
"That's er . . . and that's 'im," chorled the ancient porter, in great glee about something. "E's from the Manor, 'e is!"

Beryl turned away. "Beryl, that case," she said with as much dignity as she could muster, "I would be glad if you would see to my luggage. Is the car outside?"

For a split second the chauffeur stood as if stunned into silence (as well he might, thought Beryl crossly, "old fossil" indeed!). Then, with an obvious effort, he pulled himself together and said:

"Er—yes, Miss—er, I beg your pardon, 'er, allow me! Bring along the lady's luggage, 'im!"

As the car sped through the winding country lanes Beryl thought over the surprising events which had resulted in her being driven in that luxurious car towards Batley Manor.

A year or so ago Beryl had left the Scottish village which had been her home as long as she could remember, and had come to London to earn her own living. When she did so she said, gaily, that it was because she wanted to be independent and have a "good time" instead of living quietly in the country. Actually it was because she was aware that, owing to falling dividends, her father found it difficult to make ends meet, Aunt Beryl was almost her only living relative apart from her parents, and though she was something of a crank and had lots of funny fads and fancies, she and the younger Beryl got on very well together. Anyhow Aunt Beryl always "weighed in" with a very welcome Christmas box, but this year it had surpassed any other!

Beryl took the letter from her handbag and read it again—

"My Dear Niece,

I hope you are quite well. Unfortunately I have strained my knee and am unable to travel to Batley Manor, where I had booked to spend Christmas. I enclose a cheque and a ticket for Little Mugford, which is the station for the Manor, and hope you will take my place. I am sure the change will do you good. I proposed to travel down on the . . ."

Beryl looked up. By this time it was quite dark, but she could see that they had left the road and had turned into a kind of drive, and a moment later the car stopped, and she could just see a large old-fashioned house in front of her. It was not at all the "blaze of light" that Beryl had somehow expected; in fact there seemed to be very few lights indeed, but there was a dim one in the hall, and as she ran up the steps, the front door was opened, and a solemn maid-servant said:

"This way, madam."
"This way," instead of leading to a cheery room, with a huge log-fire, and a number of jolly people in it, was a dreary ante-room where the maid, without a single smile or flicker of welcome, relieved Beryl of her coat and hung it on a hook in a way that reminded the newcomer of boarding school. That was it, she thought suddenly with a touch of apprehension! Batley Manor did not like a school, not like a modern, gay and fashionable hostelry!

These gloomy forebodings were disturbed by a noise outside. There was another new arrival, and Beryl, looking round quickly, saw a young man smiling down at her. "I say, is there anyone about. I've rung the bell, but—"

The elderly maid stepped forward, and with a very determined gesture, took the newcomer's coat. "If you are Mr. Harvey," she said sternly, "Your room is No. 10, and dinner is at seven promptly!"

"Oh!" the young man looked rather nonplussed, but he was evidently determined not to be brow-beaten, he shot a glance at Beryl, then said cheerfully:

"Well, it is only just after five now. What about a spot of tea for this lady and myself. I'm sure you'd like some after your journey, wouldn't you?"

"I should," said Beryl thankfully, thinking what a Good Samaritan this cheery-looking young man was. She was convinced that she would never have summoned enough courage to ask the forbidding-looking female before them for anything. But a cup of tea, and perhaps some hot tea-cakes; well,

that sounded marvellous and just the thing to dispel the feeling of dismay which was rapidly enveloping her.

But, alas! The maid looked quite horror-stricken. If the bold man had asked for a dose of prussic acid to be handed to his companion and himself, she could not have been more shocked.

"I am sorry, sir, we do not serve teas here," she announced, giving the inquirer what he afterwards termed "a dirty look." "Dinner is at seven. Please don't be late. It upsets the other put—er—guests. This way, Miss!"

But Beryl lingered. There certainly seemed something very strange about this hotel. It was not decorated gaily as she had thought it would be, with festoons of holly and mistletoe—not that the mistletoe interested her, of course, but it was nice to see it! There was no sign, either, of the crowd of jolly visitors she had expected to meet, only this dour maid, who had certainly not worked up the "Christmas spirit" yet—and this young man, obviously as puzzled as herself! But perhaps her fears were groundless, all the jolly folk would turn up at dinner, and they would all have a lovely time together, thinking of dinner she turned to the waiting maid and said:

"Do we dress for dinner?" (wouldn't it be horrible if she came down to dinner in her pretty flame-coloured georgette and all the other women were in afternoon dress—just the kind of thing that would happen there!)

The maid hesitated. "Well, I can't say as how they exactly dress for dinner," she answered after some deep thought. "But old Mr. Bennett, he sometimes puts on a tiger skin, and Miss Murray, she's a long scarf she uses because she says she feels the cold. Otherwise they're the same as usual."

As she staggered upstairs Beryl exchanged a glance with the young man! Was the maid mad, or were they?

Two hours later Beryl had decided. She was mad, there was no doubt about that! She had found her bedroom very cold and cheerless, with the absolute minimum of furniture in it, and her drooping spirits drooped still lower. Nevertheless, she spent some time over her dressing, and took pains to make herself look her best. And when she was dressed her mirror told her that her efforts had been successful, her eyes were gay and shining, her golden hair fell in charming waves around her neat head, and the moonlight blue frock which she had selected as being a compromise between her evening dresses and old Mr. Bennett's tiger skin (whatever that may be) suited her to perfection.

So it was with a light heart that Beryl went downstairs prepared to make her plunge into the gay society of Batley Manor. Then she had entered the drawing room and what had she seen! A company of assorted people, most of them elderly, and all wearing the most extraordinary garment—a "one piece" Beryl mentally termed it, of white material, hung around them in the form of a toga! On their feet they wore sandals (thank goodness the place seemed comparatively warm!). Beryl looked round, she had thought her blue frock simple, and inconspicuous enough, but it certainly made her stand out in that assembly.

With a sigh of relief she saw the door open and her companion of the afternoon enter, wearing ordinary evening dress. Beryl suddenly felt much, much happier. For some reason she had been dreading to see him arrive dressed

as absurdly as the others, "though I'm sure I don't know why," she said to herself, "he wouldn't look nearly as bad as most of them here, he'd look quite nice in anything." Then she blushed prettily as the young man made a bee-line across the room to her side.

"I say, you are beyond the pale too," he nodded towards the rest of the company, "Thank goodness!" "Why thank goodness?" asked Beryl, "We seem to be in the minority and we certainly don't seem very popular with the other guests!"

"Never mind about that! I say, my name is Bruce Harvey—and I'm not a crank, are you?" "I jolly well hope not," said Beryl fervently, "but what in the world—"

Clang! Clang! Clang! the rattle of the dinner gong interrupted her, and the guests, with more haste than politeness, made a concerted dash for the door.

"Well, you'd think they were starving!" gasped Beryl. "They probably are," grinned Bruce. "So am I, to tell you the truth, let's follow them. I'm looking forward to some sort of food."

They followed the crowd more leisurely. As they entered the dining room Bruce gave a low whistle.

"Whew! If this is dinner!" Beryl looked round and gasped too. Her long journey and the fact that she had missed her tea had given her a very keen appetite. But she didn't think it was going to be appeased by the food on that table.

Nevertheless she sat down, between an old man with a gentle beard, and a little woman who seemed to have difficulty in reconciling decency and the desire to eat. In other words when she let go of the toga-like garment in which she was enveloped it threatened to slip off and Beryl was fascinated by her struggles until humanity forced her to assist. "That this brooch, it might help!"

"Oh, thank you," it was taken gratefully, "I feel so ashamed, but I simply cannot manage this garment. But, after all, I am only a newcomer to the Good Way, and it seems very difficult at first, don't you think. Have a nut?" "No, thank you," Beryl looked round. All the other guests were busily eating from the plates of nuts and green food which were all that there was to be seen on the table. There was no other sign of a good dinner, and Beryl felt hungrier than ever.

She turned to her neighbour, "When does the next course come in? I'm so hungry, but I don't—er—fancy nuts just now."

"The next course?" said the little woman, biting a nut very firmly. "Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen—I forgot myself and only mistated a Brazil twenty times instead of thirty. So very careless!"

"Do you live on nuts?" exclaimed Beryl, and the chewing stopped for a moment while her companion looked at her reproachfully.

"Not live completely, though they are the chief item of our diet, of course. We have greenstuff, you know, and to-morrow, as it is Christmas Day, we are all going to have a slice of melon as a treat. Won't that be jolly?"

"Er, yes, oh awfully," said Beryl weakly. Her companion applied herself to her nut again, and Beryl sat and thought wicked thoughts about her aunt. What was this place to which she had sent her to spend a happy Christmas?

After "dinner" Bruce Harvey hurried towards Beryl and caught hold of her arm.

"I say, this is absolutely ghastly," he plied her towards a secluded seat in the lounge. "What in the world are you doing here. Thank goodness you are here, but I can't understand it. Did you know it was one of these cranky places?"

"I didn't," Beryl answered firmly. Quickly she told Bruce all about her Aunt's Christmas "gift," and how she had expected to find a luxurious guest house, full of jolly people ready to enjoy their Yuletide together. "But what about you?" she added when she had finished. "Do you eat nuts for dinner from choice, or what?"

"I don't, most decidedly not. I'm on duty," grinned the young man. "I only got back from the East last week—a spot of unexpected leave. I at once made tracks for my



"We are all going to have a slice of melon as a treat."

uncle's place, where I had always spent Christmas. There I found that Aunt Myra had had a new fad and curled the poor old boy off to have his Christmas dinner here! All very hygienic and Vitamin A. I couldn't bear the thought of Uncle missing his turkey and plum pudding, though. So I came along to rescue him."

"Will he be rescued?" asked Beryl. "He will, Aunt might try to persuade him that it is good for him here, but I've an idea that will knock all that on the head. And I want your help! Listen, here's the plan—"

The two heads bent close together, and the plans were well and truly laid. At least early the next morning a smart two-seater swung out of the Manor gates and sped along the road towards the nearest town.

And when it returned, quite late, the two passengers were accompanied by a load of thrilling-looking parcels, which were securely hidden away in Room 10.

It was the evening of Christmas Day!

Clang! Clang! went the gong, to summon the guests to dinner. The table was "roaring" with a repast consisting of various kinds of nuts, a few sad-looking pieces of lettuce, and a large melon, which occupied a place of honour, in the centre of the table.

One by one the guests filed in and solemnly took their places, until there were only two vacant chairs. A second later Bruce Harvey hurried in.

"Oh, Uncle, just a moment! Sorry to interrupt your feasting, sir, but can you spare a moment; yes, it is rather . . . No, we shan't be long, Aunt!"

With a scathing remark about the younger generation's manners, or lack of them, Aunt Myra applied herself to her Brazil, though really one did get a little tired of them and . . .

"This way, Uncle, this way," Bruce plied his uncle along the passage, through a garden door, and into the summerhouse.

"A merry Christmas," cried Beryl, as Bruce flung open the door. "Come in!"

The uncle stood blinking in the light, but his eyes glistened as he beheld a table decorated with holly and crinklers, a turkey steaming in the centre, piles of sausages surrounding it . . . and a lovely savouring smell pervading the whole room.

"Come along, Uncle, dinner is served! What will you have?"

"But—er—my dear boy, this is poison, you know—well—er—perhaps as it is Christmas Day," he said into a seat at the table. "Just a tiny portion, my dear!"

"Tap, tap; a Umid face peeped round the corner. It was Beryl's next-door neighbour. "I had your message, my dear. Oh, what an extraordinarily fine bird—I mean—oh, not of course I couldn't!—no—well, after all, it is Christmas Day, isn't it. Just a little cut off the breast then, and only a couple of sausages!"

"Tap, tap! Bruce paused in his carving to shoot a glance at Beryl, busily handling vegetables—then another tap! One by one the guests crept in. Last of all Aunt Myra. She gave a horrified glance at the company and, at the turkey, opened her mouth to say something, but as she did so she caught a whiff of the tasty bird, and she smiled and sat down hastily.

At last everyone was served. Bruce caught Beryl's hand and squeezed it as he slipped into the chair beside her.

At the wedding, a few months after, some of the guests wondered why the wedding cake was ornamented with a large Brazil nut!

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THERE is nothing more bewildering to the onlooker than a smoothly performed, effectively presented card trick. Nor any piece of entertainment more fascinating to watch.

The "magic" that can be achieved with an ordinary pack of cards is amazingly wide and varied.

For some, of course, much more than ordinary dexterity is required. Nevertheless there is a whole range of simple card tricks available to the home entertainer; tricks that can be performed with an ordinary pack of playing cards and for which no more than a little thought and careful practice are required.

It is with such simple tricks, elegantly suitable for Christmas party presentation, that I shall here deal.

BAFFLING SIMPLICITY

Here is one—quite a good one to start the programme with. When you know the secret it is ridiculously simple. Yet if you perform it with the necessary assurance it will completely baffle your audience.

To start with you produce a pack of cards. An ordinary pack it will seem. But before the evening has begun you will have made it a point to "treat" that pack by carefully sorting it out into two distinct heaps—all the even cards in one heap and all the odd in another. In doing this made sure to treat the jacks and kings as odd cards, and the queens as even cards.

Shuffle these two heaps separately, and then return the pack by putting one heap on top of the other.

Now when you are ready to perform the trick you take up this complete pack and smilingly ask a member of your audience to draw from it a card without letting you see the face of it.

What you make a joint of doing, though, is to watch carefully to note whether he takes the card from the bottom or the top half of the pack.

When he has withdrawn the card, cut the pack openly and tell him to drop his selected card on the pile remaining on the table. Be careful about this cut. If his selected card has come from the top half of the pack, cut so that it is returned to the bottom half; if he has chosen a card from the bottom half, your cut should ensure that it is returned to the top half.

Now take the entire pack and turn the cards over one by one. When you come to an even card among the odd ones, or an odd one among the even, you will know you have found the selected card. Its instant recognition by you will be mystifying.

Here is another simple little trick which will enable you to demonstrate your ability to indicate a card "thought of" by a member of your audience.

Take fifteen cards and deal them in three heaps, face upwards, asking the onlooker to select one of the cards as you do so and to tell you in which heap it is—but not, of course, to indicate which cards he has chosen.

When the three heaps have been completed pick them up, keeping the indicated heap between the other two, and repeat the entire process getting the onlooker to indicate each time in which heap his chosen card lies.

When he has pointed to a heap for the third time you will know for a certainty that his selected card is the third card from the back of the heap. Identify it with assurance—and watch the wondering faces of your audience.

CAN'T GO WRONG

From this you can go on to an even more amazing demonstration. Take the pack of cards and hand it to two or three different people to shuffle thoroughly. Then deal off the top four cards, ask an onlooker to take them and memorize one of them and return the four to you.



Then, placing the four cards face downwards on the table, deal off four more cards, which you hand to a second onlooker with the same request to remember one of them, and on receiving them back place them face downwards on top of the first four. Repeat this with two more sets of four.

You will now have sixteen cards. Deal them out into four separate heaps, taking care to deal one card at a time to a heap.

Now ask onlooker number one in which heap his card now is. And whichever heap he happens to indicate his card will be the last of that particular heap to be dealt.

The remembered cards of the second, third and fourth people will infallibly be the second, third and fourth cards in the heaps they indicate.

Even should two of the choosers chance to point to the same heap this rule will remain unaltered. A very effective little piece of card magic can be achieved if the following is practised a bit.

Select the four kings from a pack and hold them up fan-wise for all to see. Then carefully place them on top of the pack, in plain view.

Now take first one king and then another and insert it into the body of the pack, until all the audience believes all the four kings have been removed from the top of the pack and placed in the heart of the pack, which is still on the table.

THE OBEDIENT KINGS

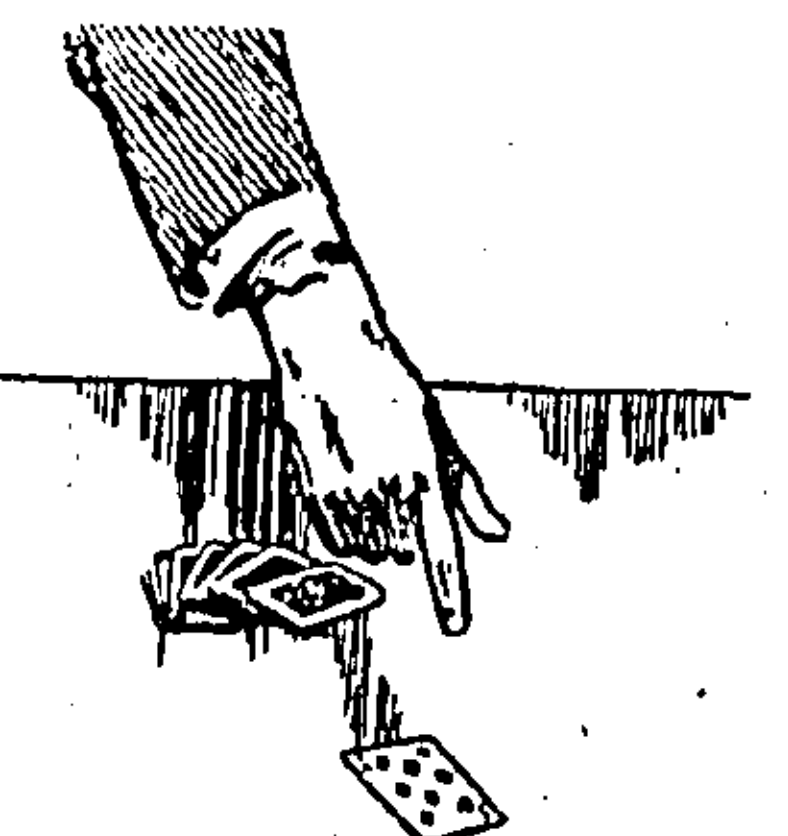
Having seen every action you have made the audience has only one answer when you innocently ask "Where are the kings now?" Giving the pack a light tap, you assure the audience that they are

wrong after all—and pick the four cards one after another from the top of the pack. As you hold each card up it will be seen they are the four kings.

How is it done? Very simply. When you hold up the four kings at the beginning of the trick you also hold squarely behind them four other cards. Thus you are actually holding up eight cards. And on placing the kings on the top of the pack you make sure that the other cards are numbers one to four, the kings being numbers five to eight.

Thus when the four top cards are distributed one at a time throughout the pack the kings become numbers one to four—the top cards.

A very little practice will enable this trick to be performed with



neatness and in a way that will cause real bewilderment. Your "card sense" will be admirably demonstrated by the following:

read aloud what you wrote down before his eyes.

What it says is "You will choose the seven heap." And sure enough, when he, at your injunction, turns over the heap he has chosen it proves to be a heap in which seven prominently figures.

ACCIDENTAL "MAGIC"

Actually any of the heaps would answer to this description. They have been carefully prepared beforehand, of course. One will contain seven cards; another will contain the four sevens of the different suits; and the third heap will contain the ace, a deuce and a four.

Once the selection has been made, of course, you need to gather up all the heaps without letting anyone see how the remaining heaps are made up. Otherwise the trick will be exposed at once. But with this precaution taken, and the trick performed with the necessary air of assurance, and no one watching you will fall to be puzzled and intrigued.

Here is an amusing and effective little piece of by-play that can be tried.

Take your pack of cards and ask one of your onlookers to select from it a card, any card, at random, to look carefully at it, and then to replace it on the top of the pack, which you are holding face downwards.

The next moment you drop the pack. And the card-choser will be quite startled to see his card lying there face upward. "There it is," you say with a smile, and he will be convinced you have just achieved something quite out of the ordinary.

Actually all it has been necessary for you to do is hold the face-downwards pack in a certain manner, with the fingers at one of the short ends, the thumb at the other, and the hand arched over the top.

While holding the pack like this slide the top card slightly to one side, so that it overhangs the others by just an inch. It is, of course, well to do this last without attracting any attention.

Now hold the pack about a foot above the table and drop it squarely. It will drop with a slight thud, but the top card will be the only one to turn over and reveal its face. Pressure of air will have made it turn.



Each card you place across your outstretched index finger to "weigh."

Ever identified a card by its weight, and its weight alone? Well, here's how to do it—and startle your friends.

Get someone to hand you any card he chooses from a pack—or if you have them, from three or four packs. What you are going to do will seem more remarkable still that way.

Then, carefully watched, take this single card and balance it carefully on the index finger of the left hand, pretending to weigh it carefully, and making no effort at all to see the face of the card, which you keep face downward.

GUESSING THE WEIGHT

At the end of the "weighing" hand the card back again to the one who selected it for you, with the remark, "Oh, yes, I should easily be able to spot that card again; I could remember its weight without any trouble."

It seems a startling statement to make, but you proceed to prove your claim by having the cards shuffled and given to you one by one.

Each card you place across your outstretched index finger to "weigh." At last the selected card is reached. And as soon as it rests across your finger you exclaim "That's the card."

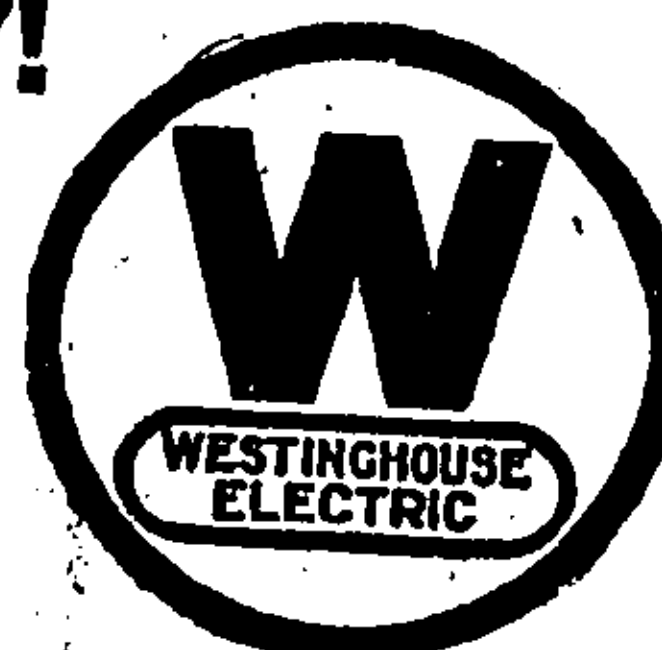
And you will be right. You won't, of course, actually have weighed the card. But you will have identified it by a little thumb-nail mark you will have made across a corner at the time of the first "weighing." A very little practice will make it quite easy to do this without being detected.



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"DO you know, I think Smith minor's a funk?" said Dicky. "Why?" asked Molly. "Cos he was so frightened of our elephant—the one Nanny made for our charades," said Dicky. "Was he?" said Molly.

"Now don't be silly," replied Dicky. "I'll show you. We'll have a surprise for him at our Christmas party—something that will make him tremble and quake all over."

"What sort of a surprise?" asked Molly. "A real stunner," said Dicky. "A real Loch Ness Monster," he chortled.

"But how?" queried Molly. "How? Why, we'll twist and twiddle that old elephant about till it looks the most hideous sacrilegious object in the world."

"Bags I the front legs," said Molly. "I was the hind legs last time, and I was nearly smothered."

"I don't care which legs you have," said Dicky. "As long as we make Smith hunch with fright. We'll have spots all over our elephant, whiskers all over his eyes, and—"

"And what?" said Nanny, who came in at that moment. "No mischief, I hope?"

"We want to make a Loch Ness Monster, and we want you to help us," said Dicky.

"A Loch Ness Monster, but how?" asked Nanny.

"Can't we disguise that elephant you made us last year? We want to amuse our party," said Molly.

"Well," replied Nanny, "how about a Comic Circus? You could decorate all your animals; that would be funny enough for anybody, and really amuse your

guests, and I'll do what I can to help?"

"That would be lovely," cried Molly. "But we must have a Loch Ness Monster, and he must be ever so ugly."



They spent days and days decorating the nursery toys.

"Who do you want to frighten?" said Nanny. "Me—because it will take a good deal to do that."

"We want to amuse our guests," said Dicky firmly.

The next few days were busy ones for Molly and Dicky. The animals were brought out of the toy cupboard and stood in a row. The Tiger, the Bear, the Horse, the Cat, and Fido, the one-eyed dog.

"Tony can ride on the Tiger, Bunty can ride on the Bear, Hilary can ride on the wooden horse, with Pussy and Fido tied on behind," said Molly, counting them one by one on her fingers.

Of course, Bunty and Hilary and Tony had to be asked to tea, and a glorious mess was made in the nursery with paste-pot and feathers.

"We must have a rehearsal," said Dicky, when they had nearly finished the "decorations."

And a glorious trio they made. Here they are:—

Bruno, the bear, had a patch over one eye, and a hat on one ear.



Take your seats for the performing animals.

Heigho, the horse, had feathers on his mane and on his tail. Tim, the tiger, had a Guy Fawkes

mask over his whole face. But the Monster was in hiding. Nanny was doing that and wouldn't show it to anyone till it was completed. It was only on the day of the party that Molly and Dicky were allowed to glance at it. It certainly was a sight!

Molly crept into the forelegs and Dicky dived into the hind legs, and Nanny led them with great pride into Mummy's dressing-room, "just to glance at themselves" in her long mirror.

"Look, awesome enough to paralyse a scarecrow," chuckled Dicky as he looked through his little mica window.

"Scrumptious!" cried Molly, tossing up her heavy front legs. The night of the party arrived, and all was in readiness.

"Old Smithy looks pretty cheerful," said Dicky as he and Molly stood at the door to receive their guests.



Smith Minor raised his hand and smiled.

"It won't last long," said Molly, giving Dicky a kick on the shin. "You're right," murmured Dicky, stamping heavily on Molly's toe, and shaking hands with Smithy at the same time.

Tony, Bunty, and Hilary came, full of excitement, and ready for any amount of fun, but of course they had not seen the Monster, nor did they know that he was specially designed to cause Smithy to die of fright!

That was Molly and Dicky's dead secret, and a good job it was as it turned out.

When tea was over and all the children were assembled in the

drawing-room a large placard was pushed through the door. On it was written:

Take Your Seats for the

GRAND COMIC CIRCUS.

Consisting of all the queer performing animals in the world, including a grand spectacle of the

LOCH NESS MONSTER

guaranteed to create fits of hilarious laughter.

"Smithy looks quite interested," said Molly, who had peeped through the door to see the effect of the announcement.

"It will be scrumptious to see him squirming with terror," said Dicky, as he fitted himself into the hind legs of the Monster. "Remember to raise his trunk so that you make him more terrifying."

There were many cheers and clappings as Bruno the Bear, who was in a gay mood, danced in on his hind legs, and had a boxing match with Tim the Tiger.

Heigho the horse galloped and capered, his feathers flying, followed by Pussy and Fido, who raced across amid shrieks of gay laughter.

Suddenly the huge feet of the Loch Ness Monster appeared through the door, followed by the comic body.

"Now for it," whispered Dicky. "Do your best to frighten him."

The audience gaped as Molly solemnly raised the huge trunk right into Smith's face, as he stood there with a bland smile. He raised his arm.



They all jumped on to their chairs.

"Is he frightened?" whispered Dicky.

"No answer."

"Is he frightened?" repeated Dicky.

Suddenly Molly wriggled and squiggled, and twisted and twirled. She squirmed this way and that way; she pulled Dicky forwards, she pushed him backwards, meanwhile the children chortled and clapped with glee. Molly swayed she struggled—she fell!

"Whatever is it?" asked Dicky, as they both collapsed on to the floor.

"Get me out!" cried Molly. "Get me out—there's a mouse in his trunk. Oh! oh! oh!"

And sure enough, out of the

folds sped a little mouse right in to the middle of the floor.

All the children climbed on to their chairs, including Nanny, who ought to have known better.

"A mouse! a mouse!" they shouted, as the little wee mouse circled round and round, then suddenly stopped.

It was clockwork!! And through it all Smith minor never turned a hair; he stood, brave as a lion and roared with laughter as Molly and Dicky emerged from the collapsed Monster.

"Folled!" said Dicky. "Not so bad," said Smithy, picking up the clockwork mouse and ostentatiously putting it into his pocket.

"It's fit for tat, eh, old man?" "It was a nasty trick," said Molly. "I feel goo-goo all over. Let's go and get some chocolate ices that Cookie's made for us."

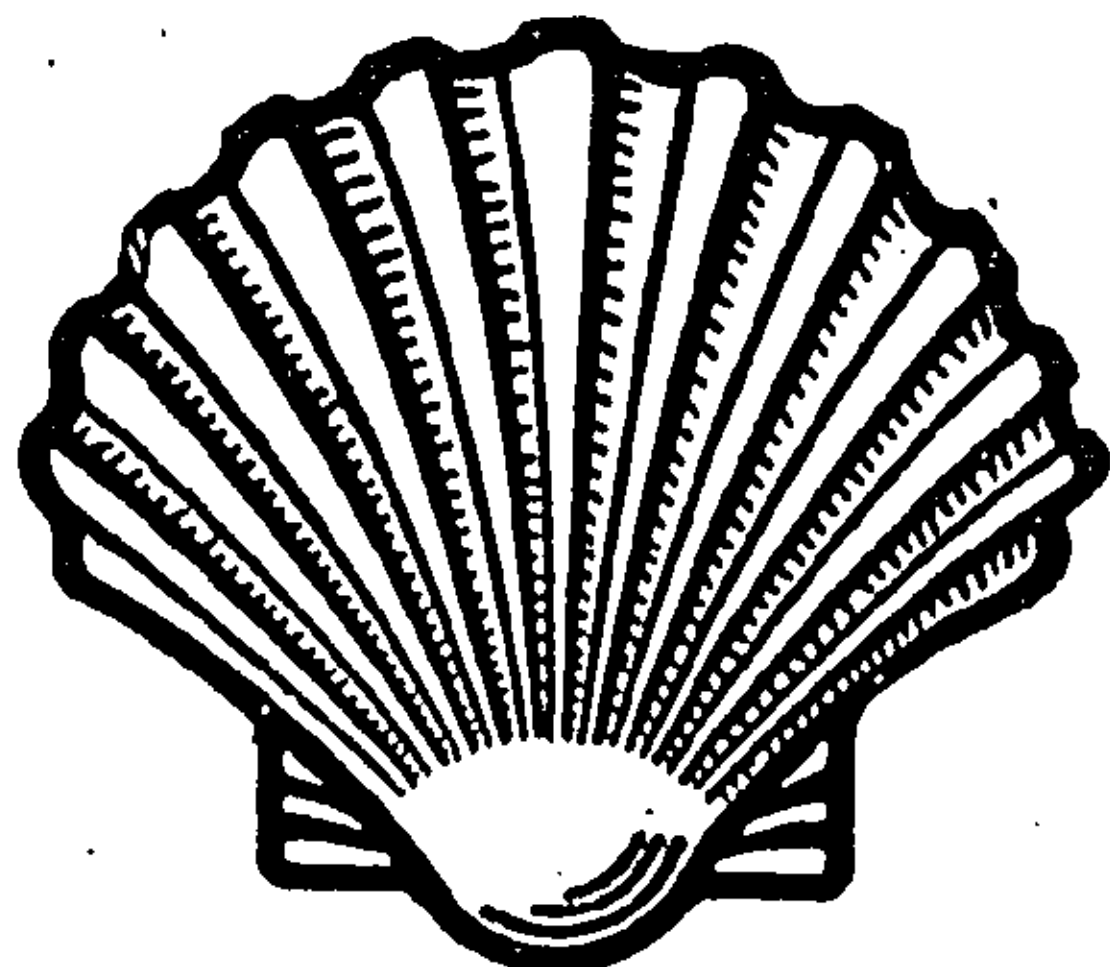
"I like that Monster of yours," said Smithy, as he licked the fourth chocolate iced from his spoon. "I'd like to borrow it for my party."

"You may have it," said Dicky, "if you'll give me the clockwork mouse. And now for the lucky dip and the Christmas Tree."

"It's been a very jolly party," said all the guests as they departed. And so it was but—

"I must say I think Smithy had the laugh of us," said Dicky. "I'm afraid so," said Molly. And I agree with her, don't you?

(The End.)



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This scene is typical as sailors, soldiers, and airmen greet wives and sweethearts. (Copyright, Fox).



A Christmas marionette of Hitler, in characteristic attitude. (Copyright, Fox).



THE WORLD IS UPSIDE DOWN—This quaint sign to be seen outside a Kent hotel is symbolic of the puzzled world. (Copyright, Fox).



An amusing notice in a Manchester home. (Copyright, Fox). (Left)—The "ghost" policeman has been seen in Sheffield. It is believed that this "phantom" policeman will solve the black-out problem. The coat and helmet had been treated with luminous paint which re-acts only to ultra-violet lighting. (Copyright, Fox).

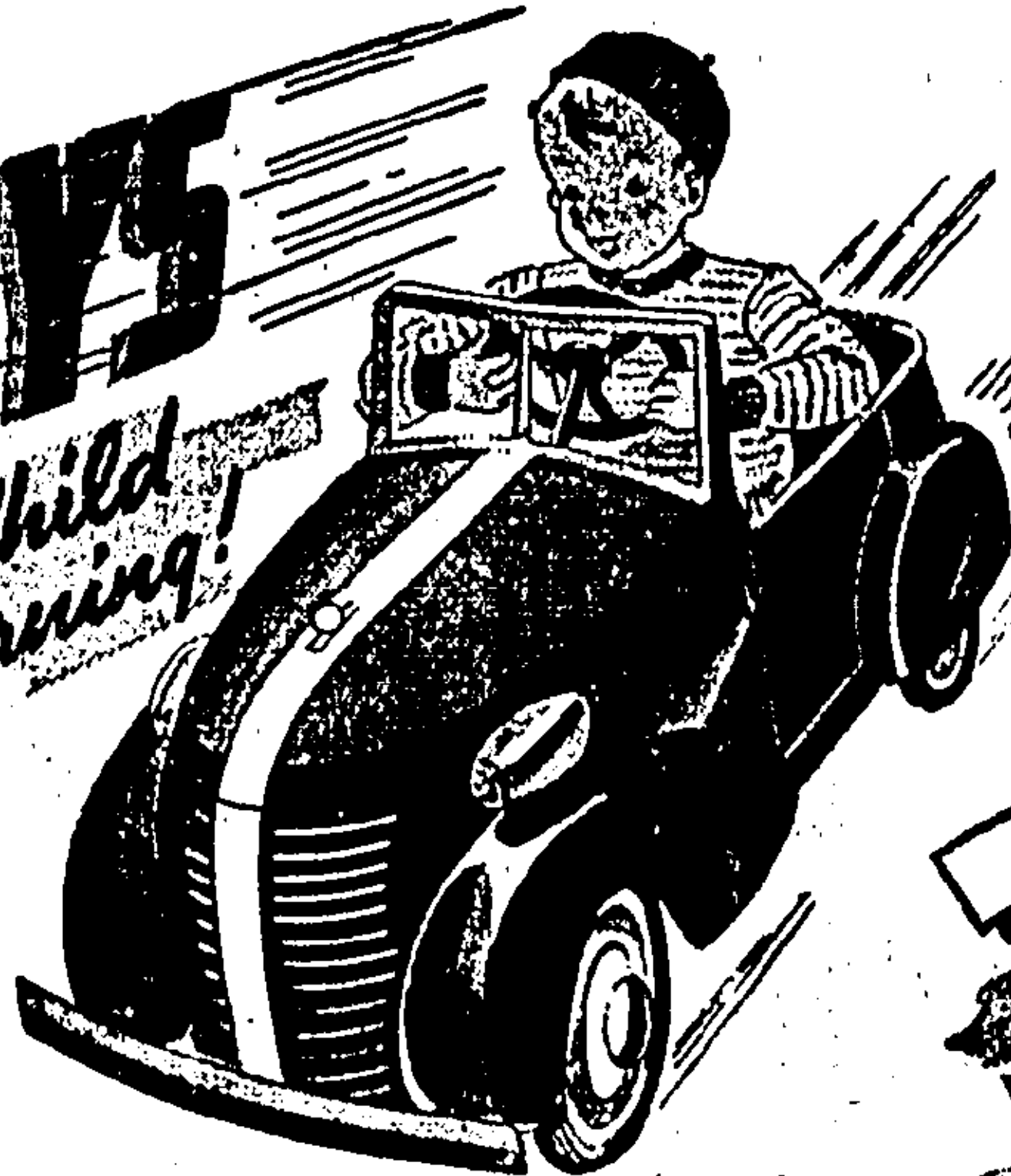


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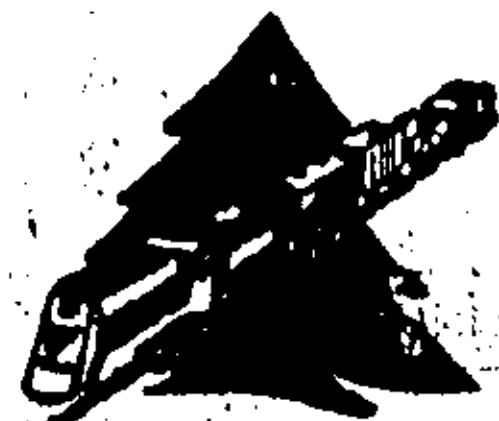
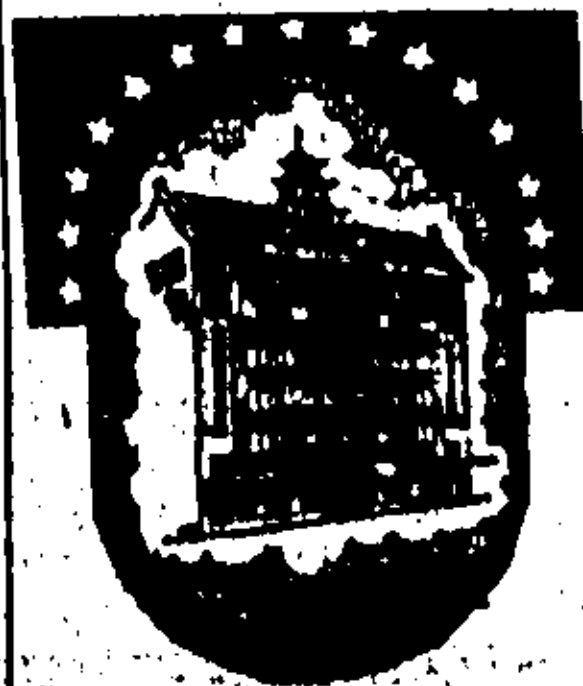
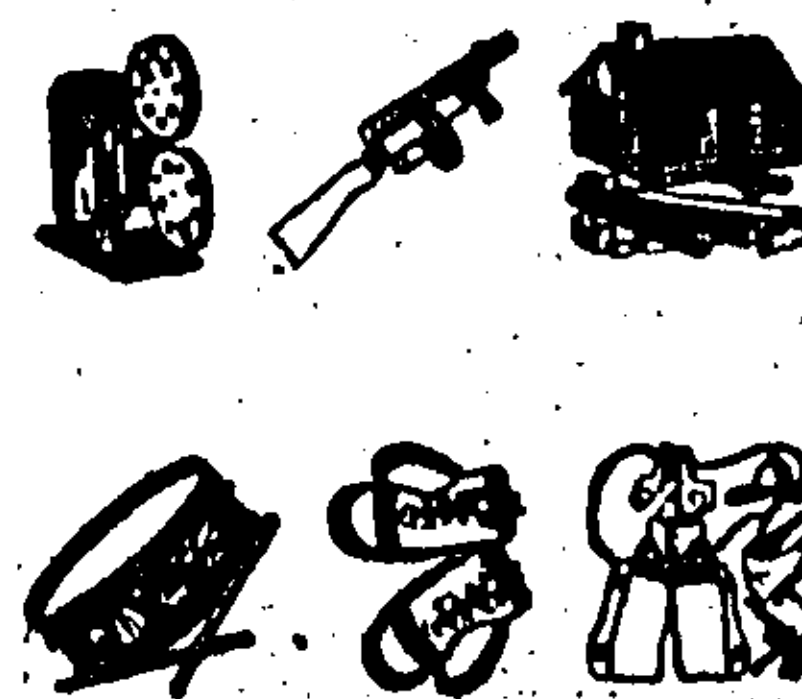
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SUNDAY HERALD

Women's Section, X'mas Number

HONG KONG, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1939

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"It isn't the gift itself; it is the thought behind it!" The number of times that this sentiment is uttered during the Christmas season, if added together, would amount to something. And no words more replete with truth were ever said.

The present-giver who wishes to be properly appreciated must use a little thought in the selection of his gift; for, after all, Christmas comes but once a year. It is this power of thought which not only lifts us above the unthinking animal creation, but prevents us from sending a set of cocktail glasses to our Aunt Emmeline, who is a rigid teetotaler, and believes that all distillers should be boiled in oil.

FOND OF READING

Thought will stay us from inflicting the stereotyped present on the exasperated recipient. There is too much of this kind of thing going on every Christmas that comes around.

Let us go into this a little deeper. We all know the type of present-giver who cries at once, "Oh, a book for Ethel, of course; she is so fond of reading!" The chances are that everybody else will think of the same thing, and so poor Ethel will have so many volumes showered upon her—not literally, of course—that she will be nauseated at the sight of books. However, "fond of reading" she may be.

A person may be fond of strawberry jam; but it does not follow that he, or she, will relish strawberry jam for breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner, and supper. Suppose we give Ethel credit for being fond of something else from time to time.

Then let us act upon this idea, novel as it may be. Our gift will stand out above the pile of books like the Nelson Column, and Ethel will be genuinely grateful. At any rate, it is worth trying.

USE TACT

Present givers get this complex because it saves trouble. It all arises from our ingrained habit of tying labels on to people. As we have seen, Ethel gets labelled as (fond of reading, and nobody ever thinks of sending the poor girl anything else, but something to read. It does not always work out



Jump into her car.

like this, though. Uncle Joe may be notoriously fond of whiskey; but does everybody send him a bottle of best old Scotch at the blessed season of Christmas?

Not—as one might say—necessarily!

He probably gets such uninteresting things as warm winter scarves and nice warm winter braces. One does not know whether to put this down to want of thought or want of heart.

This want of thought must be guarded against; or some old

IT'S THE THOUGHT

REFLECTIONS UPON THE QUESTION OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

By **ALLIN MORHEAD**

Friendships may become total wrecks. For instance, your old friend may possess a gramophone; but it would be useless to send him the newest dance-music records just after his daughter has run away to get married to the leader of a dance band—a nasty piece of work with patent leather hair and the habits of a wart-hog.

You must use a little tact in choosing your presents. You might think that Granny would appreciate a nice woolly shawl, but it is better to be sure than sorry. Be on the safe side, and dispatch a large box of her favourite cigarettes. The sight of the woolly shawl might cause the old girl to jump into her sports car and speed to her solicitor to have her will altered. This is where thought comes in.

Cunning present-givers sometimes attempt to sidestep the worry of choice by asking destined recipients what they would like; but this does not always work. The destined recipient, if a girl, is apt to reply, "Oh, give me something that you would choose for yourself; that will be sure to be all right."

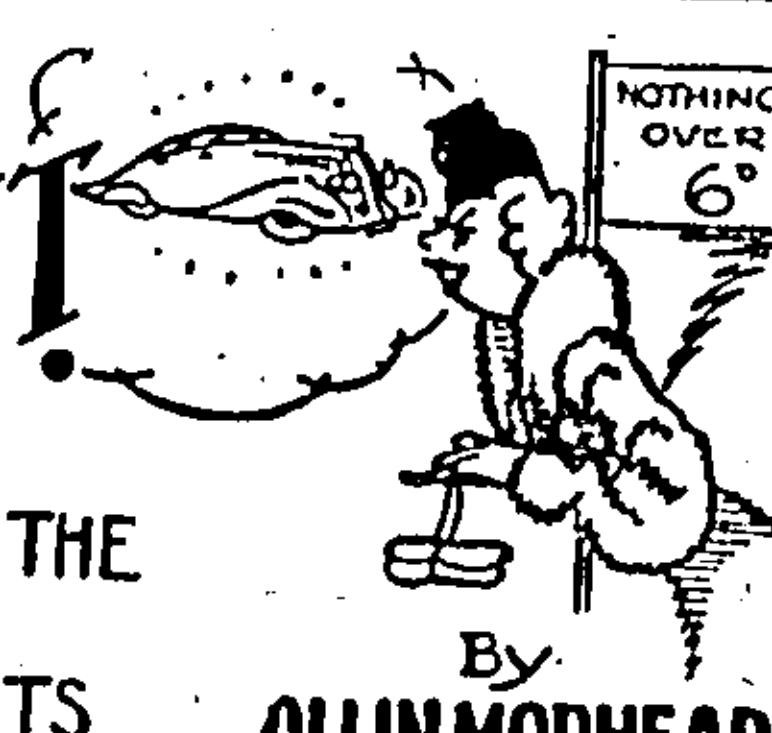
She is correct about that. It would be all right, certainly; but it would cost about four or five times what you meant to spend upon her. And this would not do at all. These young women who ask for anything that you would choose for yourself are pretty smart, at that. They know what they are doing.

Supposing that you—a woman—are contemplating giving yourself a fur coat for Christmas, are you to give all your girl friends fur coats? Very well, then!

Talking about money and prices, subjects tend to turn sooner or later in these days, let us consider the well-known case of the girl who does her present-giving on a strictly commercial basis. This type remembers all the gifts received by her on the previous Christmas, and she has a knack of estimating prices which might earn her Big Money in the great world of commerce. Communing with her unspooled girlish heart, she will express her views to herself something like this:

JUST SUPPOSE!

"Let me see, now. That scarf which Doris gave me last Christmas could not have been more than ten shillings, and I gave her some fur-lined gloves which cost me fifteen. So she owes me five shillings. I shall only give her a five-shilling thing this year, then if she gives me something she pays ten shillings for this time, we shall be square."



"Stop a minute. That brooch her sister Minnie gave me was only seven-and-sixpence, because I saw one just like it in Jones's, and it was marked that price. So I had better give those two a ten-and-six library subscription between them, and I shall be up on the deal."

"Now about Alan. That manicure set he gave me last year was not more than fifteen shillings, and I was silly enough to give him a silk muffler that cost me a whole guinea. His lordship will have to be satisfied with a box of cigarettes this time; and that will perhaps teach him not to be so stingy. Daddy shall get a cigar-lighter, for being an old lamb, and as he is sure to stump up a pretty decent cheque, like he did last time, I shan't do so badly out of him."

As we get older we lose this commercial outlook; but we never shed the conviction that our richer friends are entitled to the more expensive presents, because they are used to good things and it would look mean to give an inferior offering. On the other hand, we do not give our poor relations and less-well-off friends anything that costs much, because it would be unsuitable. It might unsettle them. Still, supposing that one year, we went temporarily insane and gave poor people rich presents, we might get a lot of simple fun out of it.

Supposing that, instead of dispatching to poor Cousin Ernest the set of winter underwear which—or something similar—is his usual portion, because "the poor old chap isn't well off, you know," we were to order a case of champagne to be delivered to his humble abode. For once a little brightness would be brought into a drab life. And if Ernest's customary gift were to be



Brightness in his life.

sent to our wealthy and powerful cousins at the Grange, it would add to the general joy. A pair of home-knitted bed-socks would at least be a novelty, if nothing else.

"WHAT IS IT?"

This brings us to the subject of the home-made present, so popular at the festive season. It is sweet to think of the patient and loving toil which goes to the making of these intimate gifts. Every stitch, as we know, means a kind thought; but unluckily the givers always forget to send a map, diagram, or book of rules with this parcel. This often causes acute embarrassment

to the grateful but puzzled recipient.

"Oh, look what Aunt Dora has sent me—all her own work!" he will cry, holding up a mass of stitchery.

"Oh, how nice! What is it?" somebody will ask. Then the committee of inquiry has to sit.

"Looks like a cardigan to me," somebody will venture.

"Are those things sleeves?" another member will ask.

"How do you put it on?" is the next query.

Finally, the mysterious thing is laid aside until it is possible by diplomatic inquiry to ascertain from Aunt Dora what it really is intended to be. Meanwhile, the recipient can be, and probably is, thankful that it is not one of those knitted ties. Home-made ties have been responsible for more men growing beards than anything else in the world.

Present-giving between married couples is a comparatively simple



Why men grow beards.

matter. Hubby on the glad Yuletide will be intensely delighted by the gift of "carpet-sweeper" or a set of ten-knives, of course. On her part, wife will be quite satisfied with some simple token of affection like a diamond brooch or a fur coat. Thus are harmony and sweet concord preserved in the home.

The children are easily disposed of. A boy is always happy to be given something with which he can make a noise. If it breaks easily, so much the better. Girls are quieter, and less destructive. Something to wear is always a safe bet with female persons of all ages.

But, after all is said and done, it is not the gift you value, but the thought behind it.

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TEN years ago if your invitation said, "Fancy dress," you borrowed a couple of towels from the bathroom, tied up your head in huck-a-back, carried a sponge and got into the Grand Parade as a "Knight of the Bath."

If there was any mention of "optional," you went in your ordinary clothes and pretended you thought dressing up an awful bore.

It's different now. Fancy dress, like fun and Christmas parcel wrappings, is more complicated, more elaborate.

The most successful fancy dresses



need not be the most expensive. You have only to go once to one of those richly extravagant "costume parties" to find that out.

Your fancy dress must have imagination.

It must suggest carnival and make believe... and that rules out those dreary "Nippy" and "Brown Paper Parcel" costumes.

If it is not shining and decorative, it must be comic or clever. It must suit your face and your temperament.

The best Bacchante costume ever made is going to be a flop on a girl who looks like a Quaker and swoons at the sight of a cocktail.

I'm all for glamour. When I do go to a costume ball, I want to be Marie Antoinette or the Empress Eugenie, or a Queen of the Night.

If you choose an historical character, get a picture of your heroine and study her costume carefully. Aim at the same effect and not at all the small details.

The "Venetian Lady" sketched on this page is one of the most decorative fancy dresses. You can wear it with or without a white wig.

The tricorne is black velvet and the veil can either be a long scarf of black lace, or a big circle of lace with a hole cut in the middle.

Crimson or magenta brocade for the dress with bows of gold ribbon. Underneath—a wide petticoat of cheap tulle, stiffened with whalebone or wire on the hips.

High-heeled shoes and crimson or magenta stockings, and a lace-edged mask are the accessories for this costume.

Topical costumes are an excellent choice, especially for men. Your partner won't mind being Neville Chamberlain, with umbrella, or Big-hearted Arthur, with a scarlet fannel heart on his chest. If he has the figure for it, make him Harlequin in scarlet tights, scarlet jersey and a loose, knee-



length jacket of diamond-patterned satin. He'll need a skull cap and a mask, too.

If you're very young and have a good figure, you could copy the girl in the top sketch, and go as "Road Signs."

The short pants and the swing skirted coat are made of yellow and black satin with road signs marked on paper and stuck to the skirt.

Cardboard bracelets with red, yellow and green "lights" should be worn on one arm.

Go as a spelling bee with a gong in your hand and a white frock scattered with short words in black letters... spell some of them wrong, if you want to be accurate.

An abstract costume gets prizes for originality.

Go as "Mr. Therm," or the dark villain who is responsible for "oil drag."

If you want to powder your hair, do it with special powder sold for the purpose. If you don't, your hair will be like a toadskin pudding for weeks.

If you use grease paint for an oriental make-up, see that it extends three or four inches below the edge of your costume.

Try to act your part if you want your costume to be a 100 per cent.

IF YOU GET A PERMANENT

A worthwhile permanent wave should not rob your hair of its natural beauty. But you must pay a fair price for it, as bargain waves may prove to be destructive. Be fair to your salon operator, however, and bring a reconditioned head to him instead of a dried, brittle mess which no one could improve!

A month of brushing, scalp cleanings, and scalp finger massages, with a weekly oil treatment and shampoo, will do wonders to restore the natural elasticity of neglected hair. So determine on such a schedule if your hair is in need of re-conditioning.



These lovely hands speak of good grooming and individual attention.

INDIGESTION

...and its resultant pains are more often than not just a case of too much acid in the stomach. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia neutralizes these acids, soothes the stomach, restores proper digestion, tones up the intestinal tract. Take Phillips' and your pains will disappear almost instantly. You'll feel like a new person.

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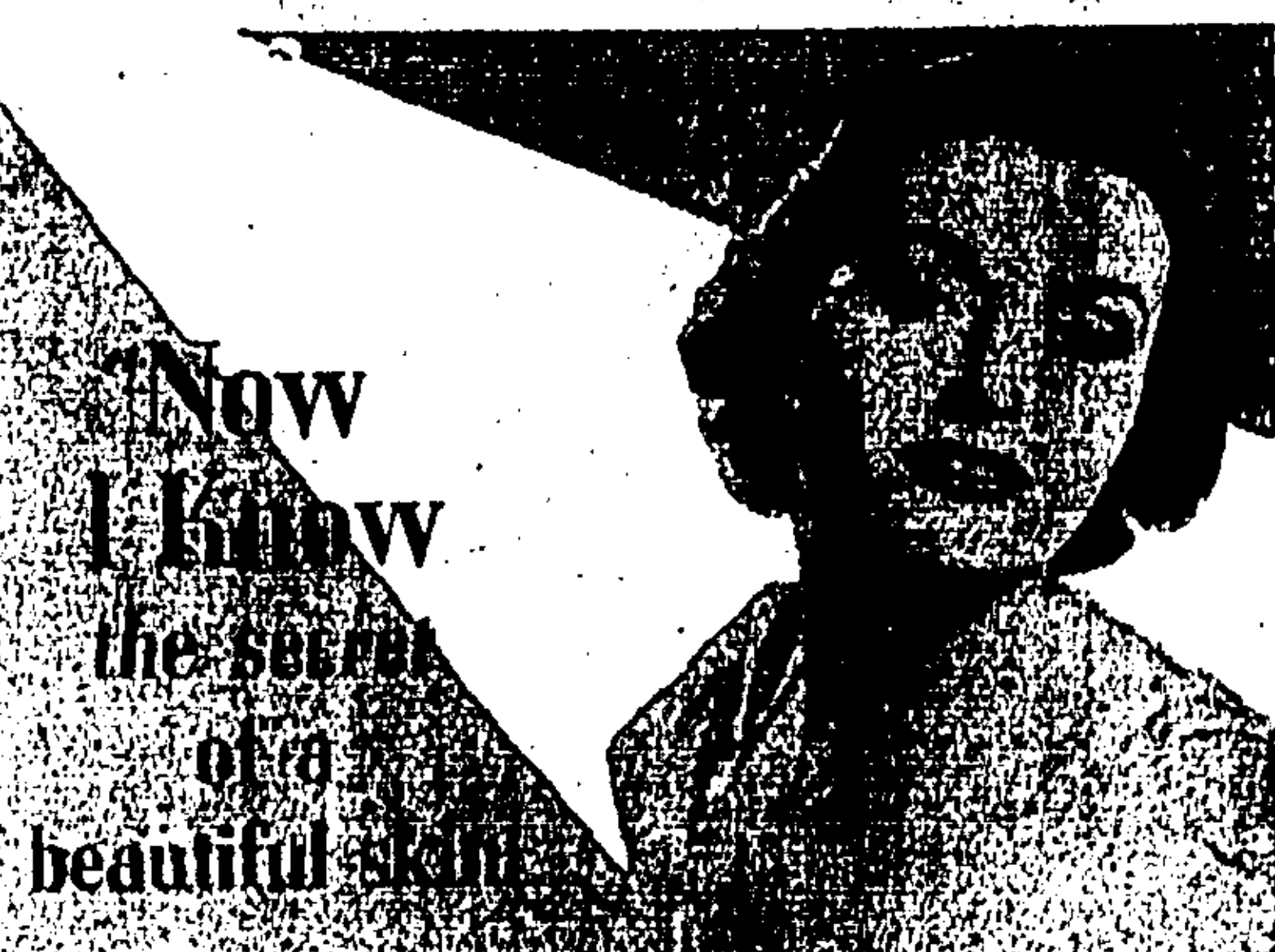
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Our new Perfect Cleansing Oil, Violette and Perfect Face Powder have the same superior qualities that have made Daggett & Ramsdell Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream the choice of discriminating women everywhere.

Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Face Powder has a soft fine texture which makes it cling for hours! It is delicately perfumed; and it comes in six flattering shades that blend exquisitely with the most exacting complexion. It will not cause clogged or enlarged pores, and its velvety texture gives a smooth finish to your complexion. Start using these marvelous Daggett & Ramsdell beauty creations daily. Your skin will then take on the fresh loveliness of youth, and your complexion will flatter you as never before.



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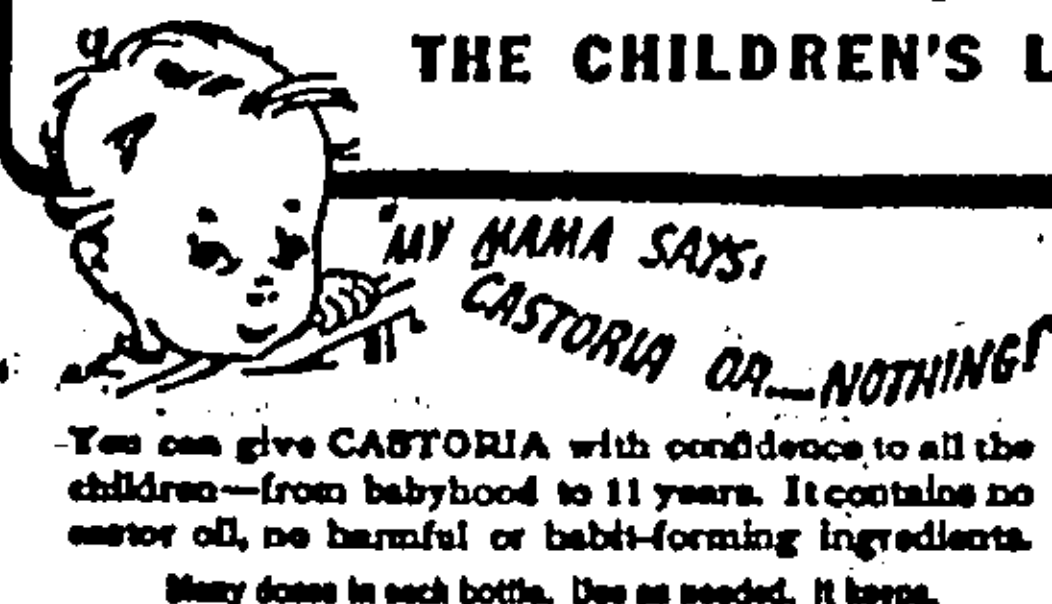


I WON'T! I WON'T!

Fits of temper—tantrums—breaking up the party may not be serious to grown-ups but it's tragedy to childhood. There's something wrong with this "bridegroom". What he probably needs is CASTORIA, the children's laxative. Nervousness and fits of temper are not natural in children. At the first sign of irritation, temper, give them CASTORIA, the laxative made especially for children. It's pleasant, gentle, mild and thorough.

Don't let real tragedy grip your children. Insure their happiness with CASTORIA, the laxative which blends perfectly with their delicate, sensitive systems. Get a bottle today. Keep it in your home.

CASTORIA
THE CHILDREN'S LAXATIVE



A BRIGHT HOUSE FOR CHRISTMAS
HINTS ON DECORATION
DOREEN REEVE

HUNDREDS of years ago, long before the Festive Season was known as Christmas, the Romans held the Feast of Saturn at the turn of the year and every house was decorated—inside and out—with holly and evergreens. Bolster-



ous parties were held with the merry-makers donning fancy dress—the world of old-time Romans was given over to feasting and joyous celebration. And the custom of decorating has survived throughout the years.

There is no home nowadays without its decorations at Christmas, and there is an increasing demand for originality in the brightening of the house in readiness for the Yuletide parties. And how easy it is to be different in your decorative schemes. All that is needed is a little ingenuity.

HOME-MADE

Every housewife likes to see her table tastefully laid, even if she is unable to afford the very lovely—but somewhat costly—centre decorations now obtainable, many of them models adorned with gaily-coloured crackers. But one of the merriest table centre-pieces I saw last Christmas was "home-made." It was just the case of a boot box, covered with coloured crepe paper and filled with crackers. On top stood a very perky figure of Mickey Mouse, dressed in a red paper Father Christmas suit, with another cracker tucked in his arms. From one of his hands stretched twisted coloured paper streamers, which were draped across the table to a spot under the plate of each diner. They were affixed to Mickey's hand with a drawing pin, skilfully hidden. A most effective design.

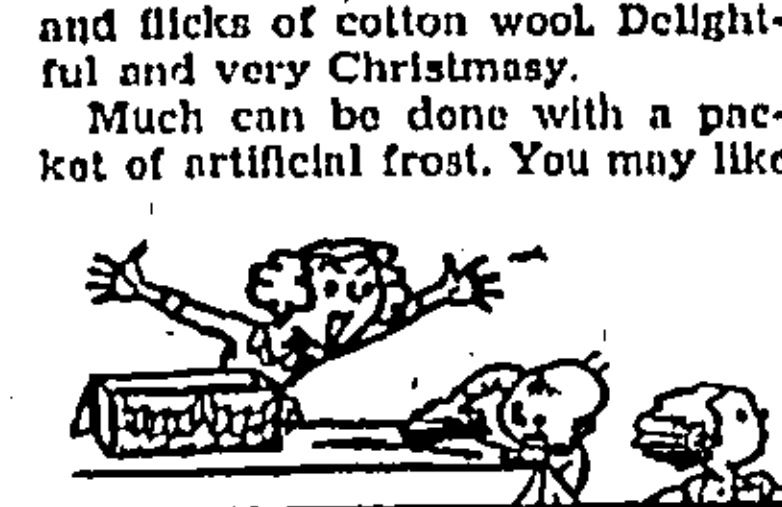
The tablecloth also took my eye. It was made of a pretty green crepe paper on which had been pasted cut-out figures of Santa Claus. These can be bought in bundles for a few pence, and crepe paper is cheap enough.

GREETING YOUR GUESTS
This form of paper is most useful for the Christmas decorations, for it can now be purchased in fireproof form and is strong enough to allow small figures and Christmas pictures to be sewn upon it.

I saw another very original table-centre decoration on Christmas. It was just an oval mirror

laid flat in the middle of the table, artificial frost strewn upon it. In the centre stood a very effective little Eskimo ice-hut—which I found was half a coconut covered with cotton wool and frost. Around it stood little Eskimo figures, which can be bought quite cheaply. You can imagine the effect of this bright little scene reflected in the frost-sprinkled mirror. And the effect was finished off with crackers laid around the mirror; these were covered with the silver paper and flecks of cotton wool. Delightful and very Christmasy.

Much can be done with a packet of artificial frost. You may like to greet your guests with little messages hung about the home. No need to buy them. You can make your own.



Get a coil of wire and twist it into the shape of the letters required, linking each letter of the words. The linking wire will not be seen if you cover the letters themselves with twisted coloured paper or cotton wool, flicked with frost. And you'll be surprised at the effectiveness of these greetings hung about the place, especially if they are topped with sprigs of bright-berried holly.

Another way to greet your guests is to draw a message on the mirror hanging over the fireplace. Write the words required on the glass in paste, then dust artificial frost all over the mirror and leave the paste to dry. Blow away the surplus frost



and you'll find your message written there in sparkling brightness. Neat and original, isn't it? Crepe paper can also be used for your electric lamp shades, seeing that it is fireproof. Decide on your colour scheme, then cut out the shape required and adorn the paper with little figures of Santa Claus, or anything else you wish. I made a shade last Christmas for a standard lamp in this way, decorating the paper with a gaily-coloured stage-coach which I carefully cut out from an old magazine. It looked so effective that many of my guests inquired where I had bought the shade.

DON'T FORGET FLOWERS

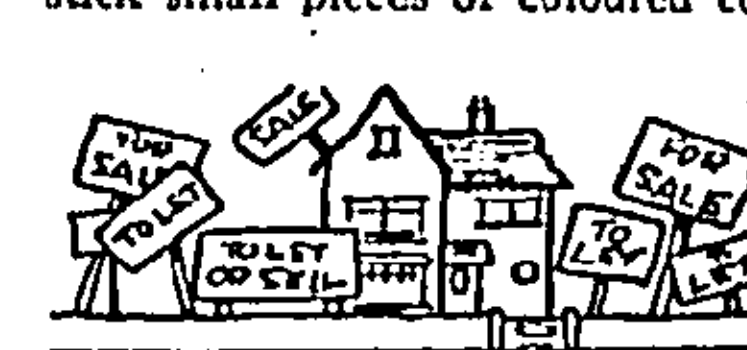
No house can be bright without flowers of some sort. But at Christmas time, real flowers are expensive, and in heated rooms soon flag



and wither. But you can make your own flowers—no, not just paper or cloth chrysanthemums. Why not go in for originality?

Collect some twigs from trees and bushes and dab them with coloured paint. I have some at my home which I painted gold and silver and flicked with artificial frost when wet. Another vase in my house contains some long tree sprigs on which are "growing" queerly-shaped flowers of various colours. I made these from halves of egg-shells, which I painted. Through each one I pierced a hole and inserted a piece of wire, with which I attached the "flower" to the twig.

Then why not adorn your rooms with some artificial "flowering ever-greens." You can collect plenty of sprigs of bright green leaves. On the top of each one and at intervals along the main stems stick small pieces of coloured cot-



ton wool, or even small twists of coloured paper with fringed edges. I've tried it and found these "flowers" look wonderfully pretty.

There are all manner of ways of decorating your home this Christmas, and it need cost you only few pence and a few hours' work, plus your own ingenuity. There's nothing like being different if you want your house to be a bright house.



She repelled him a month ago—

But she uses Odo-ro-no now!

No girl can hope to be wholly attractive to a man if she's careless about underarm perspiration. It does offend. That's why sensible, civilised women are nowadays making the use of Odo-ro-no as much a part of their regular toilet routine as cleaning their teeth.

Odo-ro-no guards freshness and saves clothes.

It is a safe, dependable preparation.

There are 2 kinds:
1. INSTANT (or "clear") Odo-ro-no gives protection for two or three days.
2. REGULAR (or "red") Odo-ro-no—one application lasts a week.

ODO-RO-NO

Little Artifices To Make You More Beautiful



Into the heart of a Rhinestone clip you tuck a piece of cotton saturated with exquisite perfume. Thus jewels, fragrance and you are dramatised.

It appears that modern Greek women cherish the beauty secrets of the ancient Greek Belles, whose charms tempted the gods down to earth and, if we are to believe the legend, "launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium."

Mme. Demetrios Moretis, who was co-director of the Greek Pavilion at the World's Fair said to me: "Ancient Greeks lived close to the earth and the earth withheld few of its secrets from them. From herbs and fruits they extracted wonderful beauty aids. These formulas lived through the ages and to-day they vie in popularity with the products of Parisian cosmeticians."

"For instance, the Greek women have luxuriant hair and they preserve the colour, by using a laurel brew for dark hair and a camomile rinse for light hair, which they prepare themselves."

"Camomile flowers are gathered, spread on a paper and dried. They are then boiled in water, cooled, and the liquid is used as a rinse to keep highlights in blonde hair."

"And appropriately enough, the tree whose leaves crowned the head of the ancient victor—the laurel—produces a berry which is used to enhance the sheen of the dark brunette. The oil is pressed from the berry and rubbed into the scalp thoroughly before the hair is shampooed, and allowed to remain for a few hours. Gloss is thus obtained and also a little colour."

YOUR EYEBROWS

It is amazing how you can change the expression of your face by the manner in which you touch up your eyebrows. A straight thick end will

add width to your face, an arched eyebrow makes a small eye look larger. A brow which turns up at the end gives the illusion of lifting the face and making the eyes smile. Whereas your eyebrow extended downward tends to make the face droop and never extend your brow as low as to the corner of your eye.

USE VASELINE

A common jar of vaseline may be used to advantage when you want to look particularly glamorous at night. Put a bit of it on your lids to make them glisten, you may put it over the shadow you use. After your eyebrows have been pencilled and brushed back, a bit of vaseline plucked over them with thumb and first finger will give them a lasting gloss.

Lips too, are made more lush if vaseline covers your lip colouring. Not too much, just enough to keep them moist.

HIGHLIGHT YOUR HAIR

If your hair is a bit drab there are several ways in which you may highlight it. Some of the prepared rinses are effective, but you must experiment with them to decide which ones do add glory to your crown. Sprayed liquid brilliantine is always certain to give hair a gloss, and some of the better paste wave sets do the same thing. If you go in for a sleek hair-do you should have on hand hair wax which will keep every single hair in its place. Various powders sprinkled on and then brushed out thoroughly, do wonders to make your hair shine. Some French hairdressers use a light lacquer made of alk to keep sculptured curls in place, but such a preparation should be put on hair by skilled hands.

DRESS LIKE THE STARS!



With your round of holiday parties in mind, we have ordered a special group of formal EVENING FROCKS chosen by Hollywood's best dressed stars.

— Also —

Gold and Silver Evening Sandals.

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THAT'S HOW I LIKE YOU... Without Paint!



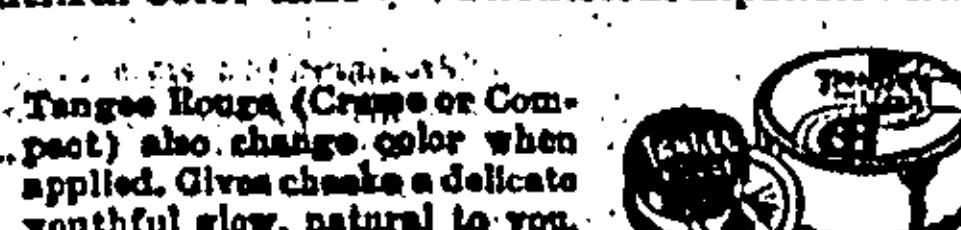
You look your natural, lovely self with Tangee

You'll find this feeling general with men. They don't like lips and cheeks smeared with red paint, or skin with a coated "powdery" look. The secret of Tangee is—it isn't paint. Therefore, can't paint.

By its magic Color Change Principle, Tangee Lipstick, Rouge and Face Powder change color as applied, blend with your natural skin tones. Give a lovely, youthful color that

men admire. Use the Tangee Trio today to reveal your natural beauty. Insist on Tangee Lipstick, Rouge (Creme or Compact) and Face Powder.

In the stick Tangee Natural is orange. On your lips it changes to suit your natural individual coloring. On occasion, you may prefer a more vivid color, then use Tangee Theatrical Lipstick and Rouge to match.

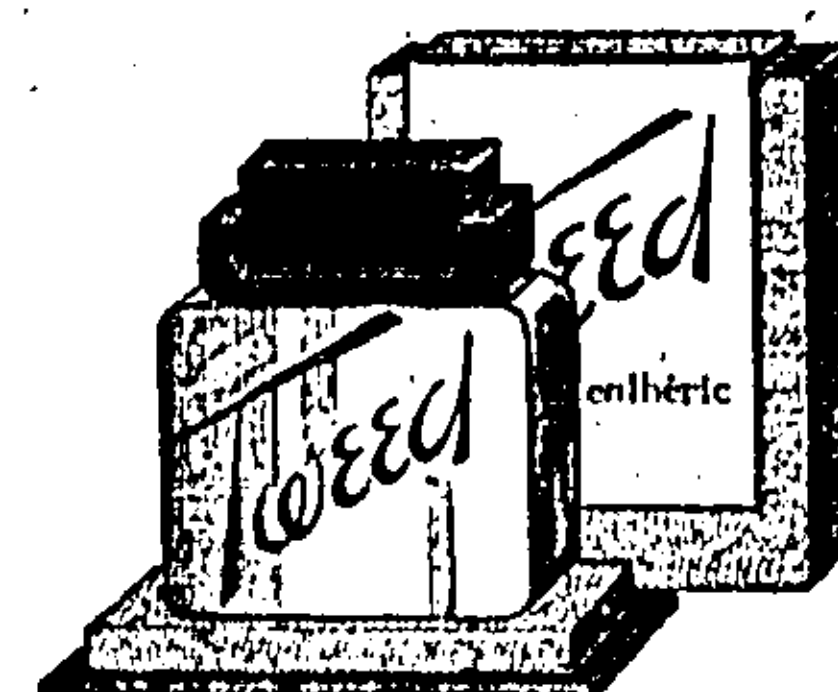


End that powdered look with Tangee Face Powder. Blends with your own skin tones, makes your skin look younger, fresher.



TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

If you dare to be different...



Free, open stretches of heather or country meadow... the playful tug of wind... the friendly sun... a crisp tang in the air... a joy in living! Of such is the essence of TWEED!

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The mood of GARDENIA DE TAHITI! Idle, sun-drenched days... tropical nights laden with exotic scents. Murmurs of romance inspired by the coquetry of flashing eyes and the enchantment of silvery moonlight.

LOTUS D'OR, tranquil as a garden pool in the softened glow of twilight, the allience pervaded by a golden melody of fragrance. LOTUS D'OR, blend of the hidden treasures of many flowers, speak their tender message.

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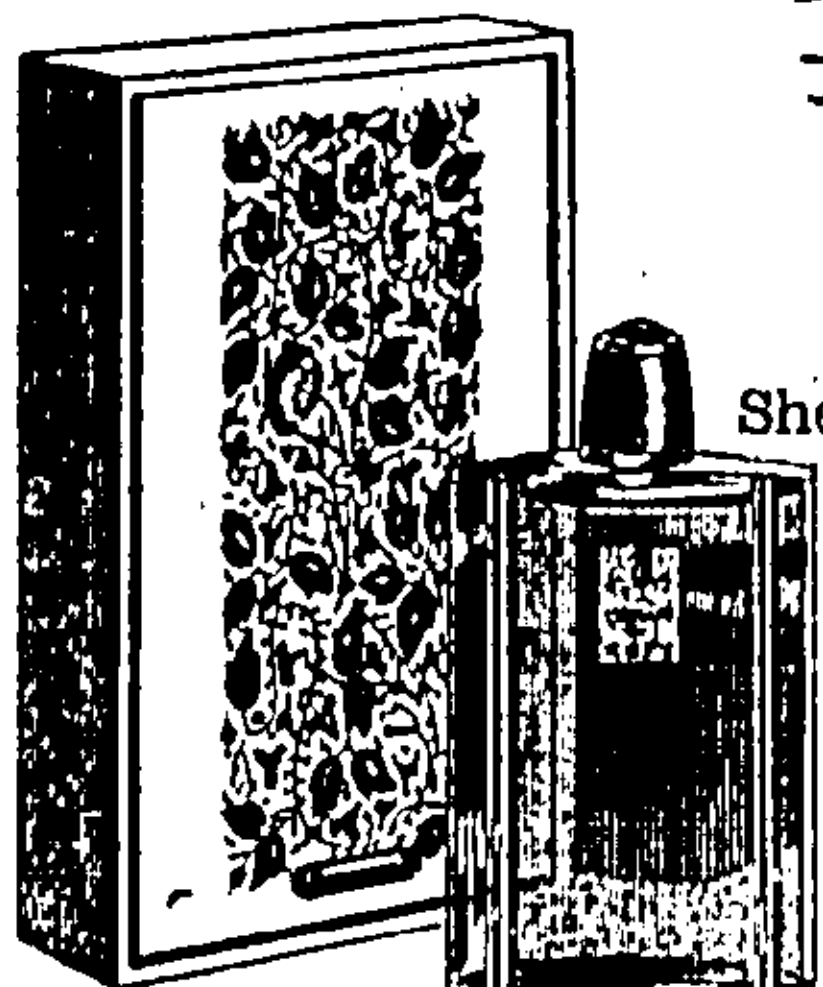
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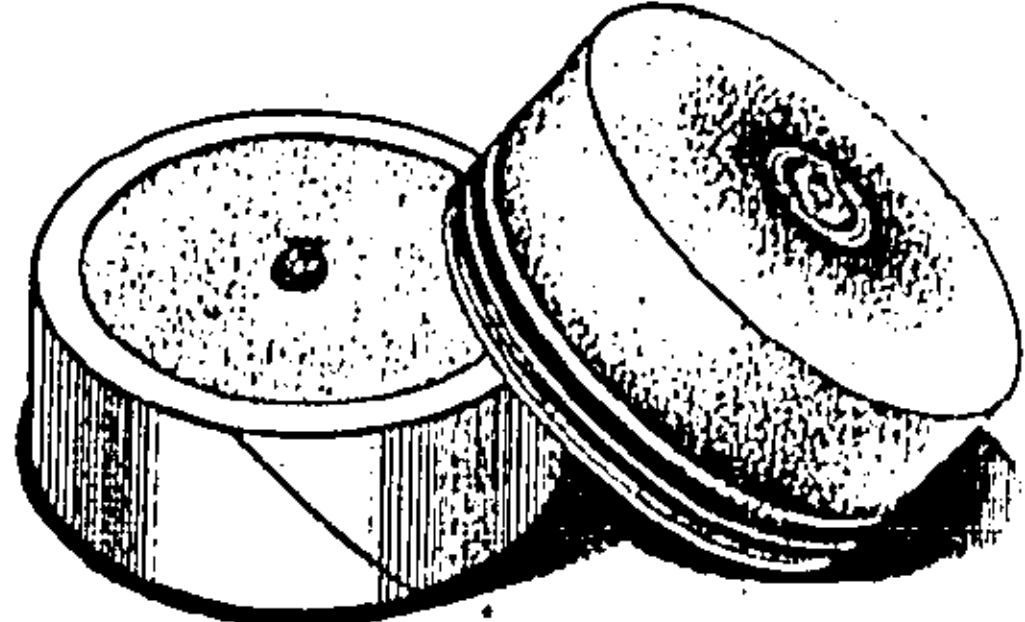
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Stuffings And Sauces

We Suggest Many Interesting Variations To
Accompany Festive Fare Of Christmas Day

THE stuffing and the sauce, most important of the accompaniments to the Christmas bird and the pudding, will play just as interesting a part in festive fare as do the accessories in a dress scheme.

While tradition has ruled the selection and preparation of the actual dishes, the housewife will assert her individuality in the choice of the additions served with them.

That is the spirit in ideas on the subject of stuffings and sauces. The possibilities of attractive variations of chestnut and sausage stuffings and the modern appeal of "fruity" stuffings are among the points on which emphasis has been laid.

CHESTNUT AND HAM FORCEMEAT

Here is a most delectable forcemeat, and should be made in generous quantities, as it is delicious when cold. Enough should be prepared to fill the body as well as the crop of the bird.

Take 2lb or more of chestnuts, as there are usually some bad ones, a good thick rash of lean ham, a pint basinful of breadcrumbs, one good-sized onion, 5 or 6 cloves, the liver of the bird, grated rind of a lemon, a tablespoonful of butter, salt, pepper, a dash of cayenne, 2 eggs.

Scald and peel chestnuts. Simmer till tender in a little stock or water, just enough to cover, with the onion cut small, the liver, and the cloves. The fluid from this makes a rich gravy to use with the bird.

Remove cloves, pound the nuts, etcetera, to a paste, keeping moistened with a little of the fluid. Add the finely minced crumbs, lemon rind, butter and seasoning. Mix all very thoroughly.

Everybody will want the little crisp brown bits which overflow when at last the whole triumph appears on the table!

ALMOND AND RAISIN HARD SAUCE

This is the nicest sauce I have ever tasted and is easy to make. Put one breakfast cupful of seedless raisins to plump in one cupful of sherry. Meanwhile make a hard sauce by beating together 3oz butter and 6oz icing sugar. Beat till creamy, then add 3oz ground almonds and the raisins and wine. Mix all well together and serve heaped roughly in a glass dish.

This cold sauce can be made the day before it is needed—in fact the flavour is more matured this way—if it is covered closely with waxed paper.

Goose and duck, as well as turkey, will have their adherents next week-end. Suggestions for stuffing these birds and other turkey stuffings are included in the following recipes, together with a further selection of sauces for the pudding.

FOR THE GOOSE

This stuffing, being slightly tart, is particularly suitable for goose. Any left over after stuffing the

bird can be baked, loosely packed, in a well-greased cake-tin, covered with a buttered paper.



Ingredients: ½ a loaf of bread, 2oz butter, 3 slices celery, 1 egg, 2 oranges, ½ breakfast-cupful hot water.

Toast bread in fairly thick slices and cut into little cubes. Pour the hot water over them and leave to soak.

Meanwhile grate the rind of the oranges and cut up the pulp of one of them. Stir the butter, melted, into the bread, add orange rind and pulp, celery chopped small, a little pepper and salt, and the beaten egg. Mix well.

AS IN THE HIGHLANDS

Required: One breakfastcupful of medium oatmeal, one breakfastcupful onions cut in small dice, one breakfastcupful shredded beef suet, ½lb best pork sausage meat, one level dessertspoonful salt, one level dessertspoonful pepper, one level dessertspoonful dried wild thyme.

Thoroughly mix all ingredients, then add sausage meat and mix evenly. Fill the body of the bird, also breast. Sew up the vent to prevent oatmeal from escaping in cooking, and tie up the skin at the neck very tightly.

Very fine or very coarse oatmeal is not suitable for this stuffing. The next best thing to Highland oatmeal procurable over the Border is Midlothian medium.

AN APPLE STUFFING

Here is a delicious stuffing for either goose or duck, and it is less rich than sage and onion.

Ingredients: Allow 5 to 6 apples for a duck, more for a goose, 1 breakfastcupful fresh breadcrumbs, 1 heaped teaspoonful finely-chopped parsley, 1 level teaspoonful mixed dried herbs, ½ level teaspoonful salt, pinch of cayenne pepper and a dash of nutmeg.

Method: Peel, core and quarter apples, stew until partly cooked. Mash them and add other ingredients; mix thoroughly. Fill the crop of the bird with the stuffing.

A SWEET SEASONING

Wanted, 1½lb boiled Italian chestnuts, forced through a colander or potato masher; 2 cupfuls breadcrumbs; two-thirds of a cupful of melted butter; 2 teaspoonful salt; a few grains of black pepper; a few grains of celery salt; ½ teaspoonful sage, if liked; 1 cupful seeded raisins; ½ cupful sugar; cream to moisten slightly. Combine ingredients in the order given.

FRUIT FLAVOURING

Lightly fry ½lb chipolata sausages; peel and cut into slices; take ½lb peeled boiled chestnuts; 12 French plums, skinned, stoned and chopped; 4 pears, peeled, cored and cut up, cooked till tender in about 2oz butter; 1 turkey liver, blanched and minced.

Put all these ingredients into the pear butter and cook for five minutes. Drain off butter and stir in a glass of white wine.

Stuff turkey in usual way. The wine lends a delicious flavour to the flesh.

BRANDY CREAM SAUCE

Soak 2oz raisins in ½ pint water overnight and stew them in the same water for 20 minutes.

Melt ½oz butter in a pan, stir in 3oz flour and a pinch of salt. Add the water from which the raisins have been strained. Boil well. Stir in two tablespoonfuls brandy, 1oz sugar and ½ pint cream. Heat till almost at boiling point.

This creamy sauce goes well with the fruity pudding and is very suitable for a dinner party at which Christmas fare is served.

SPICED FOAM SAUCE

Put the juice of two lemons into a double saucepan or bain-marie, add 2oz sugar and 1 tablespoonful each of allspice, ground cloves, mace, ginger and cinnamon. Stir well and heat over a modest flame and thicken with the beaten yolks of three eggs.

Whip the whites of the three eggs in a large bowl, warm slightly,

ly, and then pour on to them the thickened spiced sauce and stir all in a foamy mass. Return to the double saucepan and keep hot till needed. This is a delicious foamy sauce.

SNOW SAUCE

Ingredients: One gill cream, one egg white, 1lb chestnuts, one tablespoonful castor sugar, half a teaspoonful vanilla essence.

Method: Silt chestnuts, cover with boiling water and boil for five minutes. Remove both skins, cover with more boiling water and boil for 20 to 30 minutes till tender and transparent all through. Strain and pass through a sieve while still hot.

The next day whip the cream and whisk the egg white in separate basins. Add chestnut puree, the sugar and vanilla to the cream. Lastly fold in the white of egg.

In Defence Of Good Posture

Good posture is more than beauty. Good posture is the key to excellent health, long years of happiness and attractiveness.

You see, when you stand correctly, and sit correctly and lie correctly, you are keeping all your vital organs in their proper places. You are enabling them to function normally, keeping your body well nourished, well cleaned, and creating the energy you need to live and work and play. No one organ is being taxed too greatly. Each is doing its duty, keeping your body young and supple, and keeping your beauty intact.

VERY APPEALING

Every man will agree with me when I say that he is far more attracted to a woman of good figure, carrying herself gracefully, and wearing a most inexpensive dress, than he is to a woman elaborately and expensively gowned who is misshapen because of poor posture. The fashionable girl may be slim as a reed and her face and hair may be exquisite in their beauty, but she still lacks appeal if her chest sags from rounded shoulders and her abdomen is pronounced because she hasn't the good sense to hold it in and up!

SPECIALISTS' CAUTION WOMEN

The medical world and the beauty specialists join in warning the women that unless they correct their poor postures, and exercise to firm their muscles, and eat to keep their body sufficiently nourished, they will sacrifice at least ten years of their lives.

A leading New York Gynecologist (whose name cannot be mentioned) said to me recently: "If you beauty editors are desirous in helping women avoid premature old age and a number of the appalling ailments common to-day among women in their forties, fifties and sixties, you will teach them how much health and beauty depends upon keeping their bodies conditioned. Poor posture is the root of many female complaints and even though they are told of the cause they still do nothing to correct it!"

BE PROUD OF YOUR BODY

Every woman should realise that her body is her destiny! She can live happily and in good health only as long as she gives her body the care it requires. It must be exercised, it must be fed. It should be carried properly. It demands sufficient rest. It can take a lot of beating but the day comes when it rebels—and that is the beginning of old age, disappointment, illness. The longer you can put off that day, naturally, the more happiness will be yours!

TAKE A MILLION
PICTURES A DAY!

.. Your Eyes

All Hollywood's movie cameras never worked harder than your eyes. Snap...snap...go these delicate human lenses...taking thousands of pictures a day...reading, working, playing. That's why your eyes need this special, modern care to keep them clean and free from distress. Thousands see Murine for its quick relief to tired, smarting, uncomfortable eyes caused by dust, wind, light-glare, by overwork, reading, late hours, etc. Just drop Murine in inner corner of eyelids. Dust and grit are gently and thoroughly washed out. Promptly the redness and dryness disappear. Your eyes are cleansed, moistened, refreshed. They are clear, clean and bright again. A special—let a prescription. Murine is the safe, proved formula, recommended for use twice daily to safeguard your most precious possession. Get Murine today at your druggist. M-1

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Does your purse reveal one kind of face powder, a different rouge and lipstick?

Then there's a thrilling discovery for you in this matched makeup in which all your cosmetics blend in flattering color harmony... a harmony keyed to your most important personality color, the color of your eyes.

Try this scientific short-cut to new beauty... be one of the 9 out of 10 women who say Marvelous Makeup gives them immediate new loveliness.



Harmonizing
FACE POWDER
ROUGE
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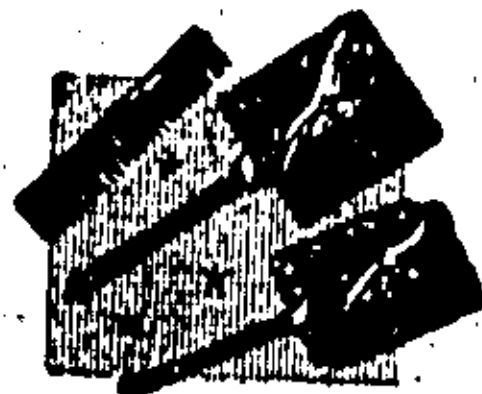
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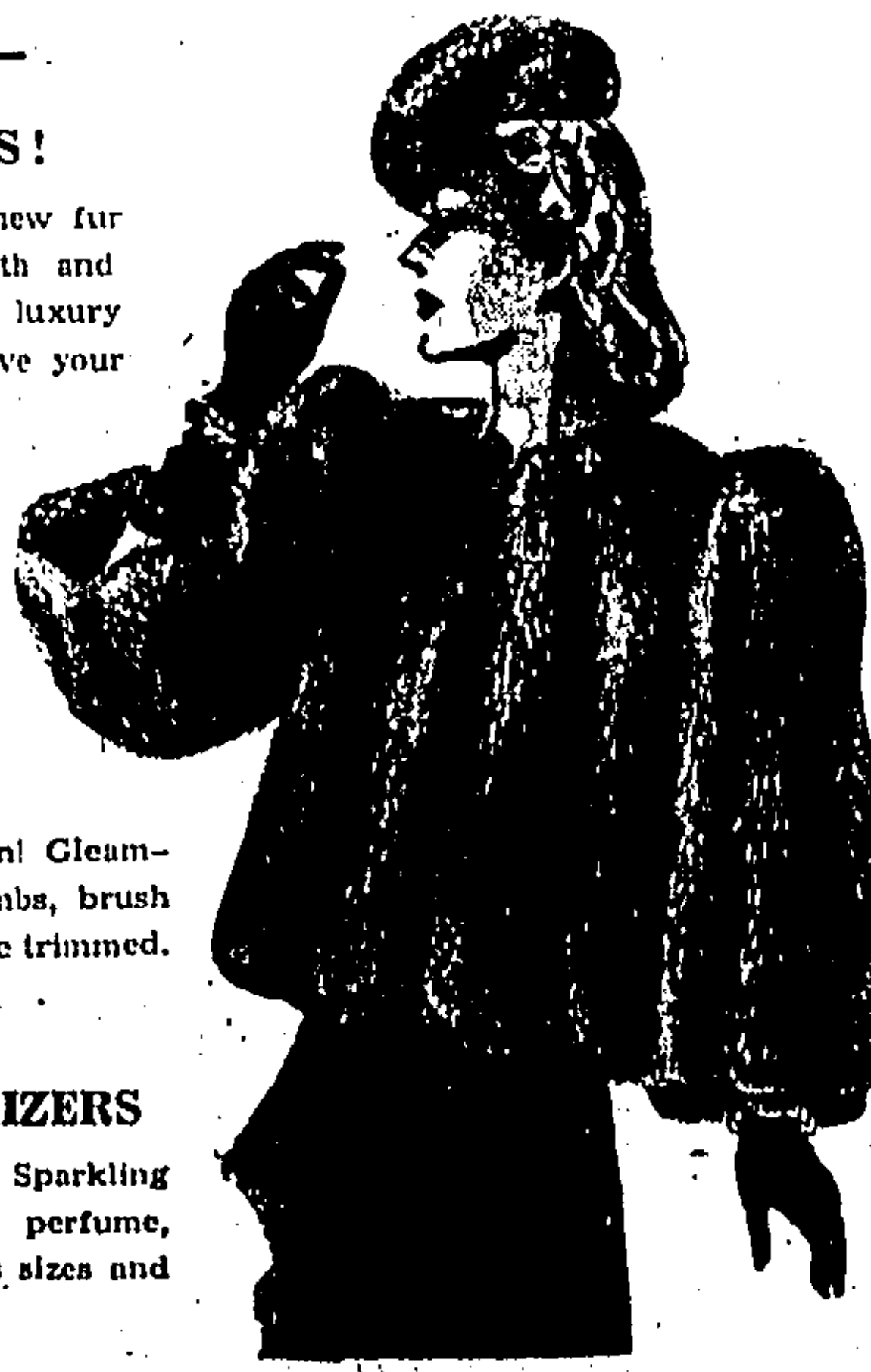
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Vol. XV., No. 824 號七十月二十年玖拾叁百玖仟壹英 HONG KONG DECEMBER 17, 1939 日七初月一十年卯己次歲 年八拾二國民華中 Price, 10 Cents Per Copy

GRAF SPEE SUICIDE DASH

Almost Certain To Run Gauntlet Of British Naval Barrier

National Prestige Felt At Stake

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

MONTEVIDEO, YESTERDAY.

THE GRIM DRAMA OF SUSPENSE HANGING UPON THE DECISION OF THE COMMANDER OF THE "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE"—TO ACCEPT INTERMENT FOR THE DURATION OR TO FACE ALMOST CERTAIN DESTRUCTION BY RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF THE ARMADA CAGING-IN THE ESTUARY OF THE RIO DE LA PLATA, WAS GIVEN QUICKENED EXPECTANCY TO-DAY WHEN SHE WAS OBSERVED TO SHIFT HER POSITION IN HARBOUR, INDICATING THE INTENTION TO MAKE A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

It is regarded as practically certain that, despite the battering she received from the British cruisers in Wednesday's battle, the pocket-battleship will make a run for it, and it is suspected that she will slip out of Montevideo to-night.

Germany's national prestige (according to a German statement here to-day) makes it a point of honour for the battleship to refuse internment by the Uruguayan authorities and, crippled though she is, the Graf Spee is bound to emerge from harbour in an attempt to run the gauntlet of the British warships waiting outside territorial limits.

ARK ROYAL ARRIVES

Latest reports state that there are now at least seven British warships on guard outside the River Plate Estuary, ranging from destroyers to battle-cruisers, as well as the aircraft-carrier Ark Royal. It is also certain that the French battleship Dunkerque has joined the British squadron.

The Graf Spee is a beehive of activity, the crew engaging on repairing the damage done by the British shells. Sailors, having put on new plates, are painting over holes 10 feet in diameter where shells penetrated the hull.

If the Graf Spee slips out she will have to negotiate a five-mile narrow buoyed channel before she enters international waters.

When she emerges she will easily be spotted, and harried, by planes from Ark Royal.

A prominent local German stated to-day: "Germany's national prestige will not permit the Graf Spee to accept internment, and even if it is deliberate suicide she will try to escape."—Havas.

TIME LIMIT NOW SET

The Uruguayan Government has decided to permit the Graf Spee 72 hours in Montevideo, Reuter learns authoritatively.

It is understood that this means from the moment she entered harbour at 10 p.m. local time Wednesday.

This follows an exchange of views between the British Minister at Montevideo and the Uruguayan Foreign Office.

During this period the Graf Spee is being permitted to effect the repairs necessary to make her seaworthy.

The news was communicated to the British Minister to Montevideo last night.

No protest has yet reached London from Uruguay in respect of the operations against the Graf Spee.

Regarding speculation that the Graf Spee might attempt to make Buenos Aires, keeping in territorial waters all along the coast, it is pointed out that owing to the shallow water, particularly in the River Plate, this would be most hazardous if not impossible.

Britain recognises the three-mile limit but has reserved all rights with respect to the Panama declaration which claimed a neutrality limit of 200 miles around the Americas.—Reuter.

AVOIDED SEVENTEEN TORPEDOES

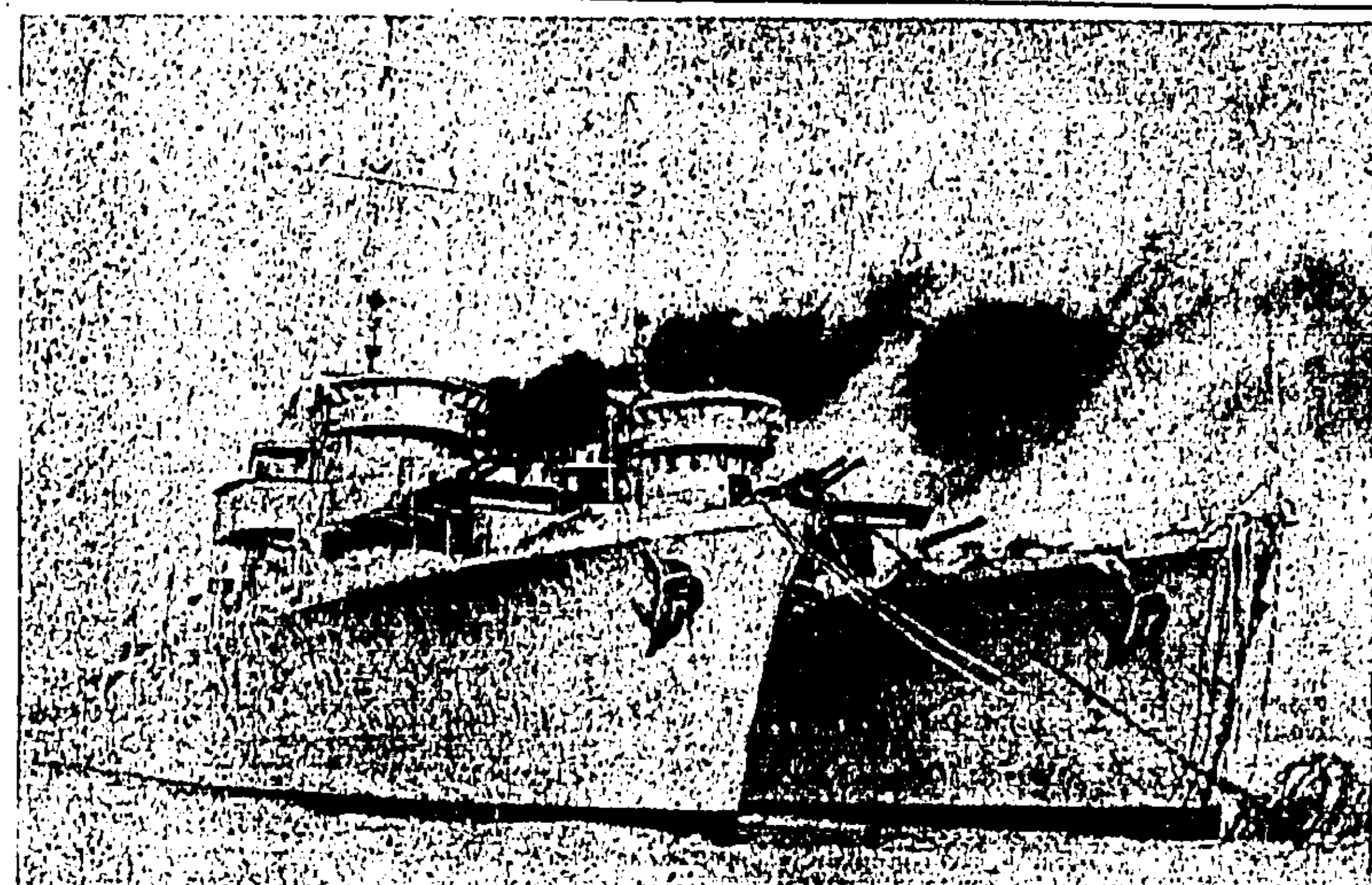
Montevideo, Yesterday. The quartermaster of the Admiral Graf Spee, who is in hospital suffering from wounds, to-day highly praised the skill of his captain.

Captain Landisdorp, he said, himself took the wheel at the height of the battle and avoided no less than 17 British torpedoes.—Reuter.

UNCERTAINTY IN MONTEVIDEO

Montevideo, Yesterday. Many here believe that the Admiral Graf Spee is preparing to slip out of harbour at any moment without waiting for repairs to be completed.

This belief is not supported by (Continued on Page 28)



Two Polish destroyers which escaped from the Nazi menace are now hitting back at Germany—fighting for Britain. Photo shows—An impressive picture of the two Polish ships at anchor. (Copy-right. Passed By The Censor).

NAZI MINE WAR CLAIMS MORE NEUTRAL SHIPS

London, Yesterday.

FOUR MORE NEUTRAL SHIPS have been sunk, two of them off the north-east coast of Britain. The Norwegian steamer Ragne (3,000 tons) and the 2,000-ton H. C. Flood fell victims to mines.

Six men from Ragne are missing and four from the H.C. Flood, including the captain. Thirty-two survivors were landed at a north-east coast port by a British steamer. Seven are in hospital.

FRENCH HURL BACK BIG RAID

Paris, Yesterday.

The French to-day hurled back one of the largest German raids of the war on the western front.

Several company sections, with artillery support, attacked the French lines with the intention of taking prisoners.

They were repulsed by automatic rifle fire, hand grenades and counter-fire from French batteries.

French and German casualties exchanged desultory artillery fire.—Reuter.

PATROL ACTIVITY

Paris, Yesterday. The chief activity on the western front is still against enemy patrols.

This morning's French war communiqué says there is nothing of importance.

The position of the main German concentrations has not changed in the last two months.—Reuter.

ANOTHER NAZI SHIP SCUTTLED

London, Yesterday.

The German steamer Teneriffe (2,400 tons) has been intercepted by the Royal Navy and scuttled by her crew.—Reuter.

VESUVIUS ERUPTS

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

Naples, Yesterday. Vesuvius erupted to-day. There were no casualties as villages on the slopes of the volcano had been evacuated.—Havas.

ADRIFT FOR OVER TWO YEARS!

(Special to the "Sunday Herald")

Moscow, Yesterday. The icebreaker Stalin (11,000 tons) which is the largest in the world, left Murmansk this afternoon to go to the assistance of the icebreaker Sedov which has been drifting in Polar waters for two and a half years.

The Sedov has arrived in the vicinity of the ice-free zone of the Greenland Sea.—Havas.

PROTEST NOTE RUMOURS

New York, Yesterday.

Uruguay has presented a strong Note to Great Britain and Germany on the subject of the Graf Spee battle, according to a "New York Times" message from Montevideo.

The message adds that charts were included with the protest purporting to show that part of the battle occurred within the mouth of the River Plate, and that the ships at one time were exchanging shots within the three-mile limit.

The protest also points out that the battle took place within the 200-mile neutral zone laid down at the recent Pan-American Conference.

PLATE JURISDICTION It declares that although the River Plate is over three miles wide the Argentine and Uruguay consider that entry thereto constitutes their jurisdiction, and that Britain and Germany thereby violated international law by the combat within it.

The Uruguayan Government have announced that the Argentine and Uruguayan navies are establishing a joint patrol in order to prevent the repetition of such a combat.—Reuter.

NO CONFIRMATION London, Yesterday. It is stated officially that no protest has been received by the British Government from Uruguay.—Reuter.

The captain of the Ragne said the two vessels were only a few miles apart in dense fog.

The missing men were trapped below, some of them being asleep in the forecastle.

They launched a raft, a lifeboat and a motorboat, and the latter capsized.

The chief officer of the H. C. Flood said there was a tremendous explosion which blew away a lifeboat.

Seventeen of the crew got away on a raft.

A Swedish steamer of 1,500 tons was sunk in the North Sea. Nine are missing.

A Greek steamer of 5,200 tons was sunk in the Atlantic. All the crew were rescued by a Dutch steamer.—Reuter.

URBUS RESCUES

Amsterdam, Yesterday. A Dutch motorboat has rescued 11 survivors of the small Swedish steamer Uruus, which apparently struck a mine and sank while bound for a British East Coast port.—Reuter.

LOSSES OF THE WAR

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD") London, Yesterday.

At least 210 ships have been sunk since the outbreak of war.—Havas.

TANKER DISASTER

London, Yesterday.

A heavy loss of life is feared as the result of the sinking of the British tanker Inverlane, which hit a mine in the North Sea.

The tanker caught fire, and it is believed that seven of the crew landed to-day were the only survivors. Thirty-eight survivors of the crew of 40 on board the Athel Templar have been landed. It is believed the other two were killed by the explosion.—Reuter.

TOOK RISKS THAT WERE INCREDIBLE

GERMAN SKIPPER PAYS A TRIBUTE

London, Yesterday.

An account of the running fight with H.M.S. Exeter, Achilles and Ajax was given to-day to Uruguayan officials in Montevideo by Captain Landisdorp, in command of the Admiral Graf Spee.

Captain Landisdorp paid a sporting tribute to his British opponents for the gallant manner in which they closed to short range under the German battleship's immensely superior armament.

He said he first sighted Exeter at 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning, and while they were taking stock of her, Ajax and Achilles appeared.

The British ships manoeuvred swiftly and placed the Graf Spee between them and the shore.

"I was afraid of the shallow waters and was unable to go out further to sea owing to the British fire," Captain Landisdorp said.

There was a lively exchange of fire with Exeter before Ajax and Achilles drew within range.

Capt. Landisdorp expressed his admiration of the fire of the latter two cruisers, which had a severe effect on the Graf Spee's prow and control tower, where there were several casualties among the men directing the battleship's fire.

"I again considered making a dash for deep water with the idea of engaging my opponents in single combat but the attempt was frustrated by the British manoeuvres."

The British Commodore, in Exeter, ordered his ships to close in, and I should like to pay a tribute to Ajax and Achilles which took risks which were incredible even in the heat of battle.

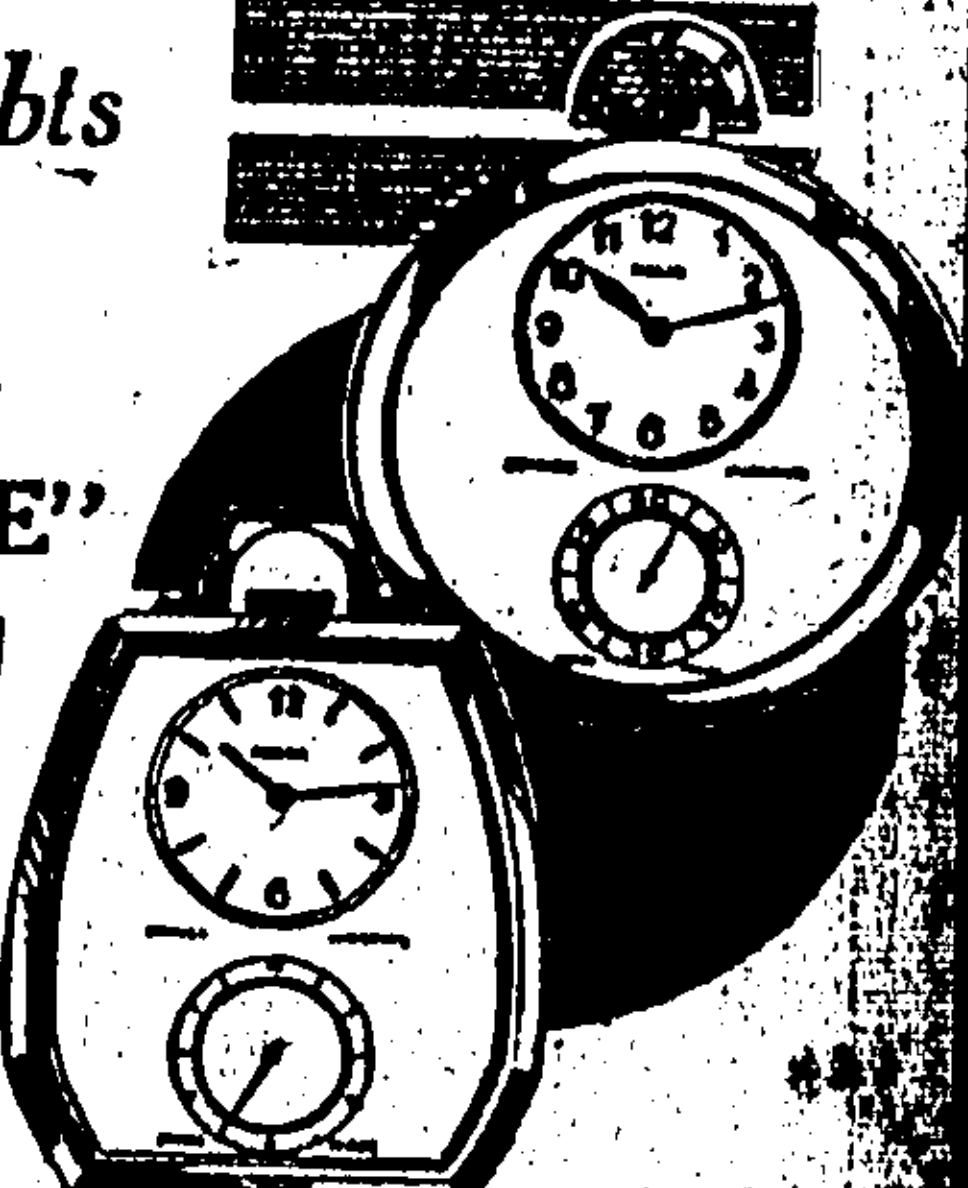
"They laid smoke screens within a mile of us and scored several hits from both sides," concluded the German commander.—Reuter.

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THE WAR AT SEA

Britain Better Prepared Than In 1914

IN 1914 our last practical experience of war at sea was already a century out of date, but we vaguely imagined that the war would develop on the lines of the Napoleonic era, adapted to the new weapons. There would be blockade, but no longer close blockade on account of submarines, the *guerre de course* with enemy prizes to be captured at any time during the war, and, of course, occasional engagements between the battle fleets, culminating in one great decisive battle, to be followed by an honourable peace.

Certainly, the most advanced thinkers never imagined anything resembling the Great War as it turned out to be, or that the two great battle fleets, representing such vast sums of money, would meet only twice during the four-and-a-quarter years—at twilight at Jutland, and on that misty morning of November 21, 1918, of which we have this week celebrated the twenty-first anniversary. Nothing turned out according to plan, everything had to be devised to meet the new situation.

New tactics, new strategy, new weapons to use and to contend with. What a debt we owe to that greatest naval organiser of all time, Admiral Jellicoe, who saw so justly the needs of modern warfare that, through all the tests of war and all the searching exercises of peace, his tactical methods are still the foundation of those in use at the present time! In this war we have the benefit of the whole of this experience. We have the same enemy, whose methods we know, and we do not unduly count on any of his actions being restrained by respect for the customs of war or by the edicts of international law. This may be an unpleasant fact, but it is better to know it.

1939—And 1914

From a naval point of view our political situation is satisfactory. Prevented by our honour from trafficking in the rights of neutral States, we were able to pass to our less sensitive enemy the incubus of the Russian alliance, which has had little

effect on the naval situation; and by this transfer, we have regained the sympathies of old and valued friends in countries where the Christian faith is still held in honour. This relieves the position in the Mediterranean, where our security has been assured by the agreement with Turkey, which is of incalculable value, opening up as it does avenues for exploration in the event of enemy adventures in south-eastern Europe.

In 1914 Germany had a battle fleet almost equal to our own; now in relative naval strength our superiority is absolute. At the outbreak of the Great War Germany had a number of men-of-war distributed about the world, all of which justified their existence before they were eliminated. The Goeben and the Breslau, whose bombardment of Odessa under the Turkish flag, with the connivance of only one Turkish Minister, Enver Pasha, finally committed Turkey to war on the side of Germany. The Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau, who, with their accompanying cruisers, sank the Good Hope and the Menmouth before they themselves were destroyed off the Falkland Islands. The Emden, whose successful career was brought to an end by the same desire to attack an outpost of our Empire, and whose hull still lies in the waters of the Cocos Islands. The Königsberg, who sank a British gunboat at Pemba before being interned in the Rufiji river, where she was eventually destroyed, but not before most of her guns had been landed to form the heavy artillery of von Lettow's force in the East African campaign.

New Problem

All these required an immense dispersion of force before they were finally disposed of, and this dispersion we have been spared in the present campaign. In exchange we have been given a problem, one more limited in extent, but a danger to our commerce and to our less protected overseas possessions.

Under the Treaty of Versailles Germany was not allowed to build any ships of over 10,000 tons; of

these four were to be permitted. Shortly afterwards the naval Powers under the Treaty of Washington limited the size of cruisers to 10,000 tons and 8-in. guns, which was afterwards reduced by the Treaty of London to 8,000 tons and 6-in. guns, this after a limited number of the big cruisers had been built. Above the cruiser limits came aircraft carriers of 25,000 tons, but these higher classes were limited by numbers, and the quotas were full for many years in advance, in fact up to about two years ago.

The German Masterpiece

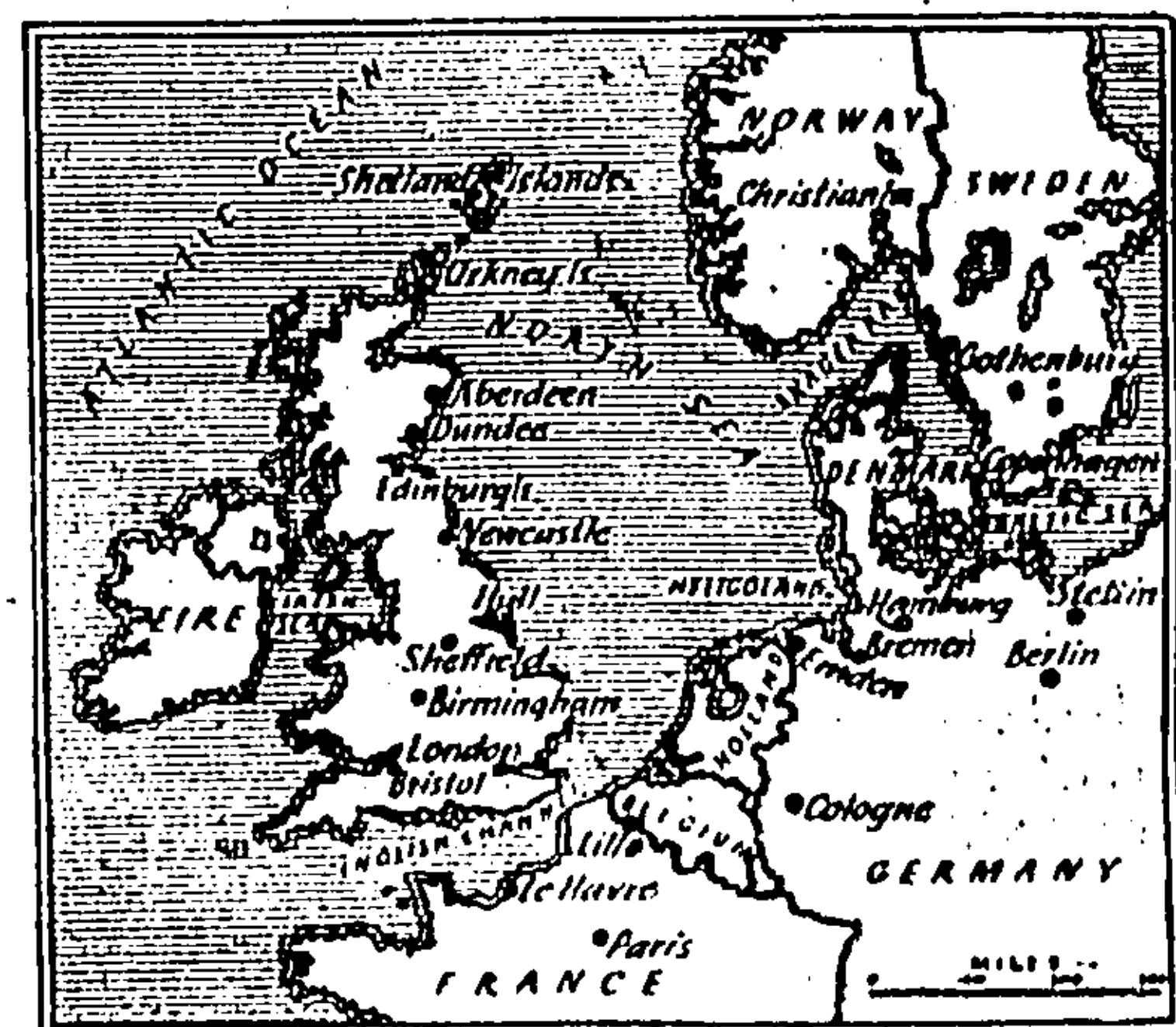
The Germans had no restrictions other than the tonnage limit. By a masterpiece of naval architecture,

they escape from neutral ports, but they may cause us trouble before they can be engaged and destroyed.

[The naval battle on Wednesday between the light cruiser squadron, Exeter, Achilles and Ajax, and the Graf Von Spee, assumes the proportions of an episode of exceptional daring, in view of this considered opinion by a naval expert.—Ed.]

Britain Stronger Now

In the matter of preparation we start almost where we left off in the last war, with all the advantage of constant study since then. By the superiority of our naval position in 1939 we have been able at once to put into effective action the various protective schemes around our coasts.



of contraband in the early stages of the last war, although it was not a legal instrument binding us to comply with its aspirations. The situation was delicate in the early stages of control, entirely new conditions prevailed, and slowly and carefully a new procedure had to be set up to meet the new requirements.

Enemy Exports

It was essential for us, by our tact and consideration, to retain the sympathies of neutrals, whose trade, by the force of things, was being considerably interfered with. It was only after the United States came into the war that the full rigour of control over both the exports and the imports of enemy countries could be put into force and the full effect of the blockade could be felt. These methods having been consecrated by the approval of the United States in 1917-18, and having been accepted with fortitude, if not with enthusiasm, by other neutral countries, we have been able to put them into effect from the beginning of this war, the new Order in Council on enemy exports being the final step.

In the last war we possessed a means of persuasion over neutral shipping which, almost no longer exists. This was in the control of the coaling stations on the trade routes of the world; but to a lesser extent the fuelling stations on certain routes are still under our control, and

with the good will of the neutral shipping companies we hope for continuous assistance from them in the transport of our supplies.

The Navy Can Do It

To sum up: We are immensely better prepared than at any time during the last war to contend with dangers and difficulties that are certainly no greater than they were then. We must expect to take hard knocks from time to time, but they will not affect the ultimate issue. The naval machine is already functioning to the normal, and every day the means of our disposal increase, and our position improves, whilst the courage of our merchant navy, undeterred by the perils to which it is subjected by an unscrupulous enemy, ensures to us the safe arrival of sea-borne supplies.

Modern naval warfare is rarely, if ever, spectacular, and the spectacular has very little influence on the course of the war. It will be won by the patient endurance of those who keep constant watch on all the oceans of the world, often under conditions of great hardship, through the cold of the long Arctic night, or the heat of the Tropics, menaced always by the hidden danger of which they never think. We know the Navy can do it, through the months and years if necessary, and that in spite of the monotony their vigilance will never relax until the final victory.

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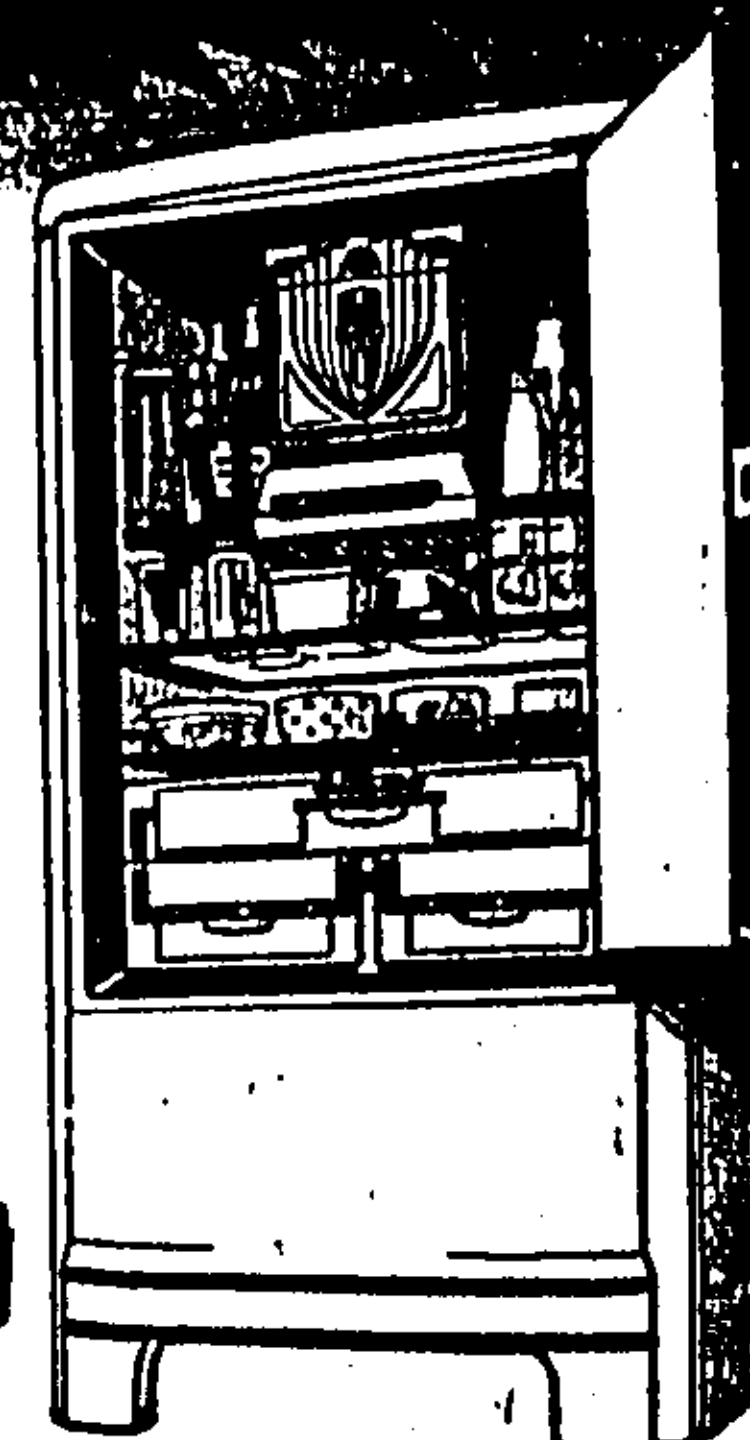
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MOST MODERN, MOST COMPLETE,
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Russians In Full Retreat On Two Fronts

London, Yesterday.
THE RUSSIAN CLAIM TO have captured the nickel town in north Finland was confirmed this morning by neutral correspondents on the Norwegian border.
The correspondents add that the Finns set fire to every house within a radius of 12 miles from the town before they retreated while a big forest fire is also raging.

The Red claim to have advanced 80 miles into the centre of Finland is not borne out by the Finnish communiqué or by neutral reports.
The correspondent of a Stockholm newspaper quotes a Finnish general as saying that his men had fought continuously for six days, while the Reds were receiving a constant stream of reinforcements.
The Finns, he adds, have disabled several Red tanks by bottles of flaming petrol, a method used effectively by the Republicans in the Spanish civil war.—Reuter.

MOSCOW CLAIM

Moscow, Yesterday.
A communiqué claims that Soviet troops have occupied Salmijervi, the nickel town in the Petsamo region.—Reuter.

TWO DESTROYERS OUT OF ACTION

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")
Helsinki, Yesterday.
The Russians are in full retreat on two fronts, and the Finnish troops are more than holding their own in the Karelian Isthmus.

In the Arctic region the Finns have retired on previously prepared defence positions.
A high Finnish source says the country is prepared to defend itself for at least a year.

Authentic information says that two Russian destroyers have been put out of action by coastal batteries.
One of them, a 2,000-ton vessel, was damaged, and probably sunk.—Havas.

FINNISH ATTACK

Helsinki, Yesterday.
Finnish troops, after heavy fighting, have recaptured Suomusalmi, in the "wasp waist" of Finland in the course of a major offensive.
The recapture is an especially commendable feat in view of the Russian superiority in men and armaments in this sector.

On the southern front the Russian troops attacked in wave after wave in the Karelian Isthmus.
All the Red attacks were repelled with heavy losses in men and tanks to the Soviet.—Reuter.

SOVIET IGNORES MR. TANNER

Moscow, Yesterday.
THE SOVIET SPOKESMAN TODAY DENIED KNOWLEDGE OF THE PEACE OFFER OF M. TANNER, THE FINNISH FOREIGN MINISTER, WHICH WAS DE-

ARTISTS TO PROVIDE RECORD OF THE WAR

LONDON, YESTERDAY.
THE MINISTER OF INFORMATION HAS ANNOUNCED THE APPOINTMENT OF AN ADVISORY COMMITTEE UNDER THE CHAIRMANSHIP OF SIR KENNETH CLARK, DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY, TO DRAW UP A LIST OF ARTISTS TO RECORD THE WAR AT HOME AND ABROAD AND ADVISE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE SERVICE DEPARTMENTS.

Members of the committee are Sir Walter Russell, Keeper of the Tate Gallery, Sir Muirhead Bone and Mr. P. H. Jowett.
Sir Muirhead Bone's name recalls a similar enterprise during the last war in which he took an active part in the drawings he made in France being published in 1930 in a volume entitled "Western Front," which contained many now famous drawings.

His work and that of other artists, representing every phase of war activity, will later be brought together in a permanent collection at the Imperial War Museum.—British Wireless.

FINLAND DAY IN U.S.

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")
New York, Yesterday.
With "Finland Day" being held tomorrow the drive for funds is being expanded and contributions are pouring in.

The money will be spent to alleviate the suffering of Finland, and ex-President Herbert Hoover announced today that the costs of collection are being defrayed by private subscription.
Latest donation was one of \$5,000 from Mr. Bernard Baruch, the well-known financier.—Havas.

LIVERED IN A RADIO BROADCAST IN RUSSIAN

It is believed in Moscow that M. Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Commissioner, will ignore the appeal.
M. Tanner is the member of the Finnish Cabinet who has been most abused by the Soviet in recent weeks.—Reuter.

BATTERED WITH POM-POMS

Merchant Skipper's Story Of Sinking By Admiral Graf Spee



Anti-tank gun practice in France. British troops on the Western front are magnificently equipped to meet every emergency under war conditions. Here is seen an anti-tank gun being unloaded at the double to be ready for action at a moment's notice. (Copyright, Passed By The Censor.)

LEAGUE'S PROMPT EXPULSION OF RUSSIA

London, Yesterday.
ONE OF THE CHIEF TOPICS in this morning's editorial comment in the British press is the prompt expulsion of Russia from the League of Nations.
The "Daily Telegraph" says: "Such a response to Finland's appeal is proof that even in the ashes of the League dwell its wonted fires."

HUNTSMAN CREW SAFE

Montevideo, Yesterday.
The crew of the British steamer Huntsman, which has been missing since December 7, are now known to have been taken on board the Graf Spee and are safe and well in Montevideo.

The Huntsman was on the way from India to London, via the Cape, when the Graf Spee sank her.—Reuter.

RETURN OF SUN FO

Chungking, Yesterday.
Dr. Sun Fo, President of the Legislative Yuan, arrived this afternoon by air from Kunning and was welcomed by a large gathering of prominent leaders at the air field, including the Foreign Minister, Mr. Wang Chung-hui.

Dr. Sun Fo has returned from a lengthy stay in Russia and Europe.—Reuter.

"The League would not continue to survive if Russia remained a member. The criminal cannot claim sanctuary in the hall of justice, yet the criminal is mightily aggrieved that sanctuary has been denied him.
"If the neutral states do not give active aid to Finland it is not from want of sympathy but is due to the lengths to which unjustified aggression has gone."

FINLAND'S SURVIVAL
"The Times" says Egypt's part in the Mediterranean is shown by her election to the Council.
The Assembly's faith in Finland's survival is shown by the election of Finland in place of Sweden.
"The League has acted with firmness, dignity and despatch, and once more has exemplified the political conscience of mankind."

The "Yorkshire Post" speaks of the League's difficulties, and refers to the scheme for a Union of the Democracies of the United Kingdom, the United States, the Dominions and Scandinavia, who, with France, have all been at peace with one another for over 100 years.

"We should be deceiving ourselves," says the newspaper, "if we think we have already found a new key to peace.
"Our true business is to get on with the war. The only key to peace is the breaking of Hitlerism."—Reuter.

SOVIET'S ATTITUDE
Moscow, Yesterday.
An authoritative appraisal of the League of Nations' decision regarding Russia is published by the official Tass agency.
It describes it as absurd and says it calls forth an ironic smile.

The comment adds that the ruling circles in Britain and France, under whose dictation the Council's resolution was adopted, have neither the moral nor the formal right to talk about "aggression" by the Soviet Union and to condemn this aggression.—Reuter.

COST OF LIVING IN BRITAIN

London, Yesterday.
The cost of living index at December 1 was 73 % above the level of July, 1914, against 69% in November.
For food alone the index shows a rise of about 2% in retail prices during the third month of war.
Since the outbreak of war the total rise in the cost of living, according to the Ministry of Labour Index, has been rather less than 12%.—British Wireless.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR "DUCHESS"

A Memorial Service in commemoration of Lieut. Commander R.C.M. White and the Officers and Men of H.M.S. Duchess will be held in St. John's Cathedral on Tuesday, from 11 to 11.30 a.m.

TO RUN OR NOT TO RUN

Montevideo, Yesterday.
British mercantile captains released from the Admiral Graf Spee think it unlikely that the warship will run for it in spite of the repairs now being carried on and the decision of the Uruguayan Government.—Reuter.

BRITISH DIRECT AID TO FINLAND

London, Yesterday.
In connexion with the Prime Minister's statement in the Commons on Thursday that the Government had decided to permit the release and immediate delivery to Finland by manufacturers of a number of aircraft, it is learned that in addition to these aircraft and a quantity of gas masks the Government will release claims to such war materials desired by Finland as can be spared by British needs.

The necessary export and other licences will be granted to manufacturers with whom Finland may place orders.—British Wireless.

GERMAN TROOPS ON THE MOVE

Paris, Yesterday.
There was heavy German patrol activity on the Western Front yesterday. Two Nazi patrols penetrated the advanced French outposts, but were driven back with casualties on both sides, it is reported.
The War Ministry confirms a report that movements of German troops have been noted by the French during the past few days.—Reuter.

AUSTRALIAN AIR PROGRAMME

Canberra, Yesterday.
Great Britain will provide all the machines for the advanced training of Australian air force, in connection with the scheme under which Australia will provide 20,000 pilots, observers and wireless operators for the Allied forces.—Reuter.

CHINESE SUCCESSES ON SEVERAL FRONTS

Chungking, Yesterday.
THE CHINESE PAPERS here continue to feature reports of Chinese successes on various fronts as a result of a simultaneous attack launched early this week.
Commenting on the Chinese successes, the "China Times" in a leading article this morning asserts that in the past week Chinese forces launched attacks in North Hunan, North Kiangsi, South and North Hunan, North Kiangsu and also on the Chekiang front.

The paper, however, emphasises that the present Chinese attacks on various fronts must not be interpreted as a general Chinese offensive, the time for which, it states, has not arrived.

The newspaper continues: "The present Chinese attacks are aimed to prove to the world that the Chinese Army not only has not

At the same time the warship hauled down the French ensign and hoisted the German flag.
The British wireless operator was told to send out an S.O.S., which he did.

The Graf Spee immediately opened fire but the operator continued to transmit until a fragment of shell destroyed the apparatus.
Twenty Germans boarded the ship and the British crew were taken to the Graf Spee.

TRANSFERRED
Later they were transferred to a German merchant steamer, which was disguised as a Norwegian ship. On board her they found the crews of two other British ships, the Newton Beech and the Ashley.
The German merchantman was being used not only to accommodate captured British crews but also as a supply ship for the Graf Spee.

WEEKS LATER
They parted company with the Graf Spee which they did not see till several weeks later, when Captain Edwards and the chief officers of the three British crews were taken on board the battleship.

Captain Edwards, who hails from Glamorgan, is one of the 61 survivors of British ships sunk by the Graf Spee who were landed in Montevideo.

His ship was sunk on the afternoon of October 22.
When the Graf Spee opened fire she did so with pom-poms, which were aimed at the ship's hospital, which they presumably thought was the wireless room.

The guns then swept the Trevanion's deck.
"After mustering the crew to see if they were all right, I insisted on the wireless operator sending a message."

GRIM EARNEST
"The warship resumed firing in grim earnest, smashing woodwork, iron supports and other parts of the Trevanion.
"One shell fragment ricocheted on the wireless table as the message was finished.
"I dumped my secret papers into the sea just as the boarding party of 20 arrived. They were armed with revolvers and rifles with fixed bayonets."

Capt. Edwards said he answered all questions put to him.

GET CHURCHILL TO PAY
The Germans took sextants which were the personal property of the ship's officers, and answered his protests by saying: "We will give you a receipt. Get Churchill to pay!"

Capt. Edwards continued: "The boarding party allowed us 10 minutes to get our clothes and leave the ship to board the Graf Spee.
"On October 28 the Graf Spee was joined by the Altmark, disguised as the Sogne, of Oslo.
"We were transferred to the Altmark and the Graf Spee steamed

away after taking on fuel stores from her.

CHANGED PLANS
"The Graf Spee returned on November 20 and took on board the Chief Officers, Chief Engineers and wireless operators of the three British ships and myself.
"They told us we were going to Germany as prisoners of war.
"The Graf Spee evidently intended making a dash for home but changed her plans."
Capt. Edwards said that all the Britons were imprisoned below decks and saw nothing of Wednesday's action.—Reuter.

GERMANY'S PACT WITH RUSSIA

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")
BERLIN, YESTERDAY.
ON THE OCCASION OF THE RATIFICATION OF THE SOVIET-GERMAN TREATY OF SEPTEMBER 28 THE NEWSPAPERS EMPHASISE THE SMOOTH FUNCTIONING OF THE AGREEMENT.
The "Völkischer Beobachter" says: "The Soviet-German Treaty marks a turning point in the world's history."

The "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" thinks that "Germany has clearly showed her will to march side by side with Russia."—Havas.

NORWAY'S PROTEST TO REICH

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")
BERNE, YESTERDAY.
THE "NEUE ZÜRCHER ZEITUNG" LEARNS FROM OSLO THAT NORWAY IS TO PROTEST TO GERMANY AGAINST THE REPEATED VIOLATION OF NORWEGIAN TERRITORIAL WATERS BY GERMAN SUBMARINES.
Nazi U-boats recently sank three cargo-boats carrying Swedish and Norwegian iron ore. Two of the craft were British and one Greek, and all were within neutral waters when torpedoed.—Havas.

RED CROSS AID

Helsinki, Yesterday.
The European representative of the American Red Cross has arrived in Finland.
He declared that the American people were anxious to help in every way possible, material and otherwise.
It is also announced that the Belgian Chamber of Deputies has sent a message to the Finnish Chamber, expressing sympathy in Finland's cause. The message was endorsed by all the members of all parties.—Reuter.

GANGSTER SENTENCED

Alleged ringleader of a gang, Chung Kwai-shung, 27, was sent to prison for five months yesterday for impersonating a police officer and for theft.
An alleged accomplice was given four months' hard labour.
Four men in all, two of them not in custody, went to a house in Matsui Road, demanding the right of search as police officers. They smashed furniture and stole money from a table drawer.

PRESIDENT OF PANAMA PASSES

Balboa, Yesterday.
President Arosemena of Panama died today.—Reuter.

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BERLIN'S LATEST GAME

Offering "Aid" Against Russia to Scandinavia and Balkans!

ONLY WANTS DOMINATION IN RETURN

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

Paris, Yesterday.

GERMANY IS LAUNCHING a new political manoeuvre both in Scandinavia and the Balkans, observers here declare.

German diplomacy, in dealing with Sweden and Norway, openly declares that the Reich is afraid of the Russian threat which, the Nazis point out, is still more menacing for the smaller countries.

Berlin consequently offers to Scandinavia her intervention in their favour in Moscow.

Only condition for such a "friendly" demerch to a "friendly ally" is that the Scandinavians accept German economic domination and the German conception of the position of a neutral state.

More or less the same manoeuvres are being carried on in the Balkans, where the Germans are spreading rumours of an impending Soviet attack on the Rumanian province of Bessarabia and of a subsequent Red push to the Dardanelles.

Here also the Nazis offer help, the nature of which is not defined, in exchange for substantial economic advantages.—Havas.

PREMIER ON TOUR OF THE FRONT

London, Yesterday.

The Prime Minister began his tour of the British Expeditionary Force in France after lunching with the British Commander-in-Chief at G.H.Q.

Mr. Chamberlain arrived in France by air, and the afternoon was spent in a visit to a section of the R.A.F. attached to the army.

In a cellar the Premier saw a large telephone exchange at work. Here 1400 calls daily are dealt with, and sometimes as many as 200 hourly.

The Prime Minister continued his tour to-day.

A noteworthy feature of the visit so far has been the warmth of the reception accorded to the British Premier by the French people.—British Wireless.

FLOWN OVER TO FRANCE

London, Yesterday.

Mr. Chamberlain flew over to France with an escort of Royal Air Force fighters. He had lunch with Lord Gort, the British Commander-in-Chief, and the Duke of Gloucester.—Reuter.

GERMANY FAILS IN RUMANIA

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

Bucharest, Yesterday.

Dr. Clodius, head of the German economic delegation to Rumania, has left Bucharest for Budapest despite the fact that no agreement has been reached.

The month-long negotiations resulted only in agreements on minor points and no general protocol was signed.

It is recalled that Dr. Clodius signed with Rumania a few weeks ago agreements allowing Germany to purchase some Rumanian vegetable oil, but the main problems remain unsolved.—Havas.

GERMAN WOMAN IN COURT

Magdalene Albrecht, a German woman, residing at No 103, Fok Wing Street, was charged before Mr. R. Edwards yesterday, with failing to report her arrival in the Colony within the prescribed period.

Defendant came to Hong Kong from Canton by the s.s. Tashan.

A fine of \$15 was imposed.

Mr. W. H. Kerr, steward of an American liner, was robbed of a fountain pen, valued at \$40, on Friday.

BETWEEN FORTY AND FIFTY HITS WERE SCORED ON ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE

ITALIAN INTEREST IN NAVAL CLASH

(Special To "Sunday Herald")

Rome, Yesterday.

The Italian press is keenly studying the South Atlantic naval battle and its possible consequences, especially in view of the fact that more than a million Italians are settled in Argentina and Uruguay and in view of the important Italo-Argentinian trade.

Most newspapers here anticipate that the Graf Spee is definitely lost to the Germans, whether it be interned in Montevideo or leaves port and risks meeting the Royal Navy.—Havas.

ANOTHER SHOCK FOR RAIDERS

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

Santiago de Chile, Yesterday.

Another blow was dealt to the German pocket-battleship raiders in the South Atlantic when the cruiser H.M.S. Despatch sank the Nazi steamer Dusseldorf.

On board the Dusseldorf, it is now revealed, were 7,000 tons of crude oil, which was intended for one of the enemy warships off South America.

The Dusseldorf was intercepted by Despatch off Caldera, 350 miles north of Valparaiso. Of 4,390 tons, she belonged to the Hamburg-Amerika Line.—Havas.

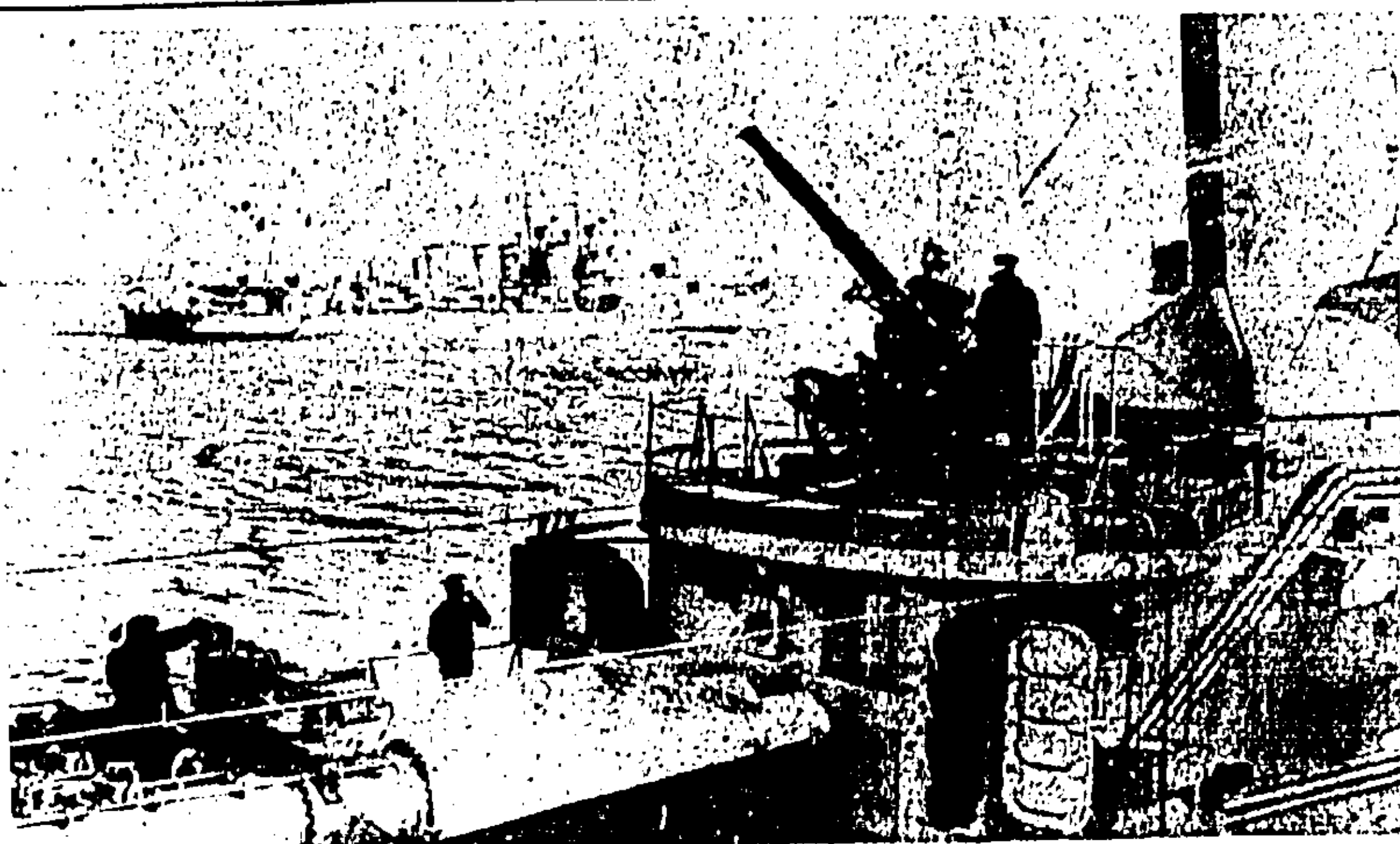
NEUTRALITY ZONE ISSUE

Washington, Yesterday.

Mr. Cordell Hull, the U.S. Secretary of State, announces that the Graf von Spee engagement is to be discussed by the 21 American states, as it took place inside the Neutrality Zone established at the Pan-American Conference.

The discussions will be based on information collected by the Government of Uruguay.—Reuter.

The social arranged by the ladies' committee of the Chinese Australasian Association for this evening at the residence of Miss Violet Chan has been postponed.



POLISH SHIPS FIGHT FOR BRITISH NAVY.—Two Polish destroyers, which escaped from the Nazi menace are now hitting back at Germany—they are fighting for Britain. These pictures were taken at a British port where the ships are now anchored. They are the Grom and Blyakawica. Photo shows—Sailors manning the anti-aircraft gun on one of the vessels, with British ships at anchor nearby. (Air Mail. Copyright. Passed by the Censor).

Montevideo, Yesterday.

THE 36 GERMAN SEAMEN killed on board the Graf von Spee in her action with H.M.S. Exeter, Ajax and Achilles were buried with full military honours.

In addition to the damage to the Graf von Spee already reported, it is now learned that she also suffered damage to her anti-aircraft guns, searchlights and ranger-finders. She sustained between 40 and 50 hits.

The 17 hits heard by the British seamen on board would, of course, be the heavy hits heard above the noise of the Graf von Spee's own firing.

Of the 62 British seamen landed from the Graf von Spee, some came from the s.s. Streonshall, of about 4,000 tons, and the s.s. Talroa, of just under 8,000 tons, whose loss had not previously been reported.—Reuter.

See The Streonshall, a vessel of 3,995 tons, was owned by the Rowland and Marwood Steamship Company (Headlam and Son, managers) and was registered at Whitby. Built at Sunderland in 1928, she was about 350 feet long.

The Talroa was a vessel of 7,983 tons and was owned by Shaw, Savill and Albion Company, Ltd; she was registered at Southampton. Built at Newcastle by Armstrong Whitworth in 1920, she was 478 feet long.

Fears for the safety of the crews of the two ships, Streonshall and Talroa, which were not aboard the Graf Spee, which sank them shortly before the pocket-battleship found herself in action with Exeter, Ajax and Achilles, have been relieved somewhat by reports from Montevideo that they were placed aboard a German auxiliary, not yet accounted for.—Reuter.

U. S. PRESS COMMENT

The "New York Times" says that by forcing the Graf von Spee into port the British can count a major victory. The paper pays tribute to those qualities for which the "Silent Service" has long been famous—skillful seamanship and dogged courage.

"The New York Herald Tribune" says that the German pocket-battleship, though of ingenious construction, is plainly not the final answer to everything.—Reuter.

"The Daily Telegraph" says that the battle of the three smaller British ships with the Graf von Spee will rank with "the most splendid fights of frigates against three-deckers in days of old."—Reuter.

MR. CHURCHILL'S THANKS TO NEW ZEALAND

London, Yesterday.

Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, has telegraphed his congratulations to the New Zealand Minister of Defence on the splendid part played by the cruiser Achilles in disabling the Graf von Spee.

He expressed on behalf of himself and his colleagues the warm feelings they felt at the gallant action fought by the Achilles, which was so generously given by the New Zealand Squadron at the outbreak of the war.

Meanwhile, the Government and people of New Zealand have asked the Admiralty to give the com-

SERIOUS BELGRADE RIOTS

(Special to "Sunday Herald")

Belgrade, Yesterday.

Yugo-Slavian Communists, most of whom were students, staged street demonstrations in Belgrade yesterday, compelling the police to intervene.

The policemen were greeted with a hail of stones, and fired several shots.

In the ensuing scuffle two students were killed and seven Communists and 11 policemen wounded.

One hundred and fifty demonstrators were arrested and were almost immediately brought before the courts. Sixty were sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

Investigation shows that the demonstration was organised by foreign agitators.—Havas.

MOSCOW SAGHALIEN BOAST

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

Moscow, Yesterday.

A Moscow industrial newspaper boasts that Soviet oil production in the Russian portion of Saghalien Island now exceeds production in the Japanese concessions.

The journal says that until 1930 production by Soviet wells was insignificant, while the Japanese concessions increased their output from 10,000 tons in 1925 to 150,000 tons in 1930.

To-day, says the article, the position is changed, and the Japanese, "owing to many recent difficulties, probably could not keep up production."

Oil is found only in the northern or Russian part of Saghalien Island, where the Japanese were granted concessions as compensation for the Amur River massacre.—Havas.

Commander and crew of the Achilles the most cordial congratulations.—Reuter.

The crew of H.M.S. Achilles included over 800 New Zealand ratings.—British Wireless.

ACTUAL FILM OF AN AIR BATTLE

London, Yesterday.

For the first time in the history of the films, an actual battle between aeroplanes and battleships was shown in a London cinema yesterday.

The films were taken by a British officer on board an escort destroyer in the North Sea.

One can see the anti-aircraft guns on a cruiser in action against Nazi aeroplanes, from which bombs can be seen dropping.

One bomb falls so close to the cruiser that the warship is completely obscured by flying spray.—Reuter.

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the
wool
that
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It was "he" who really started me Cooltipping . . . He's tall, dark and handsome, my dears . . . and so awfully fit and all that . . .

So when he started swearing by some smokes which were "wool-filtered for fitness" I took it as a good tip.

And now observe yours truly—as fit as a fiddle and (says he) "as pretty as a picture" . . . Even our family Doc admits my "umpteenth per" don't count.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

PUBLIC AUCTION

PARTICULARS AND CONDITIONS of the Sale by Public Auction to be held on MONDAY, the 18th day of December, 1939, at 3 p.m., at the Offices of the Public Works Department, by Order of His Excellency the Governor of one Lot of Crown Land at Kwa Wan, in the Colony of Hong Kong for a term of 75 years, with the option of renewal at a Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor of His Majesty the KING, for one further term of 75 years.

Intending bidders are advised that immediately after the disposal of the lot the Purchaser (if not the applicant) will be required to deposit with an authorised officer who will be present at the sale, the sum of two hundred dollars, (\$200) in cash. This sum will be refunded on payment of the Purchase price.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT

No. of Sale	Registry No.	Locality	Boundary Measurements	Contents in Square feet	Annual Rental	Upset Price
1	Kowloon Island Lot No. 410	Adjoining Kowloon Island Lot No. 390, Kowloon City Road, To Kwa Wan.	N. S. E. W.	As per sale plan	About 5,000	\$22

PUBLIC AUCTION

PARTICULARS AND CONDITIONS of the Sale by Public Auction to be held on Monday, the 18th day of December, 1939, at 3 p.m., at the Offices of the Public Works Department, by Order of His Excellency the Governor of one Lot of Crown Land near Diamond Hill, in the Colony of Hong Kong for a term of 75 years, commencing from 1st July, 1939, with the option of renewal at a Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor of His Majesty the KING, for one further term of 24 years less the last three days thereof.

Intending bidders are advised that immediately after the disposal of the lot the Purchaser (if not the applicant) will be required to deposit with an authorised officer who will be present at the sale, the sum of two hundred dollars, (\$200) in cash. This sum will be refunded on payment of the Purchase price.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT

No. of Sale	Registry No.	Locality	Boundary Measurements	Contents in Square feet	Annual Rental	Upset Price
1	New Kowloon Island Lot No. 216	South West of New Kowloon Island Lot No. 120, near Diamond Hill.	N. S. E. W.	As per sale plan	About 2,500	\$10

PUBLIC AUCTION

PARTICULARS AND CONDITIONS of the Sale by Public Auction to be held on MONDAY, the 18th day of December, 1939, at 3 p.m., at the Offices of the Public Works Department, by Order of His Excellency the Governor of one Lot of Crown Land at Island Road, in the Colony of Hong Kong for a term of 21 years.

Intending bidders are advised that immediately after the disposal of the lot the Purchaser (if not the applicant) will be required to deposit with an authorised officer who will be present at the sale, the sum of two hundred dollars, (\$200) in cash. This sum will be refunded on payment of the Purchase price.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT

No. of Sale	Registry No.	Locality	Boundary Measurements	Contents in Square feet	Annual Rental	Upset Price
1	Garden Lot No. 108	Adjoining Rural Building Lot No. 390, Island Road.	N. S. E. W.	As per sale plan	About 2,500	\$10

European Y.M.C.A.

Kowloon

7th Annual Pantomime

ALI BABA

Wednesday, Dec. 20th 5 p.m.
Thursday, Dec. 21st 9 p.m.
Friday, Dec. 22nd 9 p.m.
Saturday, Dec. 23rd 3 p.m.
Tuesday, Dec. 26th 3 p.m. & 9 p.m.

ALL SEATS BOOKABLE
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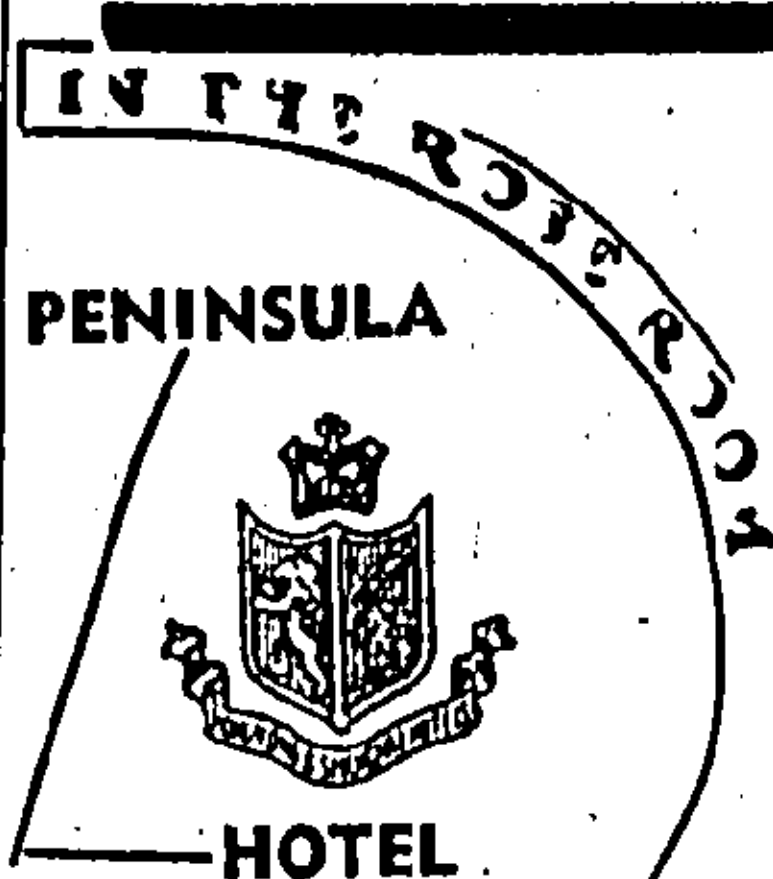
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24th DECEMBER '39

EXTENSION 3 A.M.

DINNER \$10

AFTER DINNER \$5

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25th DECEMBER '39

EXTENSION 2 A.M.

DINNER \$7

AFTER DINNER \$3

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"SIX GRIPPS GRACES"

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1939 3 1/2 Litre S. S. Jaguar	\$6,500
1937 Studebaker Sedan	2,500
1932 Plymouth Sedan	1,050
1933 Morris Oxford	1,050
1936 Ford V8 Sedan	1,000
1936 Ford V8 Tourer	1,075
1937 Willys '37 Sedan	1,000
1933 Talbot '75' Sports Saloon	1,400
1933 Humber Snipe Saloon	1,000
1931 Fiat '15' Tourer	475
1931 Dodge '8' Sedan	675
1936 Terraplane Sedan	1,050
1932 Chevrolet Cabriolet	850
1931 Packard Sedan	975
1934 Austin '17' Tourer	750
1933 Austin '10' Saloon	900
1931 Hudson '8' Saloon	350
1930 Marquette Tourer	195
1934 Ford V8 Sedan	1,200
1930 De Soto Sedan	3,500
1939 Plymouth De Luxe Sedan	3,250
1933 Studebaker Sedan	1,050
1934 Hillman 20/70 Saloon	1,350
1931 Willys Knight Sedan	675
1934 Austin '17' Saloon	950
1934 Wolseley Hornet Saloon	1,250
1931 Chevrolet Roadster	675
1936 Ford V8 Coupe	1,850

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50 CENTS FOR ONE INSERTION.

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Advertisements will be accepted up to 9 o'clock on the Saturday night prior to publication.

PERSONAL

CHINESE GENTLEMAN interested in Ha-waiian guitar wishes to meet gentleman or ladies with same interest for improvement. Please write Box No. 535 c/o "The Sunday Herald".

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WANTED a clerk also to act as cashier or the club house. \$100 cash weekly required. Apply immediately to Box No. 542 c/o "The Sunday Herald".

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AVE ON RUNNING COSTS. Decarbonizing and valve grinding under one full guarantee, at reasonable rates. Also full service. For particulars call Mr. Johnston, Colonial Motors, Phone 57600.

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MANDARIN COATS! For social evenings. Exquisitely embroidered. First sight, de-sire. Only \$12. Singer Sewing Machine. 355. X'mas Gifts. Chocolates. "BLUE-25.11." 218 Nathan Road, 9 a.m.-9 p.m. including Sundays.

OPPORTUNITY FOR X'MAS—to buy a new hat for \$100 cash weekly required. At Au Petit Louvre, Chater Road, 2540.

FOR SALE—Stone's Dairy for 1940. 50 cents each. At Stone's Advertising Company, Room 201, National Commercial Bank Building, or Phone 22464.

JUST RECEIVED new silk stockings "Encore" in latest shades. Also for girls, one pair in box. Price \$2.50 and \$3.50 per pair at Fancy Bazaar.

JUST ARRIVED new shipment of western, heavy crepes, velvets, silver broads, etc. Visit Fancy Bazaar's Christmas Sale, 42, Queen's Road, Central. Inspection cordially invited.

6-ROOM BUNGALOW for sale. Modern kitchen, electric refrigerator, electricity, front and rear gardens, garage. Located in Shatin, New Territories, near Station, beside motor road. Enquiries—Mrs. Li, 1 Marsh Road, Telephone 23708.

PICTURESQUE HONG KONG, a collection of Oriental and scenic views of the Colony, obtainable at Kelly & Walsh, Brewer's Bookshop and Tunnell's Studio.

TYPHOON MAPS—50 cents each. Apply the Newspaper Enterprise Limited, 3A, Wyndham Street, Hong Kong.

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OFFICE WANTED immediately or from 1st Dec. in Central district. Well lighted and modernized. Please apply Box No. 541 c/o "The Sunday Herald".

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HILLMAN 21 h.p. Sliding Head Saloon, Gray colour, 1935 model, Reg. No. 21, 1936 Ford V8 Sedan, 1936 Ford V8 Tourer, 1937 Willys '37 Sedan, 1933 Talbot '75' Sports Saloon, 1933 Humber Snipe Saloon, 1931 Fiat '15' Tourer, 1931 Dodge '8' Sedan, 1936 Terraplane Sedan, 1932 Chevrolet Cabriolet, 1931 Packard Sedan, 1934 Austin '17' Tourer, 1933 Austin '10' Saloon, 1931 Hudson '8' Saloon, 1930 Marquette Tourer, 1934 Ford V8 Sedan, 1930 De Soto Sedan, 1939 Plymouth De Luxe Sedan, 1933 Studebaker Sedan, 1934 Hillman 20/70 Saloon, 1931 Willys Knight Sedan, 1934 Austin '17' Saloon, 1934 Wolseley Hornet Saloon, 1931 Chevrolet Roadster, 1936 Ford V8 Coupe.

PLYMOUTH 23.5 h.p. 4-door Sedan, Black colour, 1933 model, Price \$1,000.00. Goodwell & Co., Ltd., Queen's Bldg. Tel. 52203.

HAVING moved our Used Car Dept. to New Premises at Nathan Road, GILMAN'S offer complete facilities for storage of cars at their garage in Cameron Road, Kowloon (15 miles from ferry). Enquiries gladly received. Phone 5650.

MORRIS MAJOR 14 h.p. Saloon, just reconditioned, Black Excellent Bargain! 1934 model, Reg. No. 2731. Price \$800.00. Goodwell & Co., Ltd., Queen's Bldg. Tel. 52203.

MORRIS 25 h.p. Saloon de Luxe, 1934 model, Blue colour, 1938 Reg. No. 4416, 1940, price \$2,000.00. Goodwell & Co., Ltd., Queen's Bldg. Tel. 52203.

HILLMAN MINX 10 h.p. 4-door Saloon, 1935 model, No. 2412, taxed 1940, \$1,400.00. Goodwell & Co., Ltd., Queen's Bldg. Tel. 52203.

MORRIS TEN. Saloon Blue, 1933 engine, just being completely overhauled, No. 5771, taxed 1940. Priced \$850.00. Goodwell & Co., Ltd., Queen's Bldg. Tel. 52203.

HILLMAN MINX 10 h.p. Sliding Head Saloon, just reconditioned Blue/Gray, excellent condition, 1937 model, Reg. No. 4416, taxed 1940, price \$2,000.00. Goodwell & Co., Ltd., Queen's Bldg. Tel. 52203.

EDUCATIONAL

RADIO Classes now open, day and evening. Enroll to-day to prepare yourself for a good position. Milton Institute, 11, Jordan Road, Kowloon.

DANCING TUITION

FOR THE SERVICE MEN. Tuition in modern ballroom dancing by expert teachers. Rapid progress guaranteed. Special terms for the Service men. Apply in person or by telephone to The Misses Allison and Della Woods MA, Nathan Road, Kowloon, Tel. 5696.

HOCKEY HONG KONG LADIES OUT OF LUCK: DRAW 1-1 AGAINST ST. ANDREW'S

ALTHOUGH they came near to scoring on numerous occasions and had the better of the exchanges territorially, Hong Kong Ladies were unable to score more than once in their Caer Clark match against St. Andrew's yesterday and so shared two goals.

Apart from Miss G. White, Miss J. Wong, and to a lesser extent Miss S. West, the Saints' defence were unable to get going and mishitting and erratic tackling were the order of the day.

On the other hand the Hong Kong defence kept a constant check on the opposing forwards, only the left-back being somewhat weak in that she lacked speed and was constantly outdistanced by Miss F. Wong.

Miss Gray gave a classical display at right-back and was virtually unpassable.

Miss June Booker, Mrs. Skinner and Miss D. Watson gave nothing away in the intermediate-line, while Miss Marr, Mrs. Dalziel and Miss Purvis were the best forwards.

Miss Maureen Booker, making her first appearance for some time, appeared to be out of practice, but

LADIES' RESULTS

CAER CLARK CUP	Goals
H.K. Ladies 0	Recreio Ladies 0
H.K. Ladies 1	St. Andrew's L. 1
C.B.S. 0	C.B.A. Ladies 0
Recreio L. 1	Argonauts L. 1
D.G.S. 1	H.K. Ladies 0

TABLES TO DATE

CAER CLARK CUP	Goals
H.K. Ladies ...	P. W. L. D. F. A. Pts.
H.K. Ladies ...	4 2 0 0 24 3 10
St. Andrew's L. ...	3 1 1 0 6 5 8
C.B.A. Ladies ...	3 1 1 0 6 5 8
Recreio Ladies ...	3 0 2 1 2 7 1
C.B.S. ...	2 0 2 1 2 9 1

CAER CLARK CUP	Goals
H.K. Ladies ...	P. W. L. D. F. A. Pts.
H.K. Ladies ...	4 2 1 0 6 5 8
Argonauts ...	3 1 0 2 3 2 4
C.B.S. ...	3 2 1 0 8 6 4
H.K. Ladies ...	3 1 1 0 6 5 8
D.G.S. ...	3 1 1 0 6 5 8
Recreio Ladies ...	3 0 2 1 2 7 1
St. Andrew's L. ...	2 0 2 1 2 9 1

RECREIO DO WELL

Though beaten by five clear goals, Recreio Ladies gave a very much improved display in their Caer Clark Cup game against "Y" Ladies, champions, at King's Park yesterday and have every reason to be satisfied with their afternoon's performance.

Recreio had their share of luck in both periods, but they were not in possession of the ball for long.

Mrs. Stone was outstanding. Playing at right-back, she covered more than her territory and harassed the Recreio attack to such an extent that only once was Miss C. Minoo really tested.

In the forward line Recreio did not use their wingers much, Miss C. Remedios, on the right, being the better of the two.

The "Y" forwards were dangerous when in possession and all forwards were prominent. Miss Buchanan did well in her new position at left-wing and was well nursed by Mrs. Gardner, who sent her through with several good passes.

After a period of even play "Y" scored through Miss D. McGee and shortly after Mrs. Gardner culminated a fine solo effort with a good goal. Before the interval Miss McGee increased the lead with a first-time.

Mrs. Gardner scored after the interval and not long after Miss McGee completed her "hat-trick" when she followed up a partial clearance by Miss Barrow.

Ladies—Miss C. Minoo; Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Strange; Miss M. McCave, Mrs. Starbuck and Miss Stokes; Mrs. Burnett, Miss Barker, Miss McGee, Mrs. Gardner and Miss Buchanan.

Recreio—Miss Barrow; Mrs. Silva and Miss Doherty; Miss Remedios, Miss Connelley and Miss Remond. Miss Remedios, Miss Silva, Miss Alves and Miss M. Remedios.

Playing at home, Central British School overhauled Central British Association in their Brawn Cup match, winning decisively by five clear goals, after scoring twice before the interval. C.B.A. thus led for the first time this season.

The Schoolgirls were much superior, being faster than their opponents and showing better combination in all departments.

C.B.A. did quite well to keep out their opponents until 10 minutes before the interval, during which short period, their defence was twice pierced, by Miss Rousseau and Miss Macfarlane.

Shortly after the interval Miss Macfarlane netted another goal, and Miss Gehring, who was the most dangerous player for the Schoolgirls, added two further goals.

Miss Woolley and Mrs. Crawford were the only outstanding forwards for the losers and Miss Cunningham was very impressive in the intermediate line, while Mrs. Mackay was hard-working in defence.

C.B.S.—P. Losely; V. Moss and J. Tinson; S. Gehring, J. Donney and D. Hobbs; M. Foster, A. Austin and G. Combes.

H.K.S.R.A.—Mund, Fazal, Doherty, Yusuf Khan, Daraz Khan, Abdul Rahman and M. H. Newaz; Khuda Bux, Man Singh, Dalip Singh, Rajah Singh and Nur Mund.

Saints Beat Y.M.C.A. St. Andrew's beat Y.M.C.A. juniors by two clear goals in a friendly game at King's Park. Ashford and Cogbill were the scorers.

E.K.S. Share Spoils In a friendly game at Chatham Road, Ellis Kedoorie School shared two goals with Royal Army Service Corps. Salwant Singh scored for the school and Stone for Service Corps.

First D.G.S. Win Registering their first victory this season, Diocesan Girls' School defeated the unbeaten "Y" Ladies' team by one goal to nil in the Brawn Cup competition on the former's ground.

The schoolgirls were on the offensive from start to finish and displayed much better form than in previous matches, the one and only goal of the match being scored by Miss Eva Churn, centre-forward, in the first half.

After the interval, the "Y" Ladies made strenuous efforts to score but were held up by Miss Nancy Maxwell and Miss P. Crofton, who were very prominent in defence.

D.G.S.—Miss E. Smith; Miss M. Maxwell and Miss P. Crofton; Miss M. Hutchinson, Miss P. Lane and Miss P. Turner; Miss J. M. Churn, Miss E. Churn, Miss C. Kottwell and Miss E. Hicks.

Y. Ladies—Mrs. Harrington; Mrs. Trimmer and Mrs. Taylor; Miss T. Strane, Miss Ashman and Miss L. Pinner; Mrs. Ricknell, Miss Russell, Miss V. Bradbury, Mrs. Macdon and Mrs. Pinner.

Recreio Save Point In an exceedingly close and interesting Brawn Cup match at King's Park, Recreio shared two goals with Argonauts after being a goal down for most of the match.

In the second half Recreio made frantic efforts to equalise but stout defensive work confined them to one goal.

Prominent for Argonauts were Miss I. Xavier, Miss B. Xavier, Miss N. Silva and Miss C. Xavier, while Recreio were best served by Miss M. Ribeiro, Miss N. Oumund, Miss M. Silva, Miss M. Figueiredo and Miss N. Goncalves.

Argonauts scored in the first half through their centre-forward, Miss C. Xavier, while Recreio equalised late in the second half when Miss N. Goncalves found the net during a goalmouth melee.

Recreio—Miss C. Silva; Miss T. Goncalves and Miss M. Ribeiro; Miss N. Xavier, Miss N. Goncalves and Miss M. Silva; Miss A. Rosario, Miss M. Figueiredo, Miss M. Camoes, Miss N. Goncalves and Miss L. Rodrigues.

Argonauts—Miss S. Silva; Miss I. Xavier and Miss B. Xavier; Miss L. Silva, Miss M. Silva and Miss L. Silva; Miss I. Mathias, Miss N. Xavier, Miss C. Xavier, Miss M. Maxwell and Miss C. Marques.

HITLER SPEAKS

REMARKABLE PUBLICATION FOR HONG KONG

On Tuesday this week, the following telegram was received in Hong Kong from London:

"Great interest has been aroused by the publication of the book 'Hitler Speaks,' by Herman Rauschning, former Nazi President of the Danzig Senate, whose previous work, 'Revolution of Destruction' caused a considerable impression.

"The new book is widely reviewed and is the subject of a leading article in the 'Manchester Guardian.' The book deals with intimate conversations with Hitler between 1932 and 1934 and the opportunity of Nazi foreign policy is startlingly demonstrated.

"In its review, 'The Times' says that by making clear the implications of 'Mein Kampf' and exposing the monstrosity of Hitlerism, Herr Rauschning has performed a service to every European.

"The 'Manchester Guardian' says: 'In this book we can see into the mind of this remarkable and dangerous man, Hitler, and understand still better the forces behind his energy and ambition.

"A noteworthy passage... shows that in 1934 he was discussing the partition of Poland and was considering a Russian alliance, although he recognised the complete possibility of the partnership.

"That is the real danger," said Hitler once, 'either you go with them all the way or you leave them strictly alone. The danger for us is that we may finally lose our identity as a nation. Perhaps I shall be able to avoid an alliance with Russia. I shall keep that as my trump card.'

EXCLUSIVE TO HONG KONG

Following receipt of this cable, the 'China Mail' has obtained the full text of 'Hitler Speaks' by air mail and the exclusive rights of publication in Hong Kong and South China.

The book is fully as remarkable as the London telegram suggested. Whatever Hitler has published, whether in 'Mein Kampf' or in his innumerable speeches, all of it has been prepared for the masses. What Hitler really thinks and what conversations are taking place between him and his associates has remained a complete mystery. It is now for the first time that the world is permitted to hear what talks go on in the German Chancellery, in Hitler's mountain home, at Hitler's private luncheons. Dr. Herman Rauschning belonged for many years to Hitler's inner circle. He gave up his association after realising the monstrosity of the Hitlerite conception.

WHY YOU ARE AT WAR

Every British citizen should read this book to know why he is at war to-day.

It is to begin in the 'China Mail' to-morrow and will be published in ten instalments.

World copyright in the work is retained by Co-operation, and reproduction in whole or in part is strictly forbidden.

SHOPKEEPER FINED

An Indian shop keeper, Abdul Karim, of No 26, Hankow Road, was yesterday fined \$75 by Mr. E. Himsforth for selling liquor without a licence.

Mr. J. W. M. Brown prosecuted.

ACTIVITY ON BORDER

Japanese Building Pill-Boxes And Wire Defences



Naval Wedding: Lieut. Commander John Mowlam, and his bride, the former Miss Gwendolyn Frances Elizabeth Rye, who were married at St. John's Cathedral on Friday. (King's Studio).

FORCE GREATLY STRENGTHENED: GUERRILLA THREAT

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

LIVELY ACTIVITY AND a substantial increase in strength of the Japanese forces in the vicinity of the Hong Kong border has attracted attention during the week.

Yesterday, one estimate placed the number of troops now occupying the zone, including Namtau, Shumchun and Shataukok, at over 7,000 men, but more conservatively, it is believed that the force has been increased from about 1,500 to 4,000.

Many of the troops are new to the border area, having come as reliefs for others who have been in constant collision with guerrillas for the last two months.

The big increase became noticeable as the result of extensive activity in preparing defence positions.

Pill-boxes are being erected at strategic points in large numbers and the erection of barbed-wire barricades has been proceeding on a large scale.

Reason for this activity aroused much speculation, as some of the pill-boxes are close to the Hong Kong frontier, but it is learned from trustworthy sources that similar activity is going on over a wide area, covering Namtau and Shumchun, in particular, against guerrilla raiders.

Increasing daring has been displayed by the guerrillas during the last few weeks and there have been rumours of the imminence of an attack in substantial force with the object of driving the Japanese out of the Shumchun area entirely.

The Japanese have recently completed the construction of a small aerodrome in the region between Shumchun and Namtau, 3,000 men, conscript labour, have been employed on this work. Two small machines are operating daily from this aerodrome, reconnoitring in the country north and north-east of the area.

CAMP MONOTONY APPEAL

AN APPEAL FOR FADED FABRICS AND SHOP-SOILED PIECEGOODS HAS BEEN MADE TO LEADING STORES BY THE MEDICAL AUTHORITIES.

The appeal was on behalf of the Chinese soldiers in the Matsu-chung Internment Camp, many of whom it has been discovered, are able to cut and sew. Such work, it is pointed out, will help the inmates to pass their time and reduce monotony in the Camp.

So far the response has not been very encouraging.

It is, however, felt that there are several departmental stores who may care to assist—as a Christmas gesture.

These are invited to send contributions to the medical authorities.

CHINESE BANKERS TO CONFER

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

The "Sunday Herald" understands that the Chinese Bankers' Conference is about to open in Chungking.

Originally, the Conference was to have been held in the Colony.

Several bankers, general managers of Chinese banks in Hong Kong and authorised representatives from Chinese banks in Shanghai, left during the week for China's wartime capital.

Mr. Sung Han-chang, general manager of the Bank of China, boarded a plane for Chungking, via Hanol, on Friday.

Mr. T. V. Soong is expected to follow soon.

THIEF CAUGHT BY A SENTRY

A silver ashtray presented by Lieut. C. J. Atkinson to Subadar Rumbal was found in the possession of a shoemaker employed at the Officers Mess of the Kumaon Rifles when he was searched by a sentry on Thursday.

The sequel was a prison sentence of six weeks at the Kowloon Magistrate's Court yesterday.

KING GEORGE V MEMORIAL FIELD

Kowloon may soon get its King George V Memorial Field, it is understood.

No definite date has yet been set for the commencement of the work of preparing the site, but plans are now in an advanced stage, and it is hoped that the Field will be thrown open in the course of next year.

A.R.P. POSTS MANNED FOR DAYLIGHT EXERCISE

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

"Hong Kong may be bombed at any moment," in the scheme of the Colony's first daylight Air Raid Precautions exercise, which takes place in the Yau-matli District this morning.

The situation last night was tense when "information" was received that Blue-land (the enemy) might open hostilities with an "air raid" on Kowloon.

The "raid," it is learned, is expected between 9 a.m. and 10 a.m. this morning, and it is believed that Blue-land aircraft will carry high explosive, incendiary and gas bombs.

All A.R.P. Services were "ordered" to standby last night, and the A.R.P. posts have been fully manned since the warning.

Air Raid Wardens have been given full instructions on how to act and to communicate details of any damage suffered to the Report Centre.

It was also "officially" announced last night that all coast defence arrangements have been put into force.

The exercise will start with the sounding of the air raid siren at 9 a.m. and four "bombing incidents" will occur before the "all clear" is sounded at 10 a.m.

The sirens will sound for one minute only instead of the customary three.

His Excellency the Governor, Sir Geoffrey Northcote, G.O.C. Major General A. E. Grasett, and Commodore E. C. Peters will attend the exercises.

CHEAPER HAIRCUTS

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

Haircuts for Chinese will be cheaper from Tuesday.

During the week, the Hair Dressers' Association held a meeting when further reductions were decided upon owing to competition.

All members will charge the rate fixed by the Association.

The charges from Tuesday will be 30 cents (first class); 20 cents (second class); 15 cents (third class) and 10 cents (fourth class).

Women hairdressers will refuse to join the Association.

Liu Min, 27, office boy, was sentenced to one month's hard labour by Mr. R. Edwards yesterday, for fraudulent conversion of \$35.20, entrusted to him by the Dunlop Rubber Company.

Defendant was also ordered to repay the \$35.20 or serve another two weeks.

KOWLOON BOWLING GREEN CLUB'S XMAS PARTY

IN AN ATMOSPHERE conveying the first breaths of Yuletide, over 100 children gathered at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club yesterday afternoon to attend the Club's ninth annual children's sports and Xmas party.

The grounds were beflagged and arrayed with colourful decorations, while in between the sports events, musical items were rendered by the Pipe Band of the Kumaon Rifles.

YOUNG LADY STABBED BY HIGHWAY ROBBER

TWO YOUNG CHINESE LADIES WERE VICTIMS OF A HIGHWAY ROBBERY ABOUT 4 P.M. YESTERDAY IN CONDUIT ROAD NEAR KOTEWALL ROAD.

Two men, armed with daggers, held up Lau Piu-sun and Lau Chiu-sheung and robbed them of \$5.80 in money, and a gold finger ring.

During a struggle with the highwaymen, Lau Chiu-sheung was stabbed on her left knee. She was treated at Queen Mary Hospital.

GOOD PRICES AT AUCTION OF CARS

IN VIEW OF THE HIGH PRICE OF PETROL IN HONG KONG, INTEREST WAS ATTACHED TO THE AUCTION OF MOTOR CARS BY LAMMERT'S YESTERDAY MORNING. CONTRARY TO EXPECTATIONS, MOST OF THE CARS REALISED QUITE HIGH PRICES.

The most expensive car of the auction was a Vauxhall "14," 1936 model, which went for \$1,900; the cheapest (omitting a Morris Minor which was not sold) was a Studebaker coupe, 1931 vintage, which went for \$250.

Other representative prices were: Buick 1935 saloon, \$1,000; Studebaker 1937 coupe, \$1,050; and a Ford V-8 1935 sedan, \$1,150.

TWO FOR YOU & ONE FOR ME

Two Chinese youths, who were employed by the Military authorities on Friday to convey a large quantity of potatoes from the Star Ferry Pier to the Railway Station, were yesterday charged before Mr. E. Himsforth at Kowloon with theft.

It was stated that they stole a proportion of the potatoes in each basket.

They were bound over.

HAMET-ARCUCCI WEDDING TO-DAY

The marriage of Miss Jenny Hamet, daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. A. H. Hamet, and Mr. M. el Arcucci, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. O. el Arcucci, will take place at the Mohammedan Mosque to-day.

A reception will be held in the afternoon at the Indian Recreation Club.

Among the guests were the Chief Justice, Sir Atholl MacGregor, and Lady MacGregor, who distributed the prizes to the successful competitors. Both Sir Atholl and Lady MacGregor arrived early in the afternoon and took a keen interest in the activities.

After Lady MacGregor had distributed the prizes, Miss Mavis S. White, 10-year-old daughter of Mr. S. M. White, Hon. Secretary, presented her with a bouquet on behalf of the Club.

Thereupon, Father Christmas emerged from the "fire-place" and, mingling with the crowd, gave each child a present.

The results of the racing competitions were as follows:

Potato Race (Boys, 9 to 14 years): 1, Colin Oakenfull; 2, John Boyce.

Potato Race (Boys, 4 to 8 years): 1, Kenneth Armstrong; 2, Peter Peckham.

Skipping Race (Girls, 9 to 14 years): 1, June Orr; 2, Robbie Cheesman.

Flat Race (Girls, 4 to 8 years): 1, Anne Jeffries; 2, Joyce Cave and Diana Lock.

Flat Race (Boys, 4 to 8 years): 1, Donald Jordan; 2, Roy Boyce.

Relay Race (Girls, 9 to 14 years): 1, Robbie Cheesman, Joan Hamilton and Joyce Logan.

Woe Tote Race (under 4 years): 1, Mavis White; 2, Gillian Atkins; 3, Elizabeth Grant.

Flat Race (Boys, 9 to 14 years): 1, Stanley Clarke; 2, John Anderson.

Skipping Race (Girls, 4 to 8 years): 1, Dorothy Richards; 2, Mary Anderson.

Sack Race (Boys, 9 to 14 years): 1, John Lock; 2, John Boyce.

Musical Chairs (Girls, all ages): 1st Section, Mary Anderson and Lauren Clemen; 2nd Section, Helen Logan and Joan Hamilton.

Three-Legged Race (Boys, 4 to 8 years): 1, Donald Jordan and John Hamilton; 2, Frank Goodwin and Timothy Hamilton.

Flat Race (Girls, 9 to 14 years): 1, Mavis S. White; 2, Joyce Hardie; 3, Robbie Cheesman.

Egg-and-spoon Race (Ladies): 1, Mrs. Orr; 2, Mrs. Peckham.

CHILDREN FANCY DRESS GALA

A CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS PARTY, IN AID OF THE BRITISH WAR ORGANISATION FUND, WILL BE HELD AT THE PENINSULA HOTEL ON FRIDAY, BETWEEN 4 P.M. AND 6.30 P.M.

Lady Noble, wife of Admiral Percy Noble, Commander-in-Chief of the China Station, who is taking a very keen interest in the organisation of the function, will give away the prizes.

There will be slides, musical games dancing and many other entertainments. The Band of the Royal Scots will render musical items during the afternoon.

Tickets may be obtained from the Hong Kong and Peninsular Hotels. The Entertainment Committee includes Mrs. Hobbs (Chairman), Mrs. Blaker, Mrs. Joek MacGregor, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Eric Mitchell and Mrs. Hance.

\$7,500 WORTH OF LURE IN DAILY DOUBLE

The magnetic attraction of something, for nothing, in other words, pursuit of \$7,500 lacking ownership, the money left over, unwon, in the Daily Double at the last extra race meeting, was responsible for a new record at the Racecourse yesterday.

Against the average Daily Double betting of between \$6,000 and \$9,000, no less than \$58,361 was invested, representing \$51,000, roughly, paid yesterday and \$7,000 odd carry forward.

This is believed to be easily a record in the history of the Jockey Club.

In spite of the huge amount at stake, however, the dividend was, relatively small, for no fewer than 235 successful nominations of the Double were made, each ticket earning \$248.30.

In 1935, when the last previous carry-over occurred, the amount carried forward was \$3,656 and the total invested at the subsequent meeting was \$19,635.

AGRICULTURAL SHOW EARLY IN THE NEW YEAR

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL agricultural exhibition, under the auspices of the New Territories Agricultural Association, is to be held on January 6 and 7 at Fanling, according to a decision reached by the Association during the week.

It is understood that the show will be officially opened by His Excellency the Governor, Sir Geoffrey Northcote, at 2.30 p.m. on the first day.

Prizes will be distributed by Mr. J. Barrow, District Officer, North, the following afternoon.

The exhibition should have taken place at the beginning of this year, but conditions resulting from the heavy influx of refugees from Chinese territory, prevented the carrying out of the programme.

In former years, exhibits have been displayed in matsheds, but on this occasion they will be exhibited in semi-concrete stalls which have been erected around the Association's headquarters at Fanling.

Besides exhibits from different farms in the New Territories and from the Association's Experimental Farm, it is hoped that the farms under the Shumchun Rural Welfare Centre, will be able to display some of their products.

ESCAPED SOLDIERS ARRESTED

Two of the 15 Chinese soldiers who escaped from the Internment Camp about a fortnight ago, by causing a fusing of the electric lights and disappearing in the darkness, have been arrested.

They were charged before Mr. Himsforth yesterday and remanded.



VISIT THE

EMPORIUM OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS

GIFTS FOR FATHER, MOTHER, HUSBAND, WIFE AND EVERYBODY.

AS TO GIFTS FOR CHILDREN, JUST COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

CHINA EMPORIUM, LTD.

Queen's Road, Central

PRIVATE FACES IN PUBLIC PLACES

The Carrolls

THE Carrolls have long been a family of show-people. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, some years ago, were touring America's big cities with their song and dance act. They had a son, Billy, and a daughter, Conchita. Billy was 6 years old when he launched his theatrical career by giving him a spot on the stage next to his father in the finale, dressing him so that he was a sartorial duplicate. In miniature, of his dad. Then, father and son danced through the song-bit, "Me and My Shadow."

BILLY Carroll and Conchita are now entertaining Gloucester Hotel patrons, while Nancy Carroll, famed actress who has been living in semi-retirement since her marriage, is now staging a Hollywood comeback. Growing up in the traditions of the theatre, Billy Carroll achieved great popularity when Jackie Coogan was at the height of his powers, being then one of the three child actors on the American stage. He had a featured role in the movie production of Erich Maria Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," which has recently been revived and redubbed in the United States with a commentary on the new European war. He has also played in such films as "42nd Street," one of the first great movie extravaganzas, and "Sons of the Desert."

CARROLL came East about five years ago, and has been in India for the last two and a half. Shanghai, where he first docked, is "Little Chicago" to him, while he thinks Hong Kong in some ways has the appearance of the San Francisco Chinatown.

BUT he and Conchita love India. At the early part of this year, they completed big dancing scenes in two Indian films made by the Paramount Film Productions, "The Golden Gate" and "Amazon," both of which, he said, have recently been released. They have been studying Indian dancing for some years, designing their own original costumes, and steeping themselves in the lore of Mohammedanism and Hindu mythology. In true Indian dancing, he commented, each tiny movement of the fingers, of the feet, of the head, of the eyes, of the wrists is an essential feature to the telling of the story, and an attentive Indian audience will know immediately if something is omitted or if some part is performed in, however slight, a different way.

LAST year, Conchita and Carroll were in the Northwest Frontier, journeying among the villages

and then they opened a night-club in the Punjab, calling it the "Caravan," dressing it in a combination of oriental, Arabic, and fantastic architecture. It was a great success, and was honoured by the presence of many maharajahs and maharanas, among them Kaphutalla, father and son, and Rampur.

AFTER a stay in Hong Kong of about a month, they are moving on to Los Angeles, where they will begin a tour showing American audiences modern and streamlined versions of exotic Indian dances. As Carroll said, "We take the themes for our numbers from Hindu stories and mythology, and then alter them slightly so that they will be acceptable and interesting to European audiences. We have to brush up the melodies, too, for straight Indian music would be apt to appear monotonous to many people. The tour, they hope, will start at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, scene of many a distinguished premiere.

AMERICA, they believe, will welcome this type of dancing. Not only is it different from the usual white tie, tails, and evening dress act, but it also has the touch of weirdness, remoteness, strangeness. Their dances, instead of being just a combination of intricate steps, tell a story. The story may be simple or complicated, may have its roots in mythology or contemporary history, may deal with legendary figures or historical personalities. One of their recent numbers, for instance, is "Marie Walewska," dealing with the life of Napoleon, and one of their few dances which do not have Indian themes.

LAST night, they inaugurated a "Mata Hari" dance. In this, Carroll is a Golden Buddha, sitting rigidly, dressed magnificently, holding a bowl of precious stones on his lap. Conchita, as Mata Hari, comes in to worship the idol, and is tempted by the jewels. Then she notices the Buddha's collar, set with sparkling gems. She tries to take it, but the idol rises, they dance together, and finally, in the climax, she flings the jewels at his feet, and humbly begs forgiveness.

ness. Then there is a spectacular wiring finale.

CARROLL, who in his younger days, was said to bear a remarkable resemblance to Jackie

"WHEN I'm in a position such as that, I'm usually thinking about the state of the weather or of what I would like to eat for dinner. I couldn't maintain my balance very long if I tried to think

Coogan, now is said to look very much like Charles Boyer. Conchita, slender and willowy, excites admiration in her effective costumes.

Mignone

MIGNONE likes to dance, and likes to travel. When you can put the two together and get a



MIGNONE

SHE took a French boat to Hong Kong from Colombo, and between the 123 children on board and the typhoon that buffeted them on the way, she'll take the typhoon any time. "Oh, those kids," she moaned. "The oldest" was about 12, and they were all being sent back to Saigon from school, probably being evacuated as a precautionary war-time measure. The sailors covered all the chairs and nailed down everything movable, and then ran for cover below deck, while the kids took over the boat. On Thanksgiving Day, the chef—who probably was not a very good friend of Franklin Roosevelt's because he celebrated it on November 30—presented her with a special turkey.

NOW she's on her way back to "good old" New York. She has played many times at the Radio City Music Hall, and believes that "elegant" is the best adjective to describe the place. "It makes you feel so wonderful dancing there," she said. "The dressing rooms are luxurious, and there's even a restaurant package so that you don't have to go out between shows to eat." The Hockettes, the large chorus of girls who go through their numbers with cold, almost scientific, machine-precision, are human enough to knit. "They all have their knitting needles out," she described the scene, "clicking away grimly, until the bell for their number sounds. They've been working together so long, that the manager just has to call off a few numbers that refer to certain steps. The girls put the numbers together, and have a routine and almost must at once. The Hockettes even breathe together when they dance."

MIGNONE began dancing when she was five years old, studying the ballet. At 14, she appeared in "George White's Scandals," and has starred in many dancing roles in Broadway productions, including "Life Begins at 8:30." The show she liked best for working in was "Earl Carroll's Vanities," because there was "less fighting" in it. "Life back-stage isn't always blissful, especially when there are several high ranking stars in the cast. Then a dog—or, should I say, a cat-fight develops between them. They shriek and scramble for the favoured spots on the programme, and for a billing of their names at the top of the list, or as near the top as they can get." Mignone, needless to say, scorns all this frenzied publicity-seeking, and refuses to join in the general

SHE was in Germany in the latter part of 1936, dancing under the impression that 50 per cent. of her earnings could, as was announced, be taken out of the country when she left. But the law was suddenly changed, and she was permitted only 50 marks on departure, which came to something like 18 gold dollars. "If I had known that, I would have spent all the money while I was there. Who knows—and she adopted a comic air of secret intrigue—"maybe my money financed the war. But you'd better not tell that to the Allied armies."

PARIS is her favourite city. It has a flavour all its own, different from that of any other city in the world. But she'd rather not walk down the Champs Elysees until the city returns to normal life.

Mignone has been considering dramatic acting. She made screen tests in the New York studios of RKO, but just at that time, the city's Bureau of Highways decided to dig up the streets in the vicinity of the studio. The racket of the machines got on to the sound track along with her voice, and that was the end of the screen test. But she has made several shorts with Bert Lehr, the rasp-voiced comedian who graces



BILLY CARROLL AND CONCHITA

the humorous sequences of many newsreels with his gaggle-eyed statement that "Monkeys is the craziest people!" Lehr, she says, talks in the same vein of nonsense off the screen, too.

ONE night a candid camera flend stalked into her dressing room at the Bon Air country club of Chicago, where she worked with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. Since then, she professes no great liking for photography, but when she isn't dancing or rehearsing she swims and rides and sews. The latter occupation doesn't quite fit in with the idea of a glamour girl, she acknowledges, but she does it just the same. And she reads herself to sleep almost every night, choosing light fiction for relaxation.

The Picture World

SOME two years ago, a group of six local men, who ordinarily met at casual intervals to discuss the ins-and-outs of a hobby that was of common interest, photography, decided to form a permanent organization devoted to the camera. The six were Kenneth Watson, of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, E. W. Fielding, of Butterfield and Swire's, C. A. Smith, now in Singapore, H. A. McKay, Dr. A. V. Greaves, and W. C. Clark, of the Hong Kong Telephone company. The club was unique in that it resolved to stave off all attempts at commercialism; the members wished to get away from work done for prizes alone.

TO-DAY, the Photographic Society of Hong Kong has some thirty members, and early this month inaugurated an annual exhibition of the members' work. Requirements for membership are simply interest in and enthusiasm for photography.

EACH month, every member is requested to bring in two original prints on a definite subject to the meeting, where, one by one, all the submitted works are exhaustively and frankly discussed and criticized. As Mr. Clark, who has been president of the group since it began, said, "The members have to and can take it." Professionals as well as amateurs are

welcome in the club, a practice rare among photography societies. Experts lecture each month, too: some of the topics have been "Composition," "Photographic Chemistry," "Portraiture."

HONG KONG, Mr. Clark says, is an excellent and fertile field for the camera-man. "Everything is concentrated here: industrial subjects, hills, wonderful skies, a great variety of scenery, the dress and life of different peoples."

IN addition to the regular meetings, there is a monthly camera-walk, usually into the New Territories. Two or three men, working together, can often obtain pictures that it would be impossible for one individual to get. Sometimes it is important in dealing with people whose picture we would like to snap, to have their attention distracted from the camera.

MANY of the club's members do all the work required to turn out a good print by themselves, from the taking of the picture, to the developing, enlarging, printing, mounting. Such work is encouraged and given special mention. Among the difficulties encountered by the climate and atmospheric conditions of the Colony, are softening of the gelatine, difficulty in drying films, tendency for prints to blister, and the relative shortage of water.

THE Society is now planning two movie shows, of films made by the members. One will be in the nature of a newsreel, or perhaps a documentary film, showing the life of the average peasant, season to season, throughout the year. Another is a staged movie of some play which has not yet been selected.

LITTLE NOTES of Great Importance

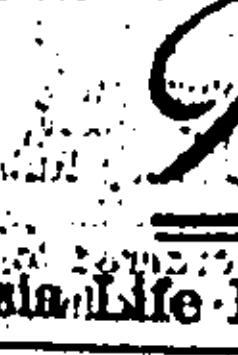
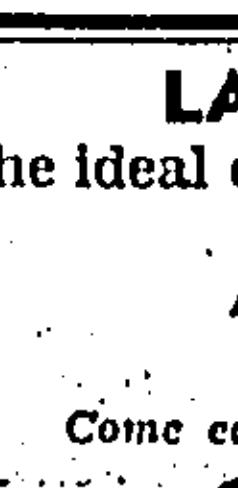
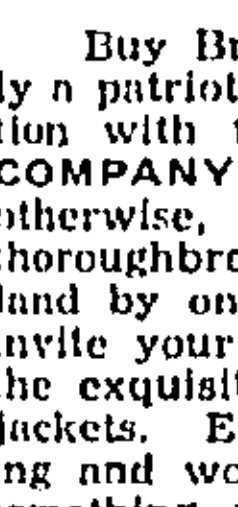
Rare charm will be found in the afternoon frocks at EXCELLA, and we recommend a quick trip here to take care of those informal parties which happen with such frequency during the holiday season. Glittering accents and spectacular stylepoints distinguish them from among the many hosts of afternoon frocks which have passed the censorship of our critical eye this week, and we just know you are going to sing our praises for putting you on to a good thing. Suggestion number one concerns a teal blue crepe with clever pleating on the bodice to give the illusion of a jacket. The trick is done with shirring—and oh, how you are going to covet that neckline of gold sovereigns! Suggestion number two is really a plan to urge you into wearing a rust crepe with dramatic drapery of supple jersey ensembles. The jersey comes in two tones of cream and beige providing a striking contrast. If after this you decide that you adore drapery—cast an eye over suggestion number three where you will find practically the same idea in a royal blue crepe with accordion pleated drapes arranged in a manner beloved by the Greeks. 10 per cent allowed for cash, just in case you'd like to know, 188 Nathan Road, and open till 7 p.m.

Perhaps you are wondering how to spend that cheque you got for Christmas. Perhaps you have done all your shopping for other people, and are now wondering what to buy yourself? Then let your mind dwell on this: for there is no better gift a woman can give herself. At MRS. WILLY'S, where prices have been considerably slashed to benefit Christmas shoppers, fur buying is a pleasant occupation which fills you with a sense of thrift. You can become the proud possessor of a full-length fur coat for as little as \$75. That may encourage you to throw in a fur jacket as well—and why not when jackets can be had from \$20 to \$150? In the higher price bracket there is a full-length brown Ermine coat with Bishop sleeves which is still a bargain at \$500. And a glorious shimmering pair of Silver Foxes for \$325! And because we simply must mention the evening dresses for your sake, we draw your attention to a heart-warming velvet of deep Chantrel shade, which boasts a pretty shirred bodice and drop-shoulder sleeves, and a supple jersey of lavender, with drapery and shirring and a wide belt of gold knit. Plenty of excitement in both to help put you in a frivolous mood for Christmas. Room 103, Bank of East Asia Building.

The urge for something "striking" should lead you to EUNICE, in the Peninsula Hotel Arcade, where the vivid imagination of Madame Sophie Costides is expressed in two evening gowns, which have all the air of insolence peculiar to the proud. These gowns have every right to appear so, for there is none other to compare with their daring architecture and the bold way in which fabric and colour are mixed. Dazzling Green satin, is paired with black tulle and netting with little green lights, according to how the light catches it. This combination makes its appearance in a decollete gown whose black bodice streaks an arrow point well below the waist in the front of the spreading green skirt. For decor is added a jacket with voluminous puffed sleeves, showing green on the inside. Cyclamen and black, a combination which, in your mind's eye, causes you to doubt their suitability, is pleasingly mixed in an informal crepe of the first shade, with shirred sleeves of black tulle! A typical Costides touch—triumphant in the finished product. But let us forget—there are other exciting new things to be had here as well. Woolen ensembles, afternoon crepes, a new shipment of hats and handbags, to "do you proud."

Your private life will be all the happier for the bed jackets and capes which THE LINEN CHEST, 210 Gloucester Building, are sponsoring for Christmas, and if you are looking around for an inexpensive Christmas gift you might give them a thought at \$5.00. Styles are plain, as we like them best, and brocade satin gives them an added look of luxury. On the other hand you may prefer a quilted jacket. These lovely garments give both beauty and warmth, and there are many styles to choose from including those with shadow quilting in delicate pastel tints. You might also bear in mind that men like luxury, too. At this address they have a proud assortment of men's robes in brocade silks and satins, smartly tailored, and featuring up-to-the-minute stylepoints such as rounded lapels and fringed belts. Any number of other desirable gifts will suggest themselves to you when you call here—lingerie and household linens, for instance.

No matter how careful we are in the selection of our clothes the rest of the year, that dress for New Year's Eve always makes us just a little more difficult to please. We want to look especially lovely, and nothing that does not take our breath away seems to satisfy—well, you know the feeling. If you are not instantly impressed by LANE, CRAWFORD'S recent shipment of evening gowns, then you are not likely to be impressed by anything at all. Offhand, we can tell you of three outstanding gowns, the first is an oyster satin of rare charm which gets its inspiration from the heroine of Shakespeare's immortal Romeo and Juliet. Its high bust-length bodice is embroidered with gold, and the square neckline is cut away in a low hooped skirt. The bodice and skirt are fashioned of black tulle, generously shirred like those jammies of the Victorian Era, and the hem is topped to show masses of ruffles, in pink doilies. And last, though by no means least, is a disarming model of black lace over pink tulle and net, which features a tulle bodice of peasant origin.



In your pre-Christmas search for an afternoon and evening gown, don't overlook MISS NAYLOR'S—you'll be sorry! Here you will find, not only the largest selection in town, but one of the best, and prices are kind to Christmas budgets. Among the formulas we advocate a look at a Cyclamen frock of lace and net. You'll like the idea of a solid lace bodice tapering off into panels in the wide net skirt. Lovers of black, and they are legion, will enthuse over a slim black crepe, with draped decollete bodice, and an incredibly dainty bolero of frilled Chantilly lace. The jacket alone will pay you dividends long after Christmas and New Year are forgotten. Among the afternoons we urge you to see the striking beauty of a black crepe with waistcoat front of Danger Red. That waistcoat is going to bring you heaps of compliments, so bear this in mind, and don't say we didn't tell you. Besides this, there is a sage green with rows of dressmaker rope in satin trimming the front, and a detachable bustle bow which can be worn at will. Touches of rust help to make it even more interesting.

Buy British, and buy the best! This is not merely a patriotic slogan, but one that rings true in connection with the furs sold by THE ALASKA FUR COMPANY. This firm deals in Foxes, silver and otherwise, and there are no finer skins than these thoroughbreds which are cured and made-up in England by one of the finest furriers there. The Alaska invite your inspection. They would love to show you the exquisite quality of these superb neck-pieces and jackets. Every skin is a masterpiece of fine breeding and workmanship, and prices range from \$100 to something nearer the four hundred mark. That means that they cater to all—so those of you with medium budgets, take heart! The jackets are like those you have so far only dreamed about, and didn't think you could afford. But either would like to go on record as saying that they are more than reasonable—they're a bargain at the price! The number is limited, so be among the first to see these furs before they are sold. Find this firm on the second floor, Alexandra Building.

Since investing \$0.75 on a generous bottle of WATSON'S HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA, we are amazed at anyone who ambles through life without it. Even more so are we sorry for their ignorance, because we feel that they can save themselves so much time and stress in the solution of a hundred-and-one household problems if only they had a bottle of WATSON'S HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA in the home, and were acquainted with its many uses. To-day we set forth a few of its more important functions, leaving the rest to the printed matter which accompanies every purchase. In the bath it has an enlivening effect, and tends to put new vigour into bodies that are tired, and muscles that ache, from the day's toil. For laundry use its action is to whiten and remove grease spots, and in the case of greasy plates similar results are obtained. Hairbrushes, linoleum floors and woodwork, all look better and cleaner for WATSON'S HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA, and it even removes iron mould and "scurf" from black fabrics. Use it once, and you'll never be able to function without it again. Phone Watson's Hong Kong Dispensary or any other leading pharmacy in town.

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Britain And Sea Murder

THE British people command the resources of victory. They are faced by some plain imperatives regarding the successful use of those means. Dismissing all falacious underestimates of this enemy they must reckon to the full with the prepared devils of a desperate and inventive antagonist. They must realise that the direct attack on the life of Britain—as distinguished from the more passive situation in France—is not only real war but fell war and raging war. Awakening instantly to the immediateness of this business the nation must develop maximum strength with minimum delay or will pay hard for postponement.

New Forms of Frightfulness

We are compelled to take a stern view. Why? Because wars are not won by soothing syrup any more than revolutions are made by rose-water.

What are the two novel devices of atrocity? One contrivance is the magnetic mine; the other, and very different sort is the "bubble mine."

The magnetic mine may be deposited in large numbers by submarines. It rests on the bed of the sea until influenced by the approaching steel of a ship's hull. The "bubble mine"—so called because it floats and drifts on the surface—is a smaller and lighter device shown recently by seaplanes into the Thames estuary and elsewhere; and even dropped by parachute. It is thought by experts to be less dangerous because more visible. Both contrivances are instruments of promiscuous sea-murder without regard to age, sex, or nationality—without distinction between belligerents and neutrals. Even more than the U-boat, when it acts directly, they are indiscriminate assassins of the sea.

The magnetic mine, needless to say, has played the major part. Its first victim, the Dutch liner Simon Bolivar, a steamer of over 8,000 tons, was destroyed with blind barbarity, indifferent to the fate of women and babies, and to the feelings of the lot or the feelings of

men. Carrying about 400 souls the vessel was outward bound from Holland to the West Indies. The mine by which she perished close to our North Sea coast was laid in the fairway, which careful sweeping in this war, as in the last, had hitherto kept safe from ordinary contact-mines. More than twenty other vessels were sunk similarly in the next eight days—a total loss of tonnage somewhat larger than in the first week of the war. Over a third were neutrals, including one Italian and one Japanese steamer of large size.

The Spirit Of Atrocity—From Bad to Worse

Words will not mend it. It is useless to blent about the inhuman violation of all civilised decencies and of all the international rules which were solemnly accepted by the Germans as by others. The worship of armed will and meanness, uncurbed by any conception whatever of ethical sanctions—that is the very essence of Nazism. Unlimited frightfulness has been its declared aim and the purpose of its preparations. Brute force and bad faith were the causes of the war. Nazi methods of war are bound to correspond.

Look back to the last conflict. Compare then and now with regard to the war on merchant shipping. It is admitted and agreed that in 1914 the ruling views of the British Admiralty did not reckon enough with the possibilities of the submarine and did not begin to reckon with the nature and extent of German ideas as to mines and mine-laying at sea.

That resort—though the fact is usually forgotten—played its large part with the submarine in the extreme maritime crisis of 1917. Not until then—as every sailor knows—did the Admiralty recognise that mine-laying on a huge scale must be counted as one of the principal operations of war. Not until then did

British mines become equal in type and sufficient in quantity. For nearly three years from the beginning of hostilities the German mines were as much more efficient as more numerous.

Mr. Churchill Is There

Fortunately there can be no such slowness now. Under Mr. Churchill it is excluded. He has our life in his hands. His genius is equal to it. He ought to have been recalled to the Admiralty long before he was. As it is, we may depend upon it that stereotyped views will be altered by

By J. L. GARVIN

fresh imagination. Let us repeat that in this struggle we must start from the final lessons of 1918 and not from the untested and inadequate assumptions of 1914.

To put it plainly, we have been in some danger of making one mistake over again through relapse into the old comfortable scepticism which refused to reckon with the ceaseless endeavour of German audacity and with its concentrated technical study. For twenty years the ruling assumptions of British naval policy—contrary to the ablest among the younger sailors—have underestimated the future of the submarine, the mine, and the aeroplane. For the same twenty years I have never ceased to protest against the new cult of old fallacies. How could it be otherwise than reasonably certain that the weapons and contrivances unwelcome to ourselves would extend in this war the disagreeable developments that we saw in the last?

German Naval Ideas—1918-1939

Whether under the Weimar Republic or the Nazi regime, the Ger-

man naval staff have been always maintained at full strength for research experiment and war-thinking. They have followed their own line. They have pursued it with a degree of effectiveness which our own administration under Mr. Churchill has recognised, appreciated, and confronted. There will be no three years' backwardness as in the last struggle. The day of comfortable incredulity is done.

Before the war, German technical literature insisted upon the increasing importance of the submarine, the mine, and the aeroplane in the maritime sphere. The present writer condenses here the main impressions derived from some study of that literature.

Generally, the German conclusion was that in a future war they would seek to repair the disappointments of the last combat not by abandoning the newer naval weapons but by developing them both in quantity and design. They would improve their submarines and build them in larger numbers than before. The U-boats would have to be distributed more shrewdly among the shipping.

Mines, so far from being renounced, would have to be employed in far larger masses. There would have to be more ingenuity in type and arrangement. The minefields instead of being laid out in straight rows at regular distances would have to be disposed in varied zigzags with considered cunning. The fairways maintained by continuous British mine-sweeping in the last war would have to be attacked by new means.

This programme, as we see, is working out pretty close to plan. Be-

tween free Britain and the Nazi Power this is the wrestle of life and death. As we predicted before the new devices of frightfulness were known, this struggle is bound to grow worse before it goes better.

Bane And Antidote

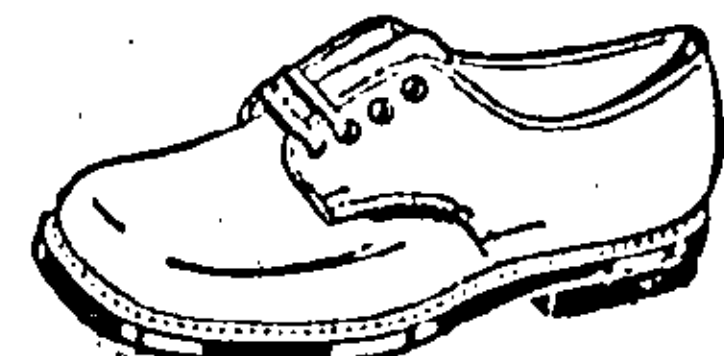
Let us face what we have to fight. To beat it to a certainty we must measure it well. Typical of the whole spirit of the Nazi terror is the magnetic mine. Before the war, German naval literature described it better as an "induction mine," exploded by proximity without contact. The idea sprang from various electrical devices employed in the last sea-war. It was familiar to the scientific experts of every navy, and especially to our own. Most of them gave it up. Theory was attractive. For years application seemed impracticable. Even to German researchers the vision of the induction mine seemed to belong to the romantic fables of science, as in the pages of Jules Verne or Wells.

Under the Nazi regime, with its doctrine of power at any price, experiment was intensified. It seems likely that about two years ago the problem of translating imagination into practice was solved.

In the world of science to-day there is no bane of this kind without an antidote. When frightfulness in the last war launched the first staggering attack of poison-gas at Ypres, British science within one week devised a better gas-mask than the Germans possessed, and reduced the "secret weapon" of that day to insignificance. It will be the same now, though the remedy must take a little more time to apply in practice. More than ever we should concentrate on the decisive question of the whole war. Nothing but the creation of an overwhelming Air-Supremacy can enable the Allies to carry the war into the enemy's country and to kill all frightfulness at the root.



X'MAS GIFTS



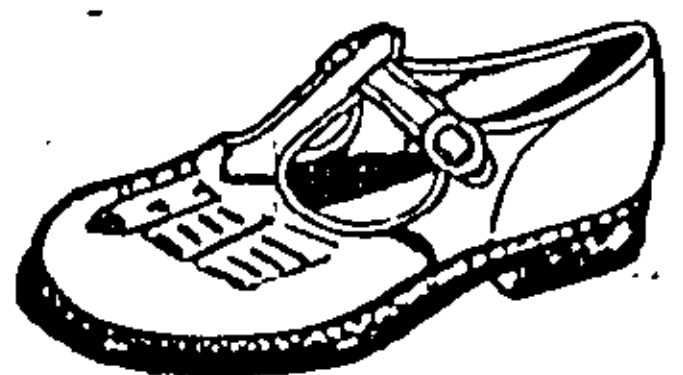
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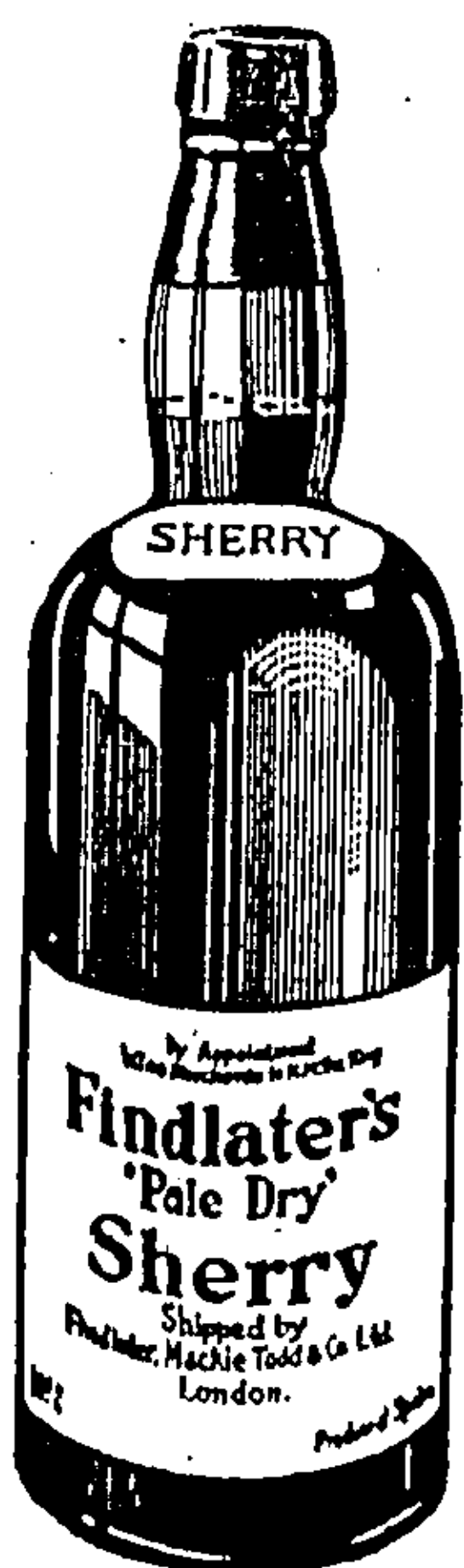
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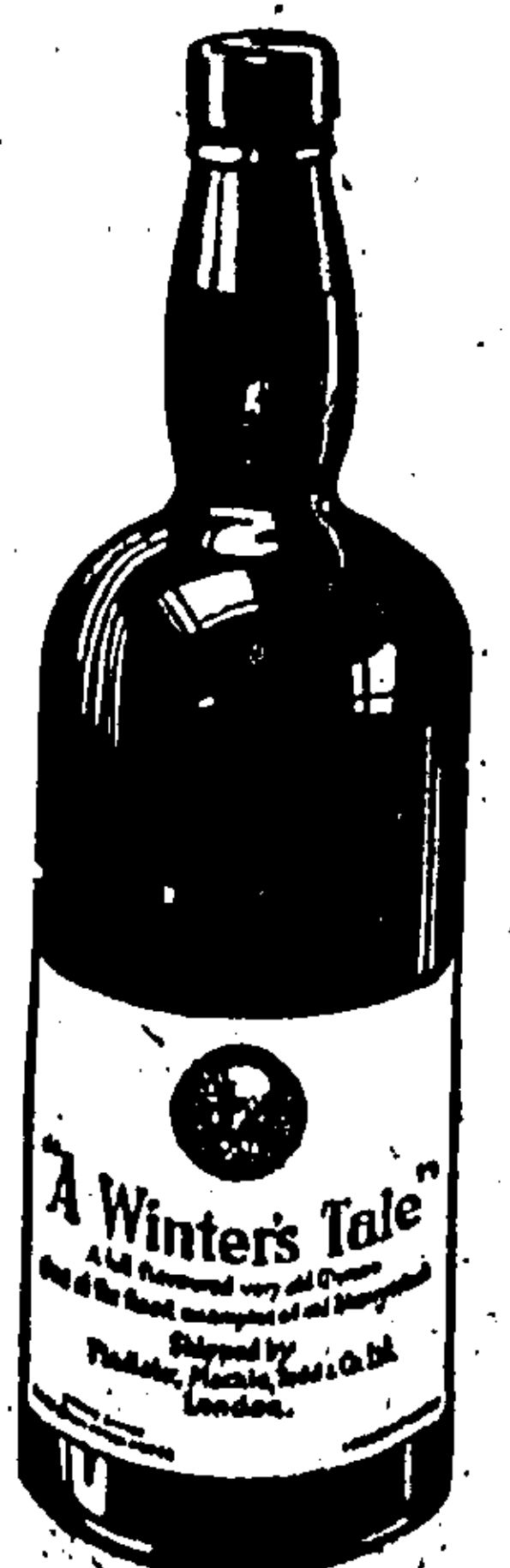
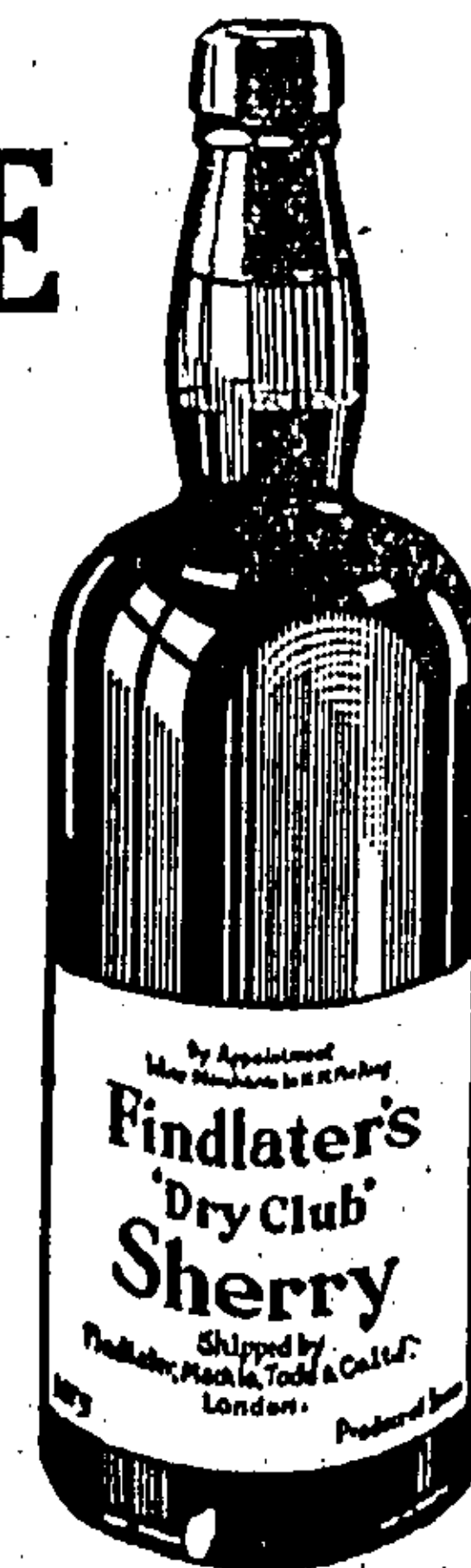
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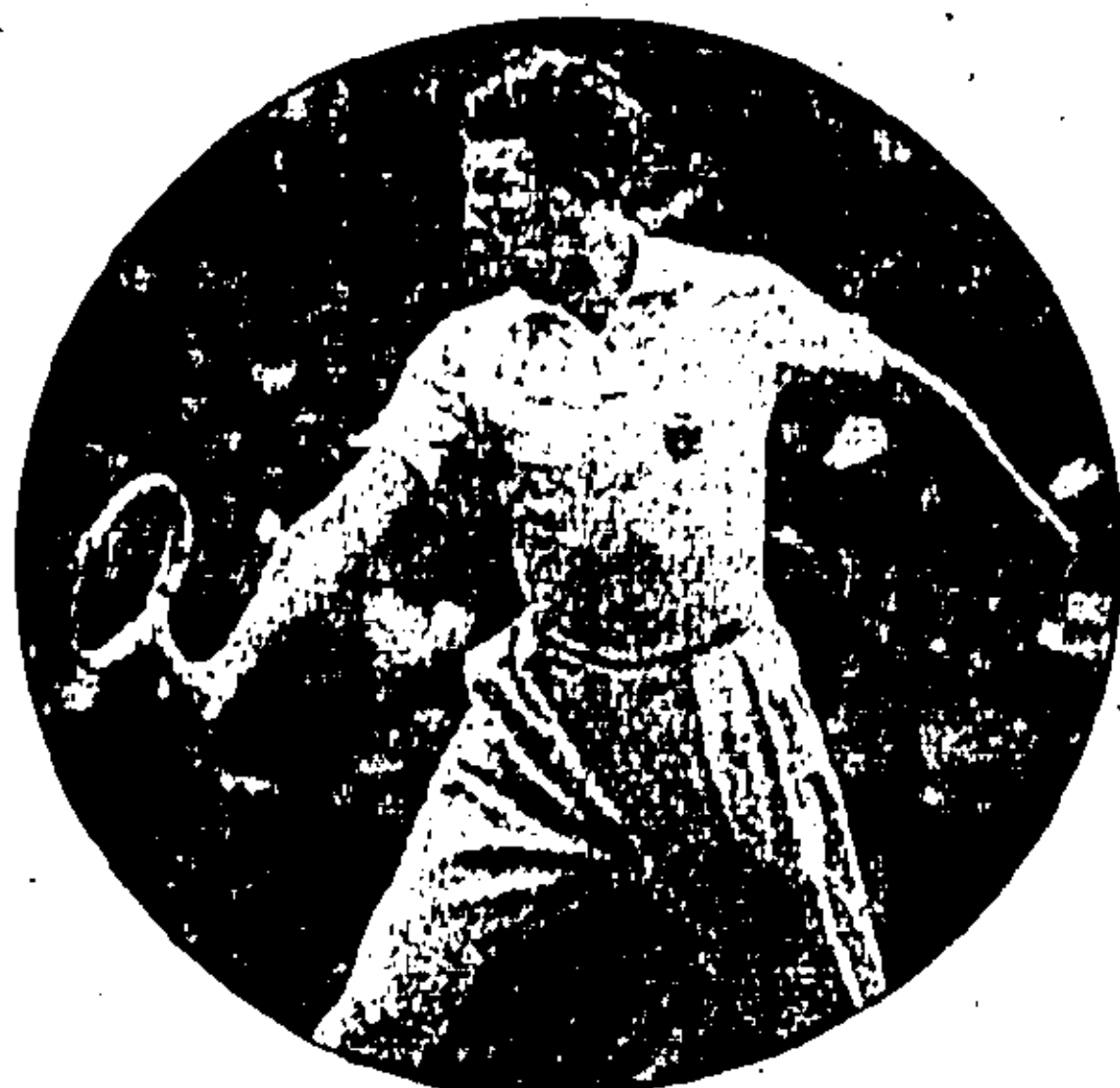
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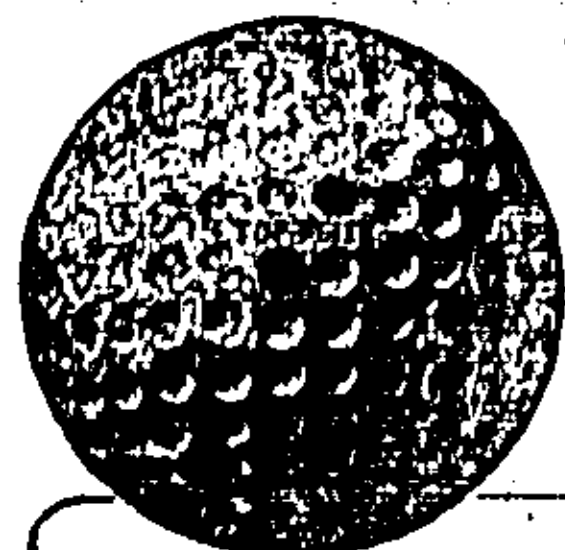
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HIGH-GRADE PETROL FAMINE

NAZI RAIDERS CHAINED TO THE GROUND

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

BEHIND THE absence of large-scale Nazi bombing raids on Britain is a simple explanation — grave shortage of high-grade aviation petrol is keeping Germany's air armada chained to the ground.

Field-Marshal Goering dare not launch his planes on the series of mass raids threatened by Hitler, because Germany's present stocks of the pure spirit on which fast fighting planes and long-range bombers run would last only three months under those conditions.

THE GREAT STANDARD FOOD PRICE MYSTERY

Local resident purchases article at compradore shop and pays 25 cents, visits shop again a few days later and 31 cents is demanded.

What is the meaning of this, demands customer.
"The Government told me to put it up," replies compradore.

A LEAN XMAS FOR NAZIS

Amsterdam, Yesterday. Sitting round a fixed-price tree, lit with vegetable candles, Germans will keep a meagre Christmas this year. The cake will, if housewives follow the official recipes, be eggless and fatless, and contain but little sugar. Chocolates will be rationed. Imported nuts and dried fruits will be almost unobtainable.

But of toy soldiers there will be no shortage. The shops are full of them. This year, however, they are not made of lead, but of less costly composition. So that young Nazis may stage realistic battles, there are khaki-clad Tommies and Pollue in horizon-blue on the toy-shop shelves. Hitler and his hierarchy are there, too. One Berlin store is reported to have sold out of Goering already. His popularity is understandable. As Minister of Forests, he is the man who has decided against the suggested rationing of Christmas trees.

WHEN ARE CLOTHES RAGE?

Having just rationed all new clothes, the Nazi State is trying to persuade the people to part with their old ones. Ersatz industries — which make substitute materials — need more rags. But when do old clothes become old rags in Germany? At what stage of patching and darning should they pass from the wardrobe to the pulping-cauldron? To this weighty war-time problem the "Koelnischer Zeitung" devotes a discursive column. It suggests that the thrifty German is hanging on too long to his old clothes. But perhaps the rationing of sewing cotton and darning wool will put matters right.

SHOPKEEPER'S PLIGHT IGNORED

Universal rationing and iron control over almost every branch of retail trade are ruining the German shopkeeper. A neutral observer, just returned from a tour of the Reich, reports that in Berlin alone more than 600 shops are faced with the necessity of closing. The Nazi authorities care nothing for their plight; the fewer the shops the easier the organisation of control. Worst hit are clothiers and shoe retailers, says the H. U. P. Rationing prevents customers from spending more than a few marks in such shops. Bakers and confectioners, on the other hand, have more would-be customers than they can serve. Often they have to close their doors in face of the waiting queues.

The great beer-halls of Cologne are half-deserted. Beer at 12 is a pint is a luxury; rationing makes the traditional ham or sausage roll a rare accompaniment. In Hamburg the once-prosperous shipping firms are facing ruin, for their business has vanished. — Our Own Correspondent.

Both Hitler and his Air Chief, despite their boasts, know that there is no hope of winning in so short a time. They know, too, that Germany cannot obtain sufficient supplies from outside sources to keep her air fleet operating under war conditions.

Transport difficulties have cut them off Rumanian and Russian petrol. The Allied naval contraband control bars them from the rest of the world's oil fields.

This, according to Sir William Garthwaite, Bt., shipowner, petroleum expert and a leading figure in the City, is why Germany has not launched any serious raids on Britain.

Hitler dare not start, because, once he does, his weakness must soon be exposed.

FOR THREE MONTHS In an exclusive interview, Sir William revealed that at the outbreak of war Germany's stock of pure, highly volatile aviation spirit was sufficient for only three months under war conditions.

"We know," Sir William added, "that Germany is making large quantities of petrol from her coal distillation plants, but such petrol contains only a very low percentage of aviation spirit."

In some cases, Venezuelan petroleum for example, the percentage may be as high as 35 per cent, but if Germany obtains a much as 10 per cent from her distillation plants she is fortunate.

"The true figure is probably nearer 5 per cent."

Rumanian oil contains 20 per cent aviation spirit, but most of Rumania's tankers and barges are in the hands of British, American and Dutch companies, and there is no other means of transport.

RUSSIAN STOCKS "Nor is there any chance of obtaining supplies from Russia, where transport difficulties are even greater, apart from the fact that the Soviet is producing only enough for home requirements."

"When we realise how rapidly Germany's precious stock of first-grade aviation spirit would disappear if mass bombing raids were to begin, it is easy to understand the comparative inaction of her Air Force."

A point to consider is that a plane designed to attain 400 miles an hour will do so only on first-grade fuel.

According to reliable reports reaching London from Germany, this is not her only petrol problem.

Her ordinary supplies for motor transport, tanks and U-boats are also low, and it is known that during the Polish campaign large numbers of tanks, armoured cars and lorries used in the field broke down as a result of the inferior spirit on which they were running.

WOMEN TO RELIEVE R.A.F.

London, Yesterday. It is confirmed that women pilots are to "ferry" R.A.F. warplanes from manufacturers to training squadrons and storage centres.

They will thus release R.A.F. pilots who will be needed for active service on the Western Front.

The women who undertake this task will be members of the newly-formed Women Pilots' Section of the Air Transport Auxiliary, and will be commanded by Miss Pauline Gower, the famous airwoman and daughter of Sir Robert Gower, M.P. for Gillingham (Kent).

ALL WEATHERS They will wear dark blue uniforms, will not be allowed to use wireless, and must maintain a constant flow of deliveries in all weathers.

Only the most experienced women pilots will be eligible, and they will be paid good salaries.

Miss Gower, with her partner Miss Dorothy Spicer, now Mrs. Pears and wife of an R.A.F. officer, has undertaken many propaganda flights throughout the country, and has carried over 20,000 passengers without a crash.

She is beginning recruiting her pilots at once. — Our Own Correspondent.



TRAINING W.R.N.S. OFFICERS — Taken at a famous Naval College given over to training members of the Women's Royal Naval Service O.T.C. The women are drilled by a Sergeant of the Royal Marines. Photo shows recruits looking on at, against the famous old background which has looked down upon generations of Britain's Naval officers in training girls of the W.R.N.S. are drilled. (Air Mail Copyright).

"VIKINGS IN RUBBER BOATS"

London, Yesterday. Three heartening facts about R.A.F. superiority were disclosed yesterday:

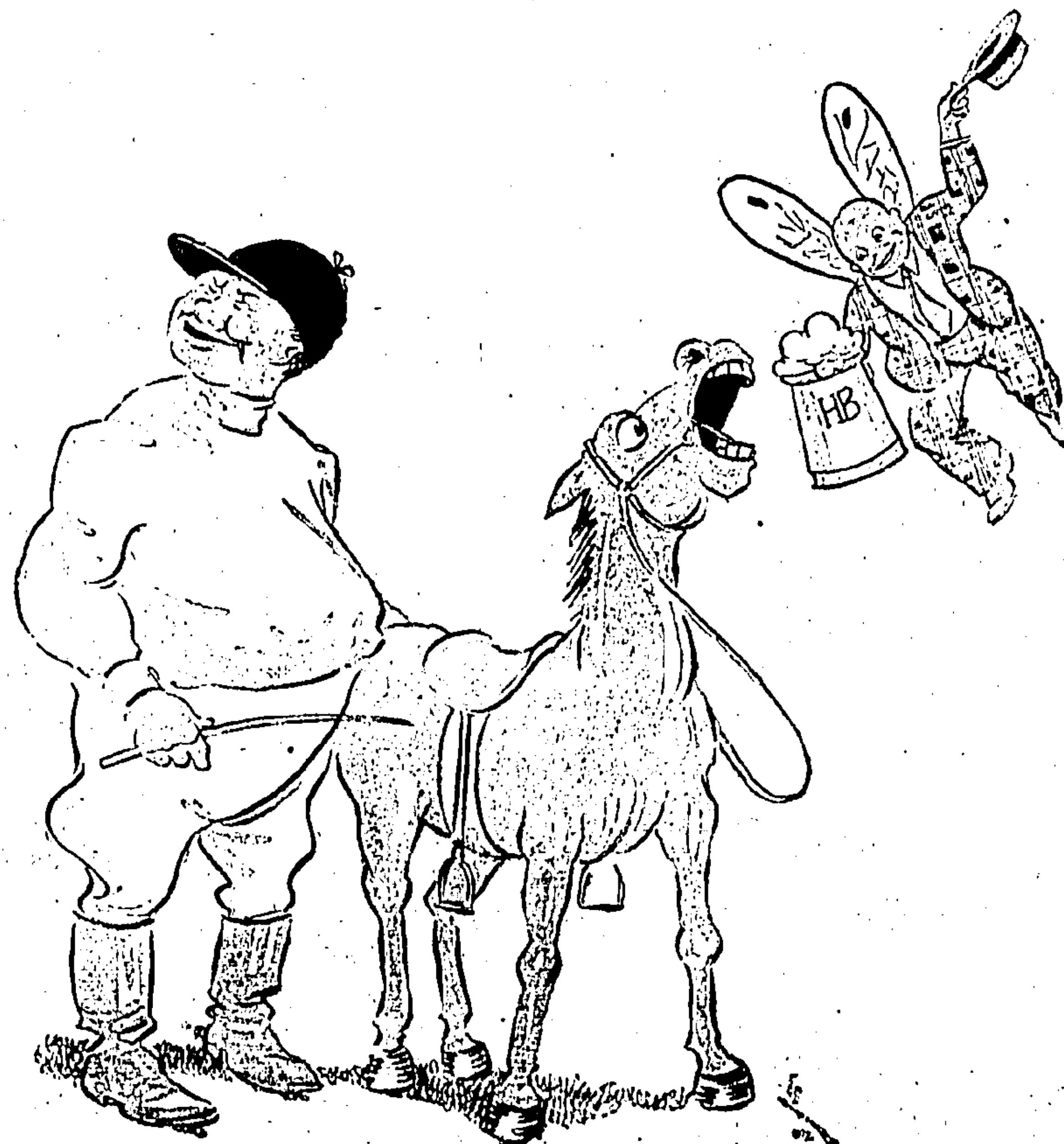
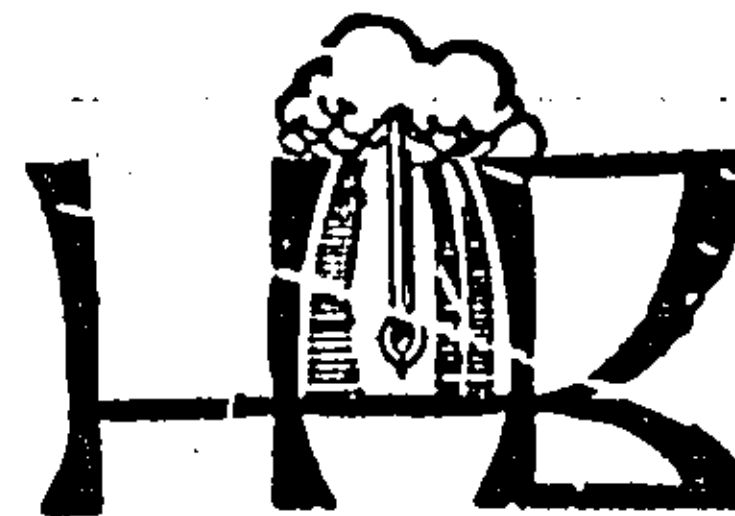
1. Several new types of fighting planes and bombers, which have put up remarkable performances in test flights, are now being brought into production.

They are faster and far better than any existing planes, either Allied or German.

2. The great majority of German planes which penetrated any distance inland from the British coast have failed to return home.

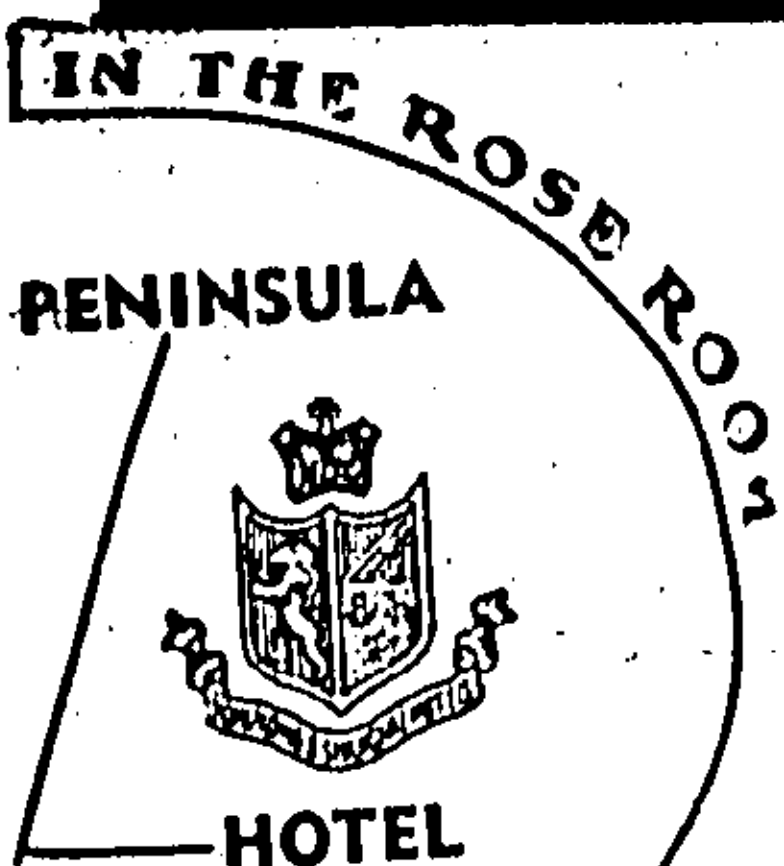
Because so many of them, riddled by machine-gun fire, have fallen in the sea, R.A.F. men are talking of the "frequent invasions by Vikings in rubber boats."

3. A neutral air attaché recently in Germany, confirms that the few air battles of the war have already taught the Nazi pilots to respect our pilots. — Our Own Correspondent.



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PAYING BOTH WAYS

By YAFFLE

THIS is the Yaffle. Foreign News Service and Instantaneous Cough-Cure.

The persistent rumour that Hitler has offered full social and economic reinstatement for the duration to all Jews who return to the Reich on a cash-carry basis is now explained.

It arose (says our Berlin correspondent, who is disguised as a statue of Blamirck) from an unfortunate lapse committed by the Fuehrer during an explosion of eloquence, when he said—

"And as I stood upon the hills and looked out across the Polish plains, I felt like Moses gazing at the Promised Land."

This section of the speech was omitted from all printed reports but one. The editor who carelessly published it was given a Jewish ancestry and sent to a camp.

ALBERT MEMORIAL TORPEDO.

ED.—Under the impression that it is a ship, German news agencies have announced the sinking of the Albert Memorial with all hands.

MUNICH BOMB CONTROVERSY.

—Proof that the bomb that missed Hitler was of British manufacture is offered in a German trade journal, "Allerlei." It says, "The British people will be well advised to dispel the comforting illusion that the failure of the attempt blew up the Fuehrer was a typical example of German Thoroughness. The fact that the bomb was half an hour late in exploding proves that it was made in Birmingham."

The Federation of British Industries protests against this slur upon the quality of British goods, and replies that, on the contrary, the failure of the bomb to explode at the right moment proves it to have been a non-British product.

There the matter rests at present.

The attention of the Chairman of the Committee for the Liquidation of Mental Confusion (Mr. Yaffle) has been drawn to the difficulty experienced by many British people in deciding what, in the national interest, is the best thing to do with their money in war-time.

This confusion has been created by the publication, in a Popular Pa-

bulum of our Liberties, of the following advice:—

"Drive in the savings of the Little Man is about to start. The Government want him to purchase National Savings Certificates."—"Daily Express," November 13.

"The public can help recovery. Go out and buy. Spend whatever money Sir John Simon does not demand in taxes and ask for in loans."—"Daily Express," November 14.

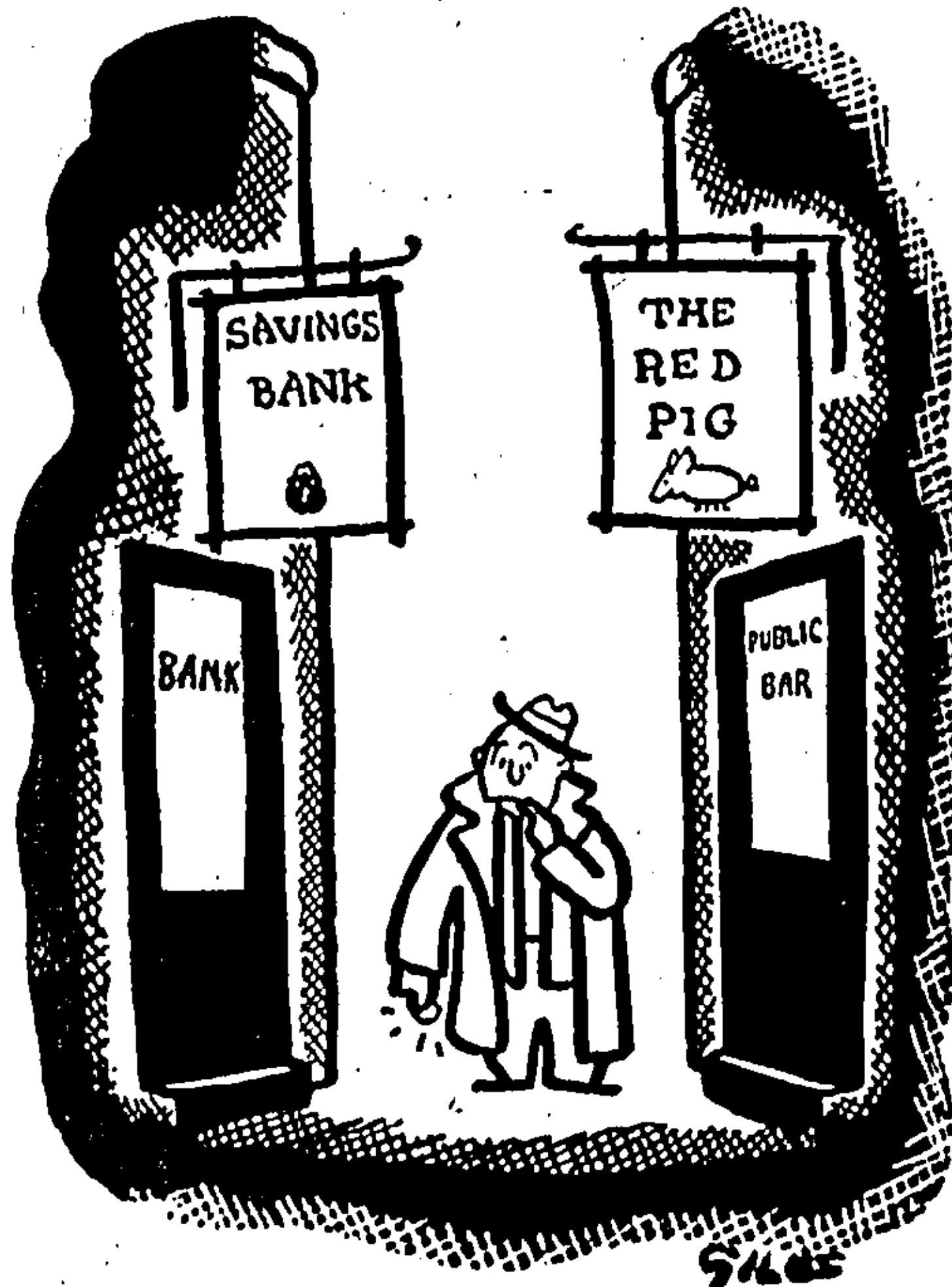
The question now agitating the mind of the conscientious British citizen is how to fix the tight proportion between spending and saving. He realises that the more he saves the less he can spend, thus the

duty of contributing to the war chest appears to conflict with that of keeping the home fires burning.

"How," the citizen asks himself again and again, "shall I apportion my weekly surplus of ninepence-halfpenny?"

The problem is causing great distress. Many readers have called upon the Chairman of the Committee for the Liquidation of Mental Confusion for advice. Many groan in their perplexity. Not a few weep.

He (the C. of the C. for the L. of M.C.) has on his mantelshelf at this moment eight handkerchiefs, into which have wept, in turn, a colonel, a lady adjutant, an assistant cheese-controller, a glass-blower, a police-



man, a railway clerk, a tea-taster, and another assistant cheese-controller. The list indicates, he thinks, the extent to which the problem disturbs all sections of the community.

The Committee is of opinion that the headache caused by the attempt to adjust the proportion of spending to saving to that degree of mathematical exactitude necessary to winning the war is likely seriously to undermine the national physique.

Further, the Committee is of opinion that arithmetic should be discouraged during war-time. In the interests of national unity it is necessary to maintain the fiction that the war is financed out of private savings. If the citizen began doing arithmetic he would soon discover that even an income tax of 7s. 6d. in the £ would not provide enough to run the war for a fortnight.

It would then dawn upon him that the Government gets the greater proportion of its money somehow and somewhere else. As a result, his mind, instead of being concentrated upon victory, would become obsessed by speculation upon that most unsettling of all modern problems: Where does money come from?

Is this, the Committee asks, the kind of question to be raised in war-time? Is this a time for arousing the suspicion that taxation is a camouflage, and that not a penny of it is really necessary? The mind of the Chairman of the Committee is clear on this point. He says: No.

Any citizen, therefore, who is in doubt as to how to dispose of his weekly surplus income is invited to send it, under registered package, to the Chairman of the Committee for the Liquidation of Mental Confusion (Mr. Yaffle).

It will then be divided into the correct proportions by the Committee's own staff of Average-Adjusters and returned to the sender, after the deduction of a small percentage to cover working expenses.

The motto of the Committee, like that of the best French hotels, is: "Service, 12 per cent."

The attention of the Director of the Department for the Maintenance of the National Morale has been drawn to the habit of a certain newspaper of referring to the British Citizen by the pseudonym "The Little Man."

In his (the D. of the D. for the M. of the N. M.) opinion, this pseudonym, besides being zoologically incorrect, may tend to give unwarrantable encouragement to the enemy, in that it conflicts with the hitherto accepted view that one Briton can fight two foreigners.

He has, therefore, sent a polite, though firm, request to the editor of the journal in question asking him to refer to the British Citizen as "The Big Man" for the duration. After that, he points out, we can call him what we like.

This is the Yaffle Broadcasting Home Service and Housewife's Joy. To obtain maximum results, spread thickly on buttered bread and place near the holes, together with a bowl of water.

While we are waiting for the Minister of Shipping to recite "Drake's Drum," we are going to play you a gramophone record of an address, entitled "Britain and the Near East All One Big Family Now," by Abdul the Bulbul.

(Mrs. Uppatank, of Uppatank St. Barnabas, writes: "Since I used Yaffle Broadcasts my house has been free from vermin."—Advt.)



HE NEEDED A SMOKE.—Saved from the sea—and one cigarette is not enough. Fifty-seven-year-old stoker Ondenard of the Dutch liner "Spandam," sunk off the Thames estuary by German mine, enjoys a smoke at a London hotel where rescued crew were taken. (Copyright, Fox).

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EVEN MORPHIA did not stop her STOMACH PAIN



Have you ever known the despair and haunting dread that comes with unbearable suffering that nothing relieves? Then you will understand the joy of Mrs. H. M. A., when she found how her nightmare of pain and distress was completely banished. She eagerly tells other sufferers of the simple remedy that brought this about. Read her letter:

Relief in 5 minutes

"I have been a sufferer with stomach trouble for a few years, and have tried other remedies, but none has done me any good like Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

"At times I have been almost afraid to eat on account of bringing on the pain. I had some very bad spells with my stomach, so bad that the doctor injected morphia. The pain was still intense, with spells of sickness. Then I took Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, which stopped the sickness and eased the pain. "If ever I feel the slightest discomfort I take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and get relief in five minutes."

Mrs. H. M. A.

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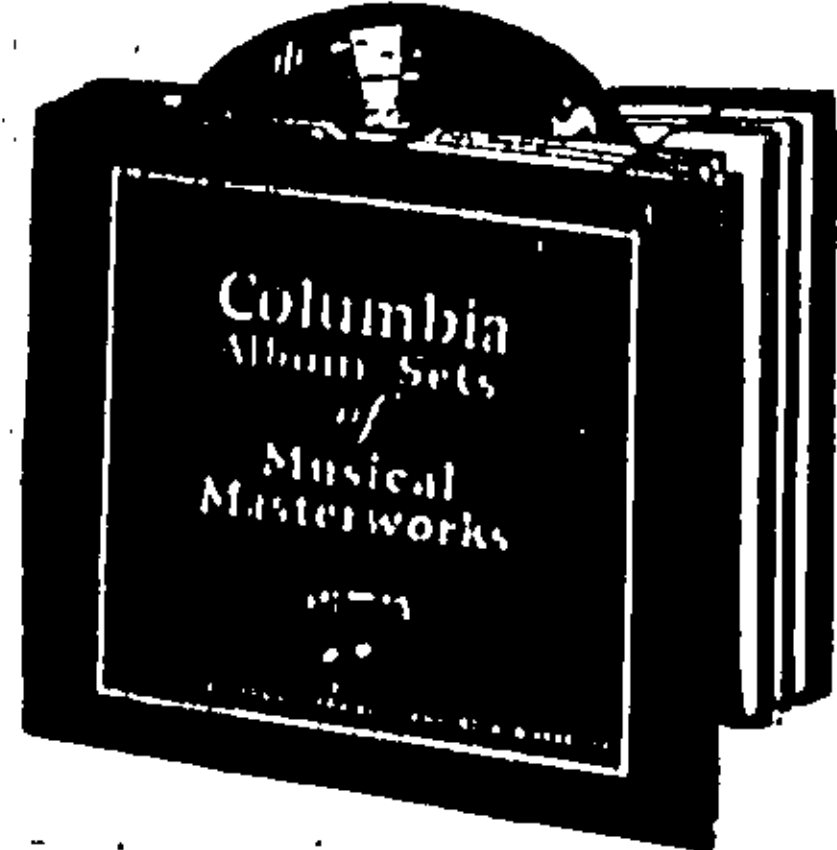
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The Hong Kong Sunday Herald

HONG KONG, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1939.

NOT ABOUT THE WAR

THE suggestion of a correspondent that we should seek to provide diversion from the war and its problems by the introduction of a general knowledge test strikes no responsive chord.

Tests of general knowledge are too humiliating for most people, who dislike to be discovered unfamiliar with the details of all manner of strange things, from the cause of exploding stars to the frustration complex. There is also the nice problem of deciding whether the word "trews" is Irish for "bundle," Scottish for "trousers" or Welsh for "surgical instruments."

The simplest method, of course, is to turn to wherever the answers are given and satisfy one's burning curiosity. For, what practical use is the knowledge, in any event? Our minds were provided as a means to constructive thought or creative dreams rather than as a repository for odd freaks of information whose more appropriate place is the enshrinement of a reference book.

It is true that these tests need not all tease the brains or tax the patience of those who turn to such pastimes as a relaxation from the boredom and stress of earning their daily bread or absorbing the war "news." At least one bright magazine has hit on the alternative of a candid questionnaire, such as "How Bad Mannered Are You?" For instance, if soup is served in a cup, do you pick it up and drink it; eat it with a spoon; or bend down and lap it up? When faced with a Jerusalem artichoke, should you eat the leaves and ignore the bit in the middle; suck the leaves and eat the bit in the middle; or grasp the yam firmly and fling it at your host? When eating grapes, should you chew the pips and swallow them, laughing carelessly; eject them neatly into your hand; or hide them in your handkerchief and be glad you haven't got a cold?

There is also this Good Manners test for men only: If you are wearing braces and wish to remove your coat in respectable society, should you take off your shirt and put it on over the braces; apologise for the braces with a merry laugh; take off the braces too and trust to luck?

And so forth. It all seems very silly. But the petty artificialities of life have to be scrupulously observed or society and civilisation will perish. Yet there is no strict standard applicable in all parts of the world for awarding marks in an examination in polite customs. We have only to see some of the best of Chinese plays of other days to observe how the perfect manners of one civilisation can be regarded as ridiculous contortions by another.

Even so, it is a wholesome discipline to subject oneself to severe tests in how to behave when suddenly confronted by a strange salad or a couple of bananas, to say nothing of an egg in a cup, or an unfamiliar Bishop.

The magazine which sets the candid questionnaire informs us helpfully that good manners are like riding a bicycle—hard to learn; once learnt never forgotten, and disastrous if imperfectly mastered.

The thrill of pride excited by the brilliant exploit of a British light cruiser squadron, composed of Exeter, Achilles and Ajax, in engaging the powerful Nazi pocket-battleship, Admiral Graf Spee, and putting her to rout, has compensated handsomely for the several bitter blows the Royal Navy has had to accept in the war at sea. The skill and daring of the officers and men engaged, in bringing about the complete destruction of the Graf Spee and the German Navy, cannot be paid too high a tribute, for expert naval opinion held that only a limited number of Allied ships, fast, heavily-armed and, heavily armoured, could hope to deal successfully with ships of the peculiar Deutschland type. British naval tradition, however, rose superior to tactical caution, and the attack which was pressed home even when H.M.S. Exeter, the best-armed of the British ships, had been disabled, was a triumph of skilled gunnery and seamanship. With her decks a shambles, her 11-inch guns out of action, gaping holes just above her waterline, the Graf Spee ran for refuge in Montevideo harbour, her career ended, barring a miracle.

Uruguayan Gesture

Her run to cover was the signal for the assembly of a minor Armada of Allied warships off the Plate Estuary, ready to complete the coup should the commander of the Graf Spee make a bid to escape internment. At the same time, a striking gesture indicative of neutral attitude towards Hitlerism was furnished by the refusal of Uruguayan dock workers to move a hand towards repairing the battered warship. Typical, too, was the swiftly discredited accusation by the German Legation that the dead and wounded of the Graf Spee were victims of mustard gas. The charge this time was more stupid than usual as it was so easily tested, by Uruguayan medical men, and disproved.

Fantastic Argument

International complication seems likely to develop from the circumstance that the action was fought, over its fifteen hours, inside the so-called "neutrality zone" decreed by the Pan-American Conference. Action, which it is suggested, will take the form of a protest in Berlin and London, would border on the fantastic. The Graf Spee had only a few hours earlier sunk two British ships in this "neutrality zone" and was attacking a French liner, when herself engaged. It is going to be difficult for the 21 countries concerned to carry an argument that a commerce raider should move freely in such an artificial zone, sinking

THIS WEEK

ships at will, with the Royal Navy looking helplessly on. It may be recalled that the British comment on the American decision specifically reserved its international rights to cover such an incident as this.

Fair Play's Reward?

Earlier in the week, the Navy had been accused of being extravagantly quixotic because the "Bremen," German luxury liner, at the mercy of a British submarine, had been permitted to escape. The submarine was unable to give warning, because of German aircraft, and could take no measures to ensure the safety of the crew. Superficial thought about the incident implied that in view of the breach of every Article in the Covenant to remain inside the League, they themselves would resign. Smaller countries, more closely within the reach of Russian resentment, met the embarrassment of the situation by refraining from voting, and the expulsion decree was carried without dissent.

Soviet Expelled

Finland's appeal to the League of Nations ended, as predicted, in the expulsion of Soviet Russia from the League of Nations. The initiative throughout was taken by the South American States, who condemned the Soviet attack in bitter terms, and took the stand that if Russia were permitted, after such a flagrant breach of every Article in the Covenant to remain inside the League, they themselves would resign. Smaller countries, more closely within the reach of Russian resentment, met the embarrassment of the situation by refraining from voting, and the expulsion decree was carried without dissent.

Peace Appeal Rejected

Action in this wise was taken only after Russia had once more rejected overtures to a peaceful settlement of the "dispute." Geneva sent a request, with a time limit, for Moscow to submit the issue to arbitration. The reply limited itself to referring the League Assembly to the stand already adopted by Moscow, that it would only deal with the puppet government established at Terijoki. Mr. Tamm, the Finnish foreign minister, on Friday was jammed effectively by Moscow, which may presumably be taken as final rejection. The League, backed now by one two man-

Financial Pool

The Allies, meantime, were taking another important step in the direction of complete unity of action. The economic and financial agreement concluded in Paris between Sir John Simon and M. Reynaud has the effect of pooling all the financial resources of the Allies, with an agreed proportion in contributions to the common cause. It dovetails into the unity achieved in the military field. Perhaps more important, the proposal is that the arrangement shall continue for at least six months after the termination of hostilities, and is seen as the possible starting-point for more general European economic and financial co-ordination, and a solution of European economic problems.

Finland's Stand

Finland's courageous stand against the Red Army continues unbroken. Such gains as the Soviets have achieved have involved tremendous losses in men and materials, while the Finnish casualties have been relatively trivial. The Red Army campaign appears now to have been launched with totally inadequate advance preparation, in the belief that the steamroller would overrun Finland in five minutes, or in five and a half. The shock of Finland's stubborn determination in resistance has not yet brought the lesson home, and trustworthy reports indicate that hundreds of wounded are left to die in the snow, for lack of efficiently organised medical services.

Battle Of Ideas: By M. S.

ALL TALK

SOMEBODY once quoted to me in Gaelic the stock opening for all conversations in the Highlands. Being translated, it runs, "It's still raining." "Yes, very wet." "D'you think it will stop?" "I don't think so."

I've just learned the technical phrase for this sort of conversation. It is called Phatic Communication.

Phatic communication has no particular meaning. It tells nobody anything they didn't know already. It is a specifically English or Scottish. Anthropologists have collected choice examples from the aborigines of Africa, Australia and Golden Green. It has nothing to do with exchange of ideas. It has nothing to do with communication. It has everything to do with conversation.

Man has three primal habits, says E. M. W. Wigglesworth. If he omits the first he suffocates in a matter of minutes. If he omits the second he starves in a matter of days. If he omits the third, in a matter of years he goes off his head.

But if ideas don't primarily determine conversation, what does? National, social class distinction. Novelist Dorothy Richardson once produced a convincing reason for uppishness in English style of speech. She gives an illustration. Pronounced in the orthodox way, "too men-my eye-erns in the ty-er" involves "incessant chin-wagging, jaws moving round like grindstones," whereas "toom-my ahns in ta' feh," a very usual upper-class equivalent, involves just two small snaps.

CLASS AND SPEECH

Thus upper-class speech preserves the composure and dignity of the features, and if you can't make out a word of it that's your look-out.

Conversation between classes is difficult. Conversational habits within classes vary. Who has not contrasted the horrible friendliness of, say, a rotarian luncheon with the never-look-up-from-your-paper-in-the-morning atmosphere of any Oxford senior common-room. Don't you and I feel nauseated in the one atmosphere, frozen stiff in the other? But, then, you and I are more human. Or are we?

I dare say you and I are shy, more or less, being British. The man who wrote the book I've lifted most of this article from ("The Psychology of

Conversation," T. H. Pear, Nelson, 2s. 6d.) is a professor of psychology in Manchester, and he says:

"A friend from the Continent, who lived in a northern English city for two years, noticed with interest that in a restaurant he never heard anyone adversely criticise his food. And these people are proud of their straight, even blunt speech."

But they're shy in their restaurant, these Manchester business men. (I never dare kick up a public row about my food like the average Frenchman does twice a day, dare this with alarm, for shyness is by way of being a transition towards schizophrenia, that extensive turning from reality which fills most asylums. (The stammerer, say the psychologists, by the way, is rarely shy. He takes it out in stammering.)

DINING OUT

When we don't stammer what do we converse about, we English? The American, Margaret Halsey, says: "Listening to Britons dining out is like watching people play first-class tennis with imaginary balls. . . . It goes on, effortlessly spinning words and words and yet more words out of the flimsiest material: Gardening, English scenery, innocuous news items, yesterday, to-day's and to-morrow's weather."

Yes, I can do that. I learned how fifteen years ago. What I can't do is to hold conversation. I can talk shop and argue. Sometimes I can talk nonsense. I can't converse and I don't pretend to be able to.

Are you in the same boat? Some people say conversation went out with Dr. Johnson (or with the coming of the wireless, the pictures, the motor-car). Others say it began to come back when letter-writing died out with the coming of the telephone. But what is conversation? It is phatic communion on a higher level than the specimen I began with. Again see Dr. Johnson passim. It certainly is not discussing this subject and that.

Psychologists tend to say that extraverted (people interested in the outside world) converse well because they feel the burning necessity of talking to somebody. And if the British are shy they must be introverts (people interested in themselves), hence people interested in talking to themselves.

Sense or nonsense? I'm not sure. Some people say we may learn to converse again in our brave, new blacked-out world. Perhaps that's sense.

Talking of the telephone, which we were a minute ago, Professor Pear raises a nice point. Politely speaking, who should end a telephone conversation? The caller or the taker? The professor says the telephone book ought to tell us. I agree, considering the number of times I've said it all over again because I feel it isn't my place to say good-bye, but hers. It'd like seeing a person off when the train won't go.

THINK IN WORDS

Finally about talking to yourself. First, do you? The professors have been having a heart-to-heart discussion about it. It seems they divide mankind into two sorts, visualisers and verbalisers, people who think in terms (a) of pictures or (b) of words. The latter talk to themselves, constantly.

Professor Pear says he's a visualiser and he has written a series of letters to Professor Cyril Burt, a verbaliser, to say what it feels like.

Pear: For instance, to-day, while writing about subtle and complex skills, the word "subtle" is carried for me by all kinds of images, tenuous things, gauze, mist, Debussy's music, Nijinsky, Japanese prints, Henry James, Proust, the serpent. . . .

Burt: If I am thinking about my engagements for the day, it is all briefly summarised to myself almost as fully as if I were explaining the matter to another person. . . . My brain will go on composing letters or rehearsing interviews sometimes for hours on end.

You, I dare say, are a mixture of both. Some of us remember by smell and touch and sound as well as by images. Verbalisers, says Professor Pear, make better conversationalists. I doubt that. Some of the best talkers I know are painters. Some of the worst bores are obvious verbalisers.

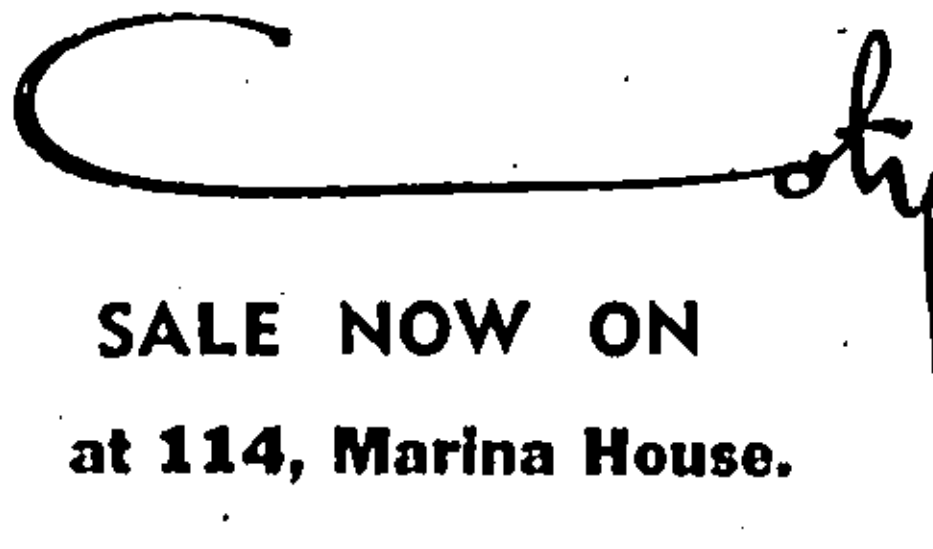
For my part, I'm a verbaliser when fatigued, a visualiser (gum smell, touch and hearing) when pleased. That's intended as scientific evidence, not mere personal interruption. The women, according to Professor Pear's pleasant story, who take everything personally. "Oh," said the lady, "but I never do."

SCRUTATOR.

REMOVAL OF PREMISES
 We are opening our new offices and showroom at 11 Chater Road, Ground floor, York Building, for the sale of:—
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Hong Kong Sunday Herald

PICTORIAL MAGAZINE SECTION
 HONG KONG, DECEMBER 17, 1939

Bargains in Beauty.

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Christmas Puddings For The Troops



When these pictures were taken it was just two months to Christmas, and the work of making Christmas Puddings for the British Forces in France had begun. At right is an amusing scene in a South London factory showing one of the employees about to take a large mouthful of the chef's Christmas pudding mixture, while at left the puddings are shown in a more advanced stage, ready to be sent overseas. (Copyright, Fox).



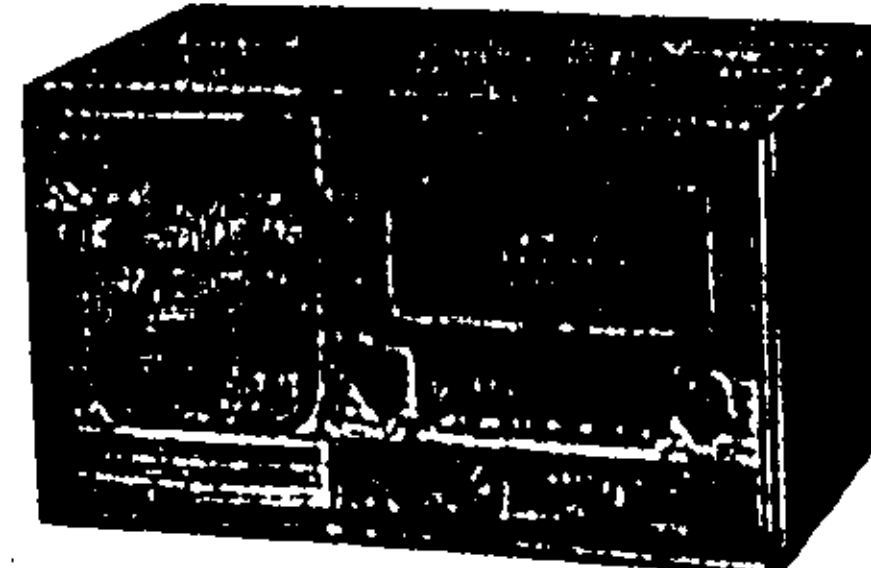
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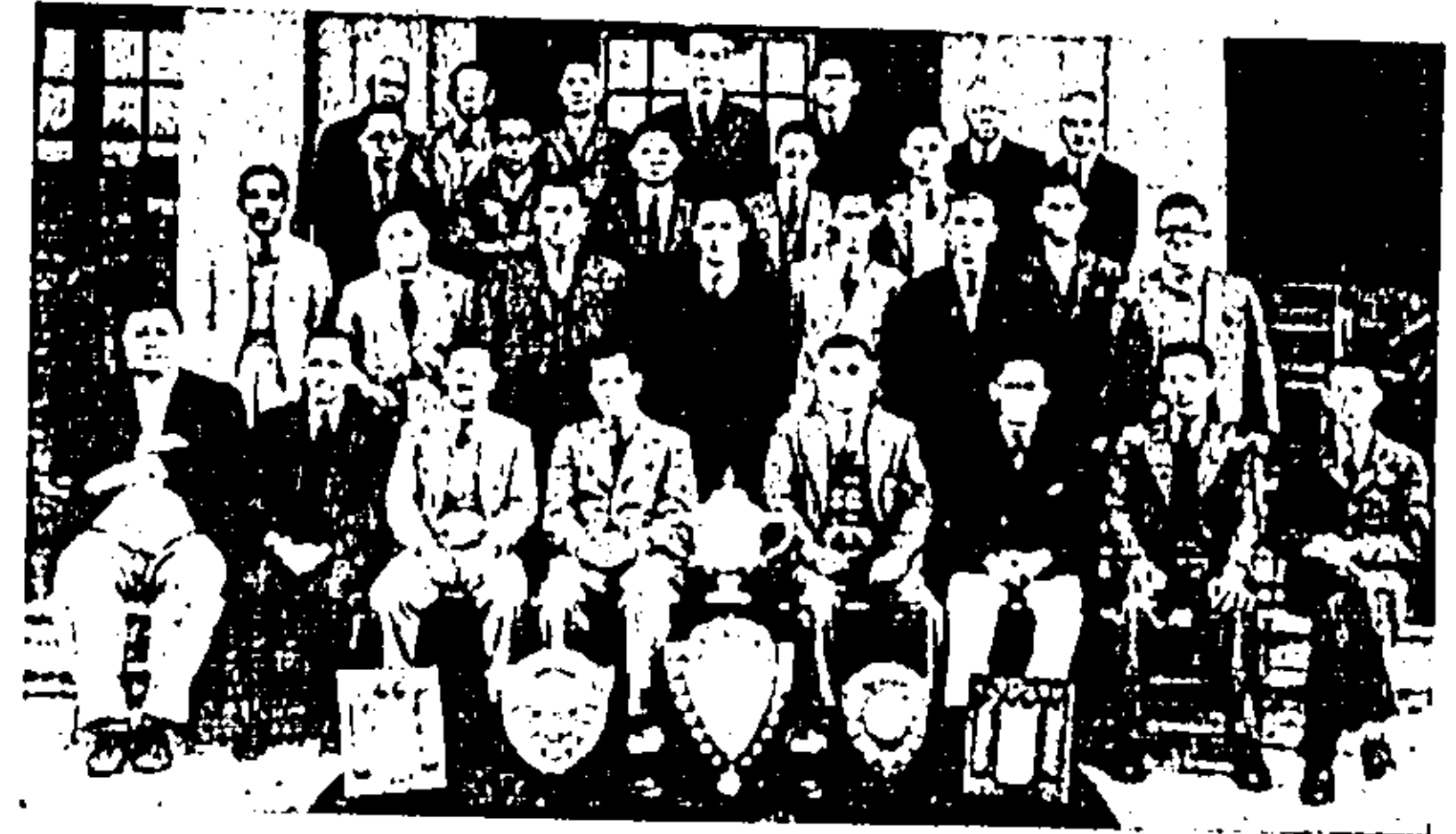
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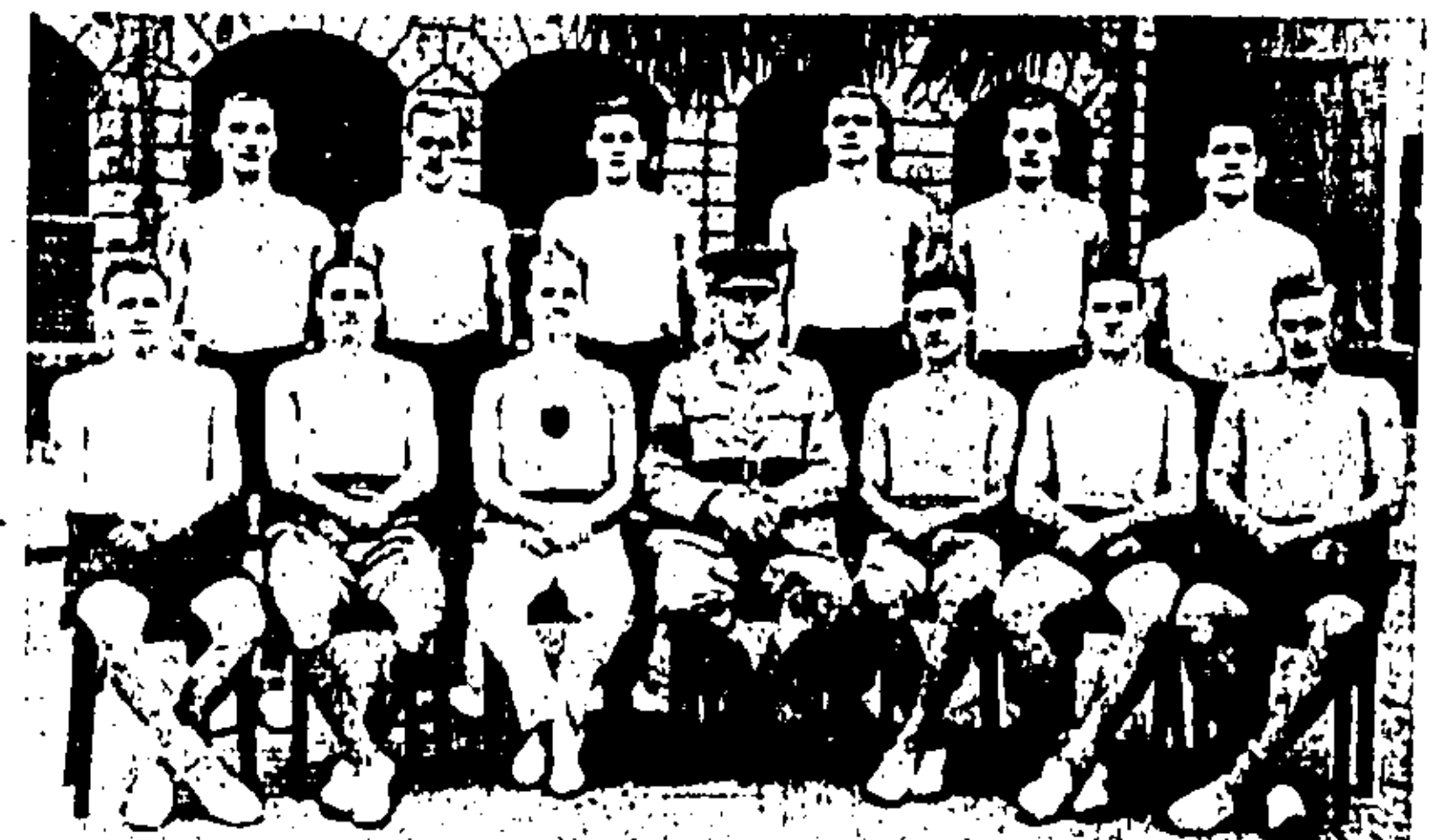


The City of London School, "somewhere on the Embankment," is now an A.R.P. depot. Here over one hundred stretcher-bearers sleep, and there are many demolition rescuers and decontamination parties all ready to report for instant duty. This photograph shows first aid drill for the A.R.P. workers in one of the classrooms of the school. (Copyright, Fox).

MISCELLANEOUS GLIMPSES



Lawn Bowlers of Club de Recreio who have just concluded a most successful season. Seated fourth from the left is the Hon. Mr. Leo D'Almada e Castro, President of the Club. (King's Studio).



Hong Kong's 5th Junior N.C.O.'s Physical Training Course class, with Capt. G. E. Neve, Royal West Kents Officer I/C Course, seated in the centre, and Q.M.S.I. Paoy, Army P. T. Staff Instructor, on his right. (King's Studio).



A peaceful pre-inspection scene in the No. 3 (M.G.) Company lines on the second last morning of the Second Fanning Camp.



The same lines the morning following, when the "freak" November typhoon, accompanied by torrential rains, turned everything into a shambles. In the recollection of the oldest members this was the first occasion when such conditions prevailed while members were in camp.



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PARTY-GIVING would be an enjoyable occupation if it were not for some of the guests. One of the worst blights upon the average social gathering is the presence of the guest who is determined to be the life and soul of the party. And when this type of pest has fairly made up his mind to be the life and soul of the party, nothing will stop him but a charge of shot at close range.

Of course, you do not want him at your party at all, having seen how he has devastated other people's efforts at entertaining; but your wife insists upon inviting him.

"We must have Charlie Gigglesham," she remarks firmly.

"Oh, why?" you faintly inquire.

"He's so funny," says the little woman, beginning to smile at the very thought of the pest. "Keep us all alive."

That is the worst of women—bless their little pork-pie hats—when it comes to issuing invitations. They have no discrimination whatever. Quantity, not quality, is their ideal. All guests



The sort that comes in grinning from ear to ear.

are alike to them, and the more the merrier (to coin a phrase).

So long as a woman can cram so many invitees into the house that the kitchen chairs have to be brought into the dining-room for them to sit on at feeding time, she is happy. Goodness knows what stops her from asking in the local fire brigade, the football team, and the Boy Scouts!

Watch the average wife absorbedly making out a list of guests.

"We shall have to ask poor old Miss Higginbotham," announces the dear little woman.

"Good gracious, my dear girl, why on earth—?" you begin, in a state of panic.

"Well, the poor old thing so seldom goes out anywhere," is the calm reply.

What a reason for asking anybody to a party! Because nobody else will stand the tiresome old thing, we have got to—and, what is more, to inflict her upon our other guests. But that is a woman all over. Miss Higginbotham, asthma and all, will make one more guest, and that is all that matters to the hostess. It reminds one of an Indian warrior counting his scalps in the old Wild West stories, now a thing of the past.

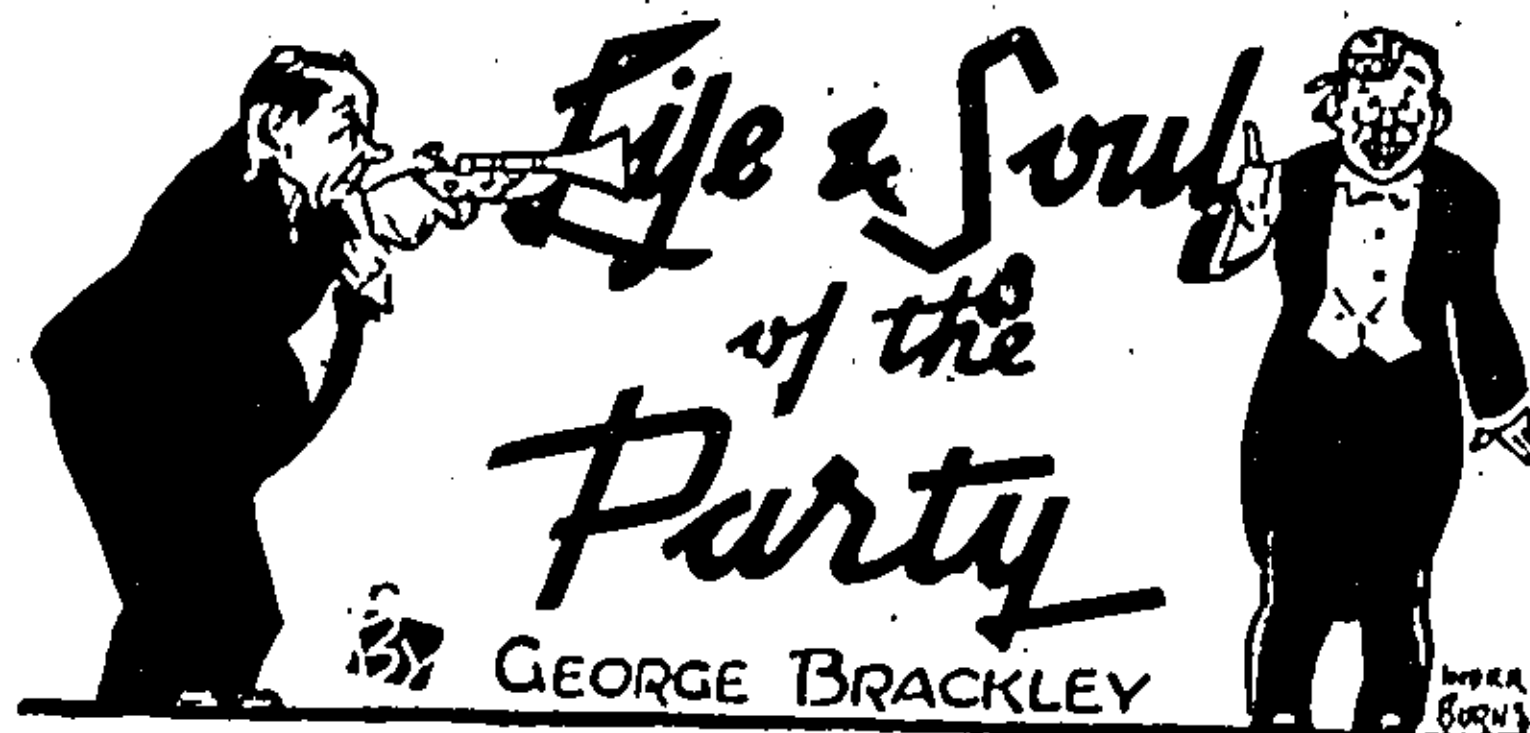
THAT SINISTER GLEAM

There is only one redeeming feature about the old Miss Higginbotham type of guest. It does not insist upon being the life and soul of the party. This sort comes in grinning from ear to ear and rubbing his hands.

"Hullo-hullo-hullo!" he burbles, being the type which thinks it makes a remark funnier to repeat it three or more times. "Hullo-hullo-hullo! Here we all are!"

This, of course, is obvious; and your heart sinks as you see by the sinister gleam in his eye that it will not be long before the life and soul of the party will be at his deadly work. In fact, already the youngest of the three Larkin girls has emitted an hysterical "yoop" meant to indicate amusement. The main aim of the life and soul of the party is that people shall amuse themselves according to his ideas and not according to their own.

"I know a jolly game we could do," he cackles. "Make everybody roar, it will." His eye roves around the room until it lights on a shy youth who does not know anybody very well, and is trying to efface himself as far as possible. Shy and nervous people are the



predestined prey of the life and soul of the party.

"Come on, old chap," he cries, catching hold of the shy youth by the arm. "You are the very man. Now, just do as I tell you, and we'll have some fun. Come along, now, and don't be nervous; nobody is going to hurt you. Ha ha!"

WITHOUT MERCY

Blushing like a ripe tomato, the bashful youth is hauled to the centre of the room, while the youngest Miss Larkin says in a whisper that can be heard in the remotest corner, "Isn't he a perfect scream? I bet we shall have a good laugh now." This remark, of course, is calculated to put the nervous guest entirely at his ease, and make him very glad he came.

The next proceeding is to place a number of small obstacles, such as stools, boxes, pouffes, and so on, along the middle of the room. The life and soul of the party whips out a handkerchief, and says to the victim: "Now, I'm going to blindfold you, and you must walk to the other end of this room, stepping over these things and being very careful not to knock any of 'em down."

As soon as the nervous youth is blindfolded, the executioner, with a cunning wink at the rest of the guests, silently removes the obstacles and calls out: "Ready? Go!" The unhappy victim in his progress is hopelessly confused by his tormentor calling out such things as "Mind how you go! Be careful now; that's the way. Step a bit higher. Ah, you nearly did it that time," and so on. As soon as the nervous youth removes the bandage, and realizes what an exhibition he has been induced to make of himself he is, naturally, highly amused, and is more pleased than ever that he accepted your invitation.

But the life-and-soul of the party is not satisfied with a lone victim. He cannot rest until he has scooped in the whole gathering.

RESPECT FOR NONE

"Now we'll have a competition," he announces, gaily. "Dear and charming hostess, may we have



You've got a singing face.

forks for everybody, and some bread? Ah, thank you! Now everybody take a bit of bread on the end of the fork. Holding your fork in your right hand, pass it behind your back and bring it out under the left arm. That's the style! Now all try to take the bread from the end of the fork with your mouth."

This results in the whole company going through contortions of the body suggestive of the extremest agony. Note that the life-and-soul of the party does not attempt to enter this competition—as he calls it. No; he remains outside the circle, looking quite cool and unruffled, and grinning cheerfully at the twistings and writhings of his unsuspecting victims. This is his idea of having a good time.

The other guests, probably, obtain their enjoyment from watching the grotesque grimaces made by the rest. At least, that

is what the life and soul of the party would tell you. The balance of the guests would probably tell you something else, if they were quite truthful.

Nothing makes the life-and-soul of the party so indignant as seeing people enjoying themselves in their own way. You have probably realised that your elder guests will not care so much for games and dancing, and have arranged a bridge-table or two in another room. This puts the life-and-soul of the party on his mettle. He swoops down on the players like a hawk on a chicken-yard.

"Come, come, why all this unsociability?" he demands, waggingly. "Why aren't you in the drawing-room enjoying yourselves with the rest?" Note that it never occurs to him that any people can enjoy themselves except according to his ideas. Nobody has any views upon enjoyment save himself—that is, any views worth consideration. Moreover, he fancies himself more than a little as an entertainment manager. If he had only chosen to go in for the entertainment business seriously, he would have made such people as Charles Cochran and Sir Thomas Beecham have a severe fit of the jitters.

NOTHING CAN STOP HIM

This he never attempts to conceal from you; he tells you so per-

fectly frankly. "You see, I know what people like, old lad!" he will say, with a wink.

So he tries to turn your drawing-room into the Albert Hall or something.

"Come along—who's going to give us a turn?" he will call out briskly. "Somebody set the ball rolling. Come, Miss Higginbotham, you've got a singing face. Let us hear from you. What will you give us?"

Poor old Miss Higginbotham looks seriously alarmed at being singled out like this.

"Oh, no, please—really!" she protests, apparently on the verge of bursting into tears.

The life-and-soul of the party looks around with a grin.

"Lady wants to be pressed!" he remarks.

"Now, Miss Higginbotham, don't be so coy. We're all friends here. Never mind if you don't remember all the words, you can la-la-la the rest!"

"But I don't know any songs," quavers his victim, looking appealingly around for help. By this time Miss Higginbotham is nearly in a state of nervous collapse, and your wife sees that intervention is necessary. Supper is announced.

So for a time there is a little rest from the life-and-soul of the party. While he is making inroads on the lobster salad and the cold turkey and tongue, he cannot be simultaneously frightening Miss Higginbotham into a fit or making the nervous members of the party wish that they were elsewhere.

He leaves off eating long enough to try on all the cracker-caps one after the other, announcing with each new one that he is Mussolini or Leslie Henson, but apart from that there is comparative peace.

After the party you vow that you will never invite that some boulder again. But all the time you know that when the next party night comes round your wife will insist on having him.

Any soreness, bleeding or sponginess of the gums means that they are unhealthy. You are urged to use Gibbs "S.R." without delay. Most Dentists now prescribe Gibbs "S.R." both for the treatment and prevention of bad gums.



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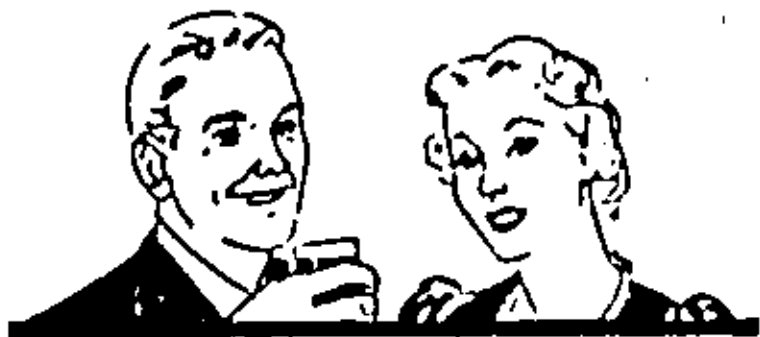
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DRAMATISE EYE BEAUTY

Grey-haired women should make eyes their outstanding beauty asset, says Patricia Lindsay.

EYE beauty can be most compelling with a woman of fifty or more years. Life has given her eyes a history and that history is portrayed through them. Deep, intelligent eyes—knowing eyes twinkling with humour—clear, eyes shining with warmth and sympathy—grey eyes concealing the age of their owner! Through them you judge a woman's charm, her experience, her personality. How wrong if she does not make them her outstanding beauty asset!

Even though she may disapprove of lip and cheek colouring for women of her age (which shouldn't be the case) she need not hesitate to keep her eyes attractively groomed and their loveliness artfully enhanced! Her friends will praise her—her enemies (if they exist) will envy her!

The meticulous woman keeps her brows trim by plucking what we call the stragglers. She never attempts to alter their shape or character knowing that would detract from beauty. To dress her brows and lashes she dips into a colourless cream and brushes them until they are sleek and pliable. Or if they have faded as her hair, she chooses a darker cream to give them more definiteness. With a clever little curler she trains her lashes upward—making her eyes appear smiling!

Those are the basic steps for daily eye grooming for the woman of good taste. But gala times will come when she will want to bring out all the latent beauty in her sweet face. It is then she will shade her lids



Deft application of shadow and colouring brings compelling beauty to eyes with personality!

with a lustrous cream of soft blue or grey and use mascara on the tips of her upper lashes—never on her lower lashes.

For truly dramatic evenings she may wear shadow of blue or mauve, gilded with gold with pastel or white gowns, or a glistening bronze with darker formal attire. If she is a modern beauty for her years, she will carry a bluish rouge high on her cheeks to give her iris deeper hue.

LITTLE TRICKS THAT HELP

White vaseline applied to brows before you pluck them will soften the hairs. And if they are still stubborn steam your brows with a cloth wrung from hot water placed over the vaseline. Pull in the direction the hair grows—pull toward the right on the right brow, toward the left from the left brow. Tweezers

with a scissor-like handle will greatly help you to groom without pain.

If your lashes are very dry keep them lubricated each night with a bit of odorless castor oil. Use mascara sparingly for most brands are drying.

Experiment with the softer shades of eyeshadow, for frequently even during the daylight hours you may wear an inconspicuous shade, and if it is discreetly applied even your most discerning friend will not detect it!

Never, never shade beneath your eyes—always only the lids. White rouge does wonders in blending dark circles into your skin tone if you will stretch your skin between two fingers when you apply it. As the skin ages, it wrinkles—that makes applying powder and rouge a more difficult art!

HOMEMAKER'S DIARY

If you are afraid to stitch heavy cretonne on the sewing machine, rub the seams with yellow soap and then the needle will slide through the goods without breaking.

Discard electric bulbs as soon as they begin to darken. When this occurs the bulb has lost its efficiency and isn't giving you full value for the current it is using.

The bottoms of deep vases may be cleaned by allowing a solution of salt and vinegar to stand in them overnight and then washing the vases with clean water.

When washing spinach a handful of salt added to the water will help make the sand sink to the bottom of the pan.

To keep dark or light heels unscuffed and like new, paint them with colourless nail polish.

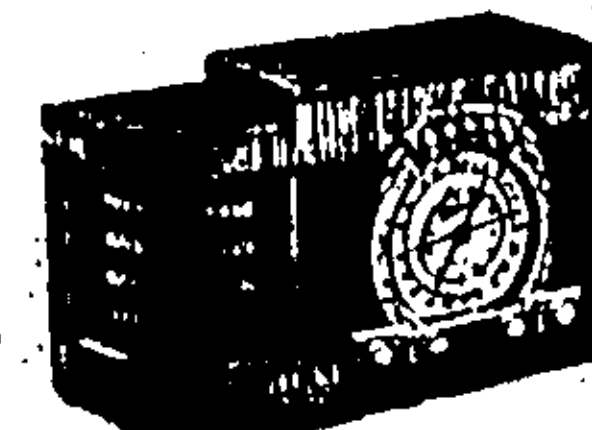
Use your vacuum cleaner on your draperies and slip covers before laundering them; it will make for less washing and rinsing and thus save wear on the articles.

A good way to address parcels boldly is to dip a matchstick in ink and use this as a pen.

After a painted wall is freshly cleaned or painted, a coating of very thin starch put on with a clean paint brush will protect the surface from grease and smoke and the wall can be easily brushed or washed off when soiled. It does not show on the wall.

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AS SUGGESTED BY MAUD DAWSON

Next, something for "him," an evening handkerchief from a yard

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Now measure exactly how much braid is needed to trim all the edges, allowing a quarter of a yard extra for each mat to make a true lover's knot in one corner. Tack the braid in place near the edges and one row of machining will be sufficient to secure braid and hem.

Another half-yard of lining would make a cushion for a bedside chair to complete the scheme and the whole set will take a fraction of the time it takes to embroider or hemstitch one little article.

Glostora



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Watkins MULSIFIED Shampoo



PICTORIAL BRIEFS

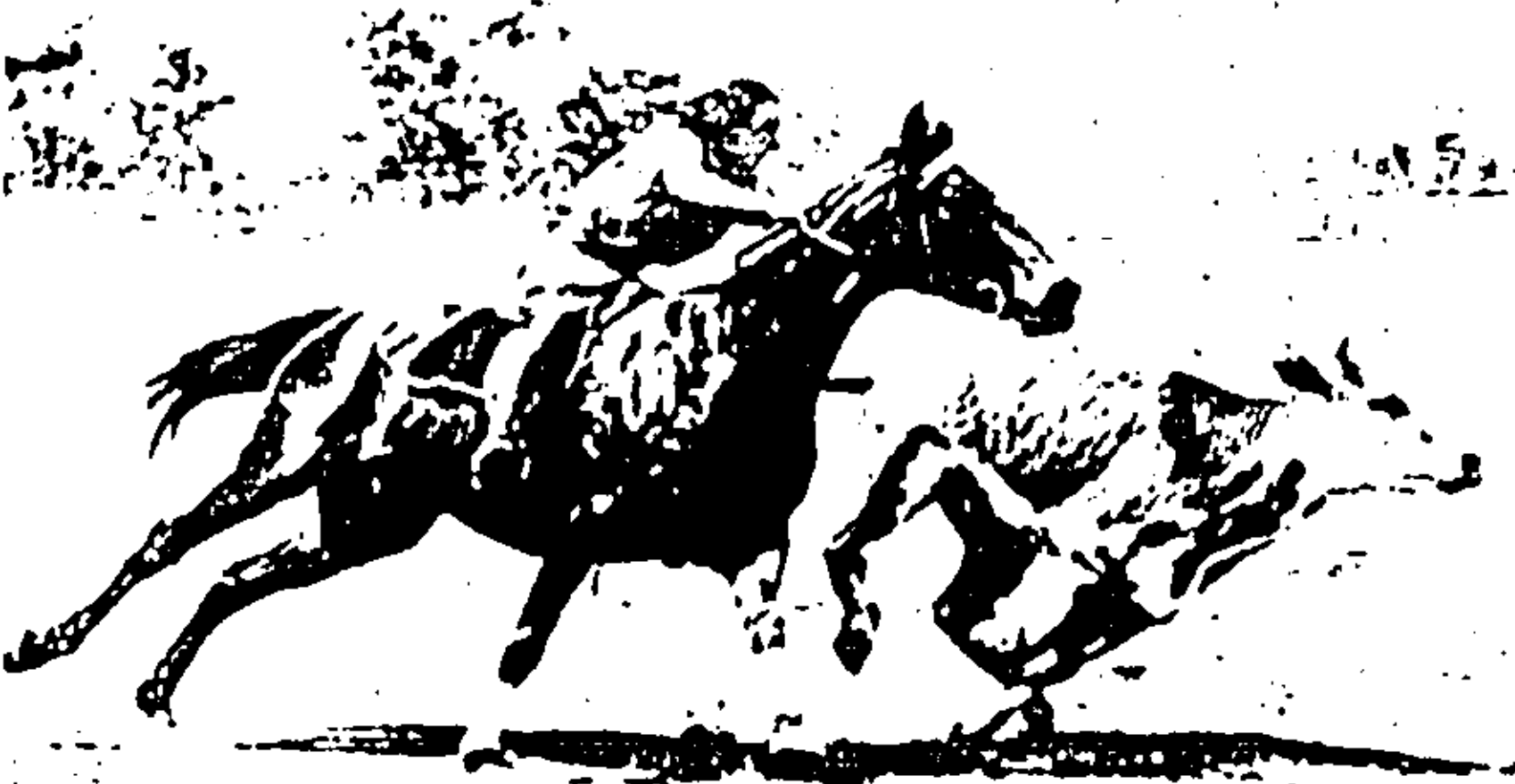
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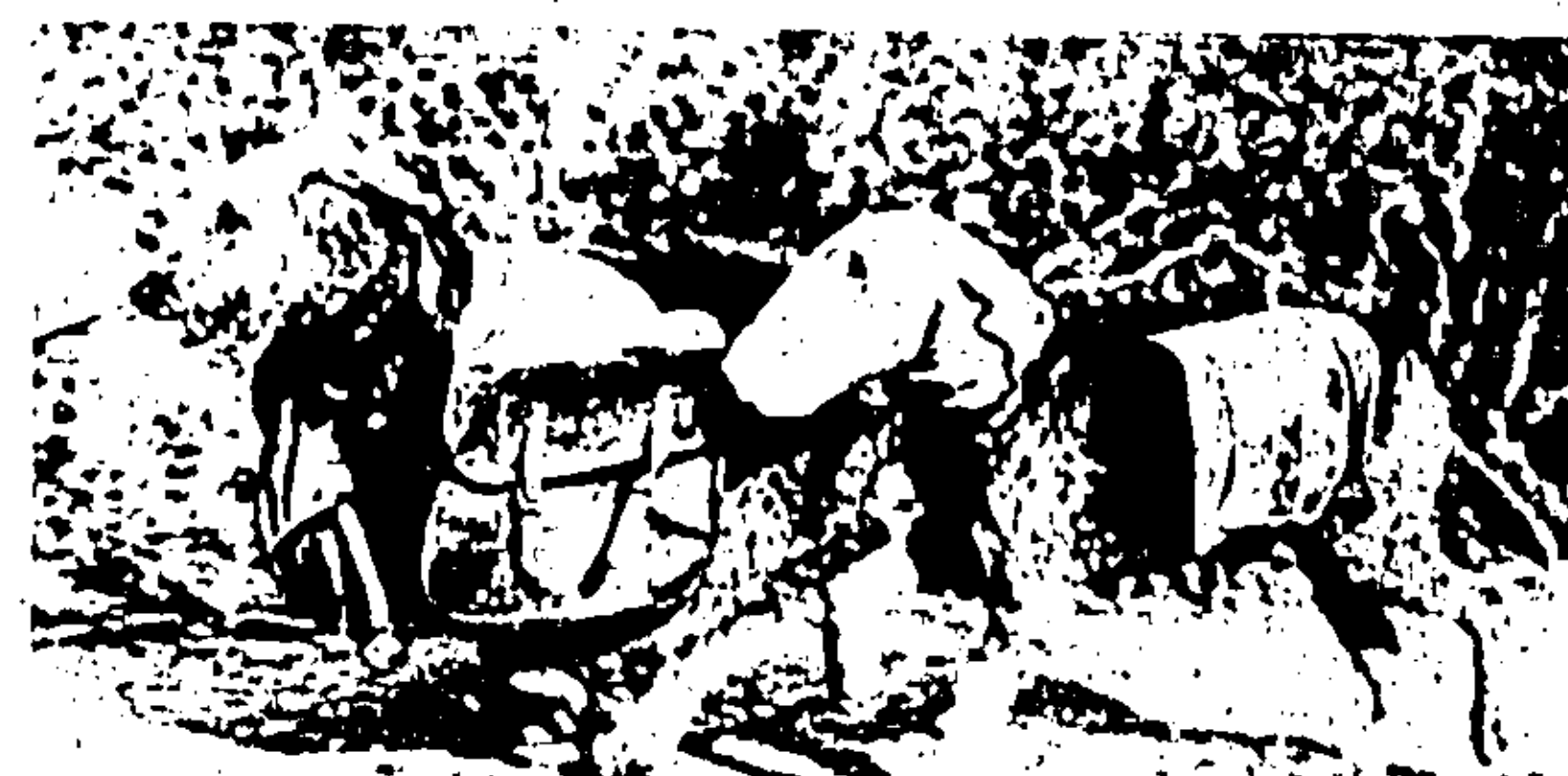
Their winter quarters having been requisitioned by the Government, Mr. Cyril Mills has had to take his circus to his mother's home in Bucks, and although it is not possible for the circus to give their performances under the "big top" during present war-time conditions, they are still carrying on with rehearsals with a view to making a tour of the music-halls. In the above view, Gena Lipkowska is seen rehearsing her Arab ponies.



About twenty babies evacuated from the Children's Aid Society in London, are now enjoying life "somewhere in the country," and whenever the sun shines, are taken for a "walk" by the nurses in charge of them. A brief spell of good weather permitted the taking of this photograph.



Every once in a while a Bushman's Carnival is held in Queensland, Australia, and men and women show off their prowess as riders and handlers of cattle. This photograph, taken during a recent "camp drafting" competition, shows a woman rider in hot pursuit of a young steer.



Colonel E. H. Richardson is training 2,000 dogs for war service as sentries and messengers, and it is understood that the War Office are considering his offer to place these dogs at the disposal of the Government. Two of these dogs are shown above during training at Working. One wears a gas-mask while the other is carrying a trooper's rations.

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| 1 .. Black & White Whisky | |

No. 2 HAMPER.

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Champagne Vin. 1933 | = \$27.00 |
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| 1 .. Hunt's Old Brown Sherry | |

No. 3 HAMPER.

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|---|-----------|
| 1 qt. Sparkling Burgundy Grand
Vin Mousseaux | = \$33.00 |
| 1 .. Black & White Whisky | |
| 1 .. Gordon's Dry Gin | |
| 1 .. Hunt's Old Brown Sherry | |
| 1 pt. Gordon's Peppermint | |
| 1 qt. Hunt's Full Rich Port | |

No. 4 HAMPER.

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|---|-----------|
| 1 qt. Lausan Extra Dry
Champagne Vin. 1933 | = \$60.00 |
| 2 qts. Black & White Whisky | |
| 2 .. Gordon's Dry Gin | |
| 1 qt. Courvoisier V. O. Brandy | |
| 1 .. Sandeman's Lt. Dry Sherry | |
| 1 .. Hunt's Full Rich Port | |
| 1 pt. D.O.M. | |
| 1 qt. Ross's Lime Juice | |
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No. 5 HAMPER.

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| 1 qt. Lausan Extra Dry
Champagne Vin. 1933 | = \$68.00 |
| 1 .. Black & White Whisky | |
| 1 .. Gordon's Dry Gin | |
| 1 .. Courvoisier V. O. Brandy | |
| 1 .. Vio de Paso Sherry | |
| 1 .. Hunt's Full Rich Port | |
| 1 .. Sauterne | |
| 1 .. Graves | |
| 1 .. French Vermouth | |
| 1 .. D.O.M. | |
| 1 pt. Gordon's Peppermint | |
| 1 Bott. Ross's Lime Juice | |

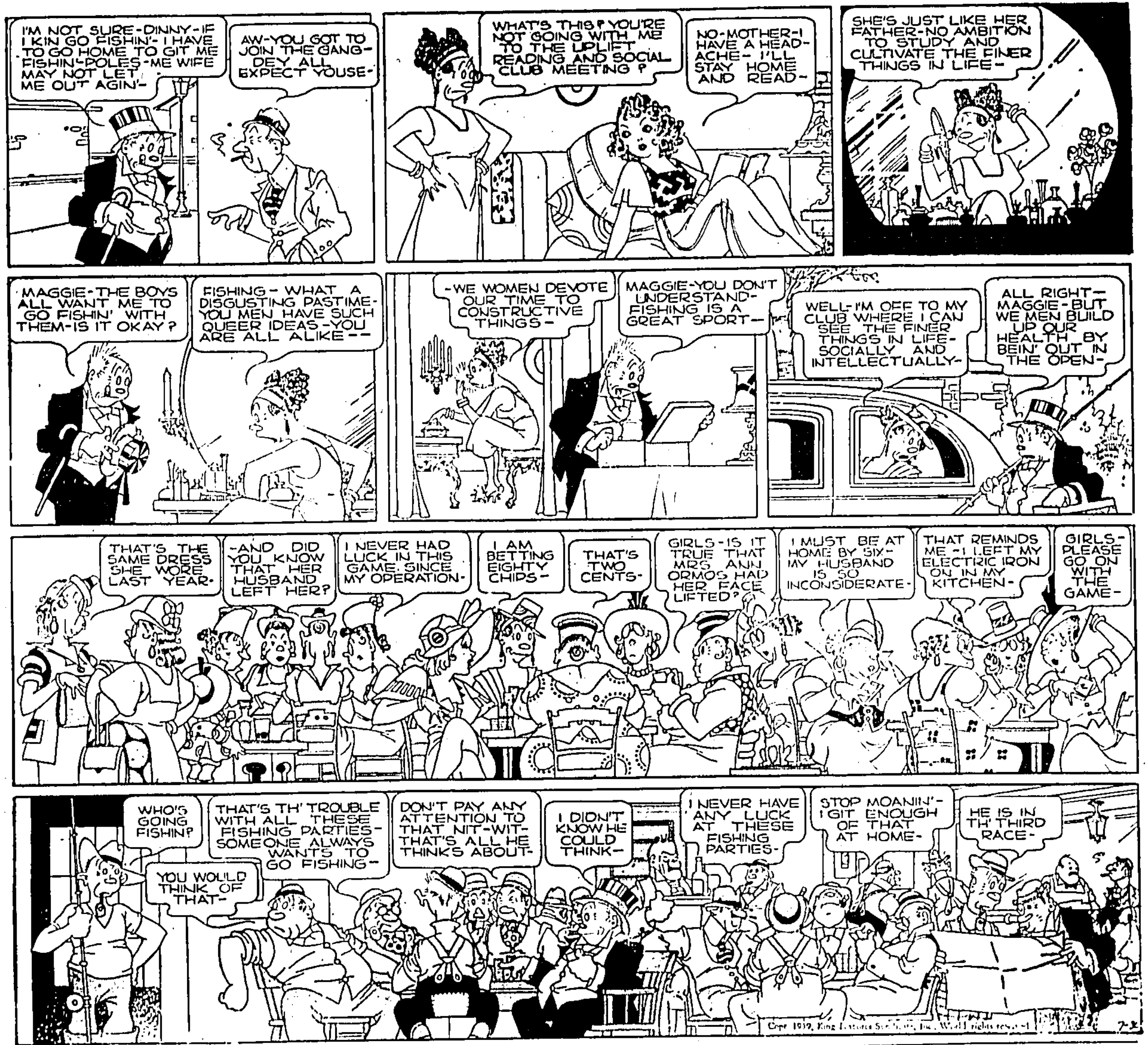
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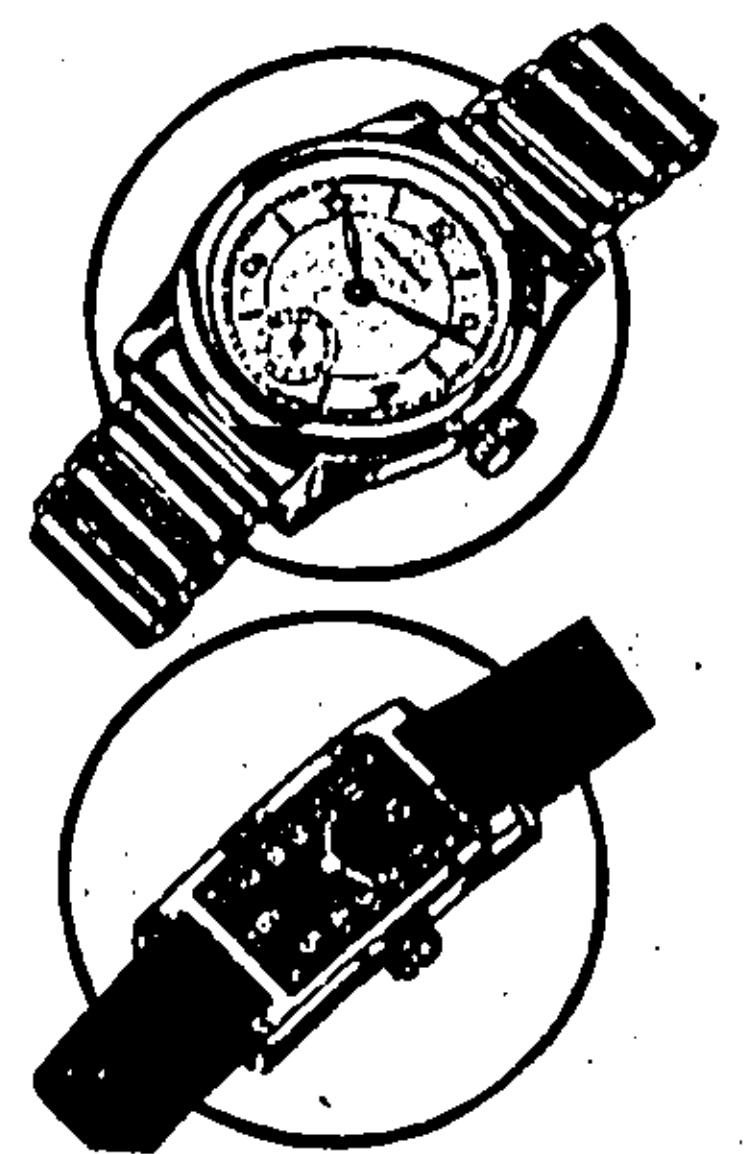
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HAVE YOU TRIED ---

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Split half a dozen frankfurter sausages lengthwise, but do not cut completely through. Place a strip of Kraft Cheese in the centre of each, then wrap a slice of bacon around each frankfurter fastening with toothpicks. Place under low grill until cheese is melted and bacon is crisp.

Serve hot with salad or any "Left overs"!

THE DAIRY FARM,
ICE & COLD STORAGE
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Pure Food Specialists.



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Shiulim Kwok, photographed at the entrance to the Registry, Supreme Court, following their recent marriage there. The bride is the former Miss Alice Tung. (King's Studio).



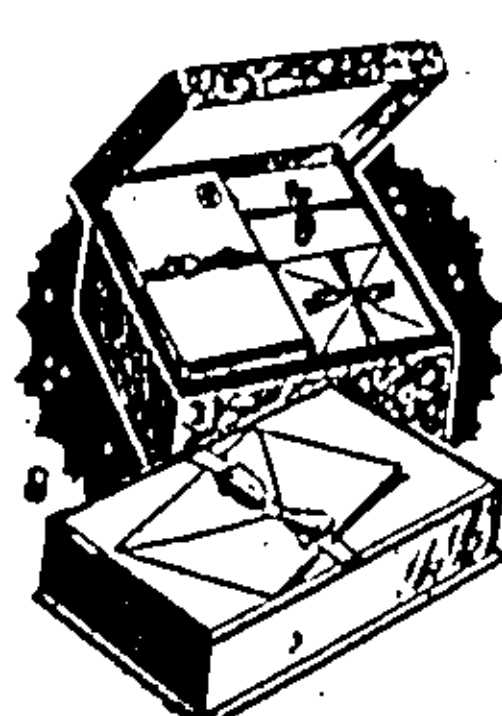
Wedding group taken on December 9, when Miss Katharine and Mr. Richard Kwok couple were married in St. Margaret's Church.



Miss Tkachenko, photographed at last Saturday's Russian Bazaar, displays her pretty "Russian Princess" doll.



(Right) — Ella Zaharoff and Nikita Savitsky, who sold candy at the Russian Bazaar.



SELECTION OF USEFUL

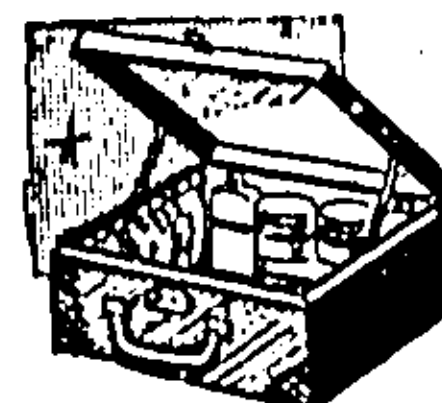
Gifts

FROM WHITEAWAY'S

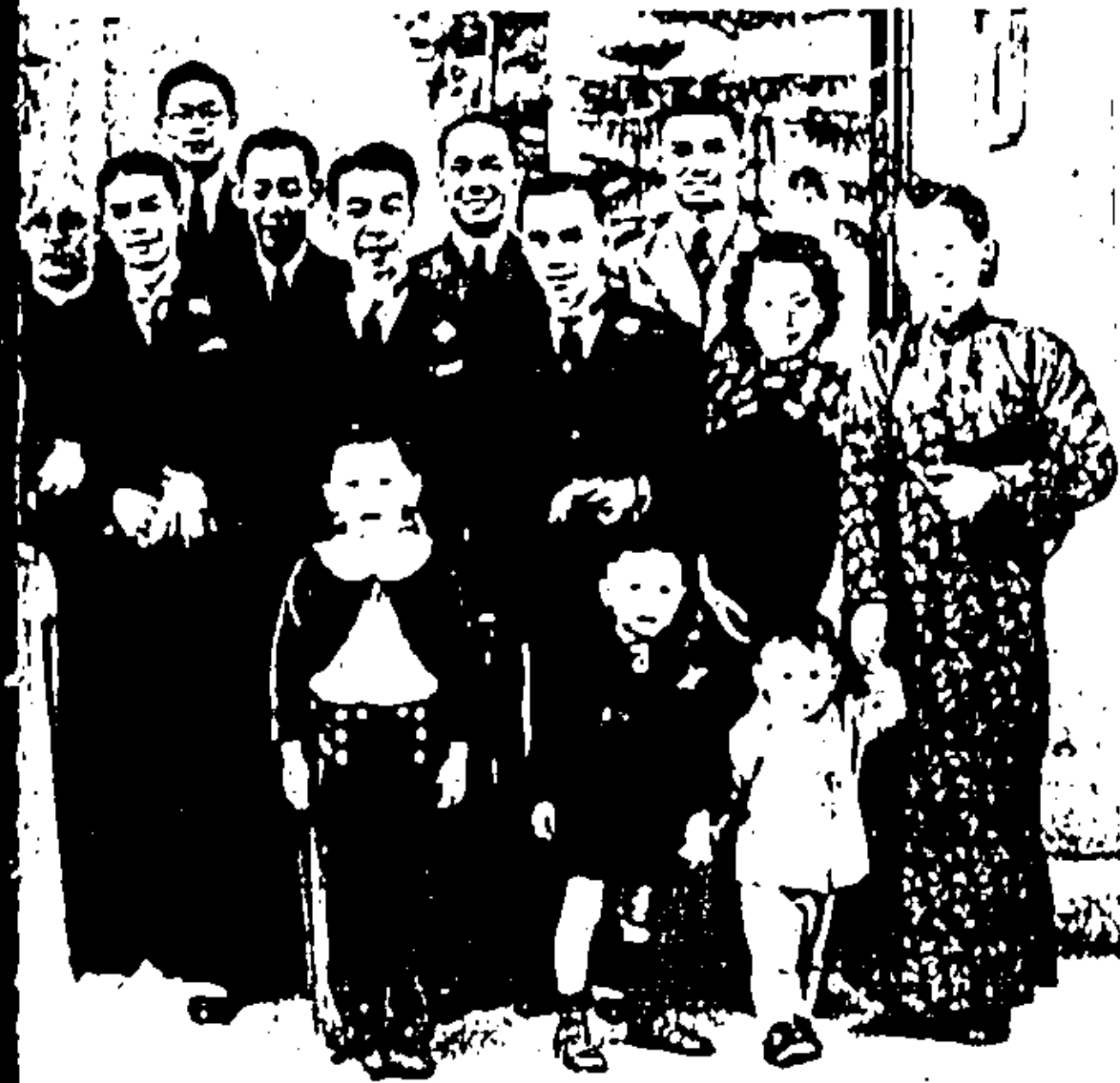
- Gift Stationeryfrom \$ 1.95
- Dainty Compacts, suitable for evening or day wear \$ 2.95
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- Ladies' and Gent's Dressing Casesfrom \$14.50
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- French Perfumed Flowers from \$ 3.25
- Crinoline Ladies' Pin Cushions from \$ 1.50

MANY OTHER GIFTS ON
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DEPARTMENTS

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& CO., LTD.



The Ladies' committee of the Russian Orthodox Church of Hong Kong, who organised last Saturday in the Church Hall of St. Andrew's Church, Kowloon. The Bazaar was the first of its kind in the Colony and the proceeds will go towards the construction of a new church. After 10 per cent has been set aside for the British War Organisation Fund. In the foreground: Mrs. Stizko, Mrs. Verigo, Mrs. Goldir, Mrs. Shapiro, Mrs. Savitsky, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Gramkau.



Yn Ma became the bride of Mr. Johnston Wong. The Mary's Church. (King's Studio).



Mr. Tam Kwok Chum and his bride, the former Miss Wong Yuen Yee, as they appeared after their marriage at St. Stephen's Church, last Saturday. (King's Studio).



The Misses O. and E. Gramkau, who acted as ushers, were dressed in Latvian costumes.

(Left)—Margaret Simpson and Master Koodiaroff sold flowers. Pretty Russian costumes lent colour to the Bazaar.



the Russian Bazaar is believed to be the new Russian Church, p are Mrs. Afanassloff, Zaheroff and Miss O.



Mr. and Mrs. Chan Wei Hung, whose marriage took place on December 12, at the Registry, Supreme Court. The bride is the former Miss Leung Yin Yee. (Venus Studio).

ENGINEERING leadership

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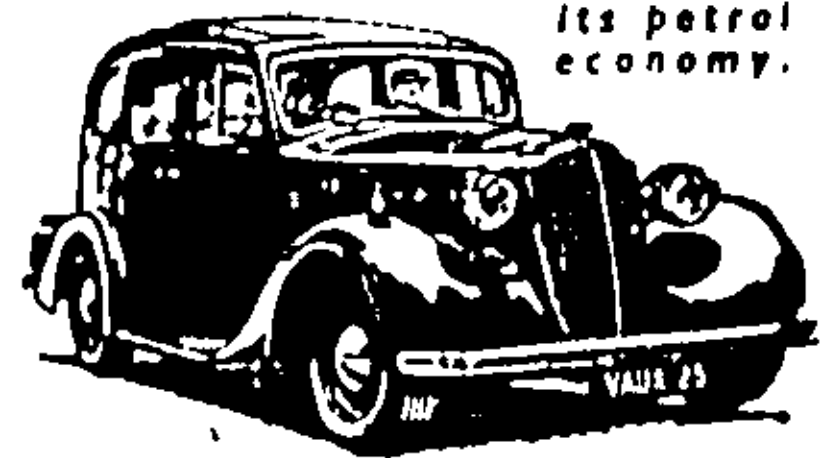
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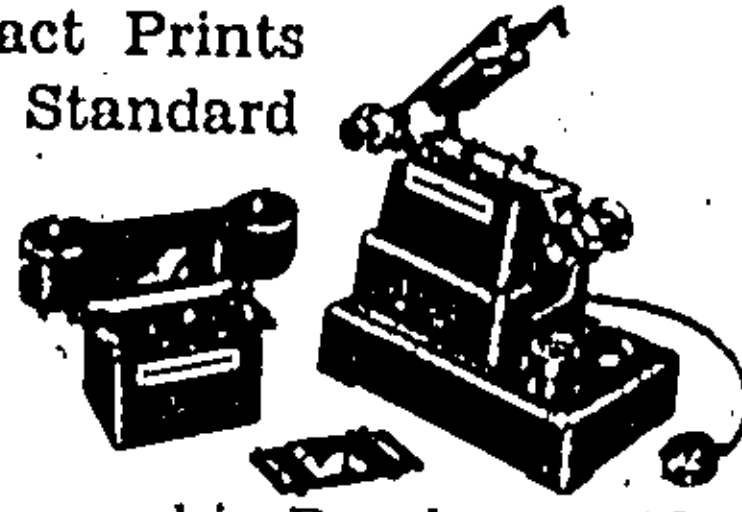
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Mary Blake Gives You . . .

Your Birthday Horoscope

One this page are horoscopes for people whose birth-days fall within the coming week, and who were born under the Zodiacal Signs of Sagittarius and Capricorn.

TO-DAY

If a woman and December 17 is your birthday, you are likely to have many excellent opportunities to advance either your social or financial interests. You ought to have many high ideals that will help you gain popularity. You, in all likelihood have a very satisfactory outlook on life. You are probably gifted with a very artistic touch and an all-discerning eye. Interior decorating, painting, buying merchandise, stage directing, acting and selling are among the activities in which you might excel. You should find much happiness in marriage.

The child born on December 17, although not necessarily of an intellectual type, is likely to be very fond of reading, and have an insatiable desire for knowledge. Children born on this date are generally very skilful with their hands. Gracefulness is frequently another outstanding characteristic.

If a man and December 17 is your natal day, you should have a great deal of depth, a considerable amount of talent and versatility. Through the stage, pulpit, pen, brush, concert platform, or a specialised line of commercial activity, you may win laurels and financial independence.

TO-MORROW

If a woman and December 18 is your birthday, matrimony is one of the few partnerships you should enter into, for as a rule you ought to do much better alone. Most likely you have a tremendous amount of nervous energy, which you probably will use advantageously. Much happiness apparently is in store for you. The next twelve months are likely to be exceptionally prosperous for you. Many of your daydreams will become realities, and your greatest ambition ought to be realised in a highly satisfactory way. As a purchasing agent, professional shopper, teacher, real estate or insurance broker, author or actress, you may receive a gratifying amount of recognition.

The child born on December 18 is usually exceptionally good-natured, witty and entertaining. Popularity is apt to be one of its greatest assets.

If a man and December 18 is your natal day, you are perhaps a born actor, and although you may never be a professional one, you may daily enjoy playing a part with the world as your stage. As a lecturer, clergyman, actor, merchant, broker, financier, accountant, advertising man, architect, writer or engineer your ability may be clearly and profitably demonstrated.

TUESDAY

If a woman and December 19 is your birthday, punctuality is one of the most important virtues for you to cultivate. You should devote a great deal of time to intellectual pursuits. You are probably very sympathetic and do many kindnesses in a very tactful way. Progressive ideas and methods should appeal to you. A love for change may lead you to do much travelling. Sooner or later you may become extremely well off in worldly goods. Through music, singing, selling writing, painting or work of an educational nature you may find yourself quite famous and wealthy. For you, wedlock appears to be symbolic of happiness.

The child born on December 19, frequently reflects the characteristics of its playmates, which makes it imperative that they be selected with care. Such children require the personal supervision of their par-

ents. Their fathers and mothers generally have very little trouble in influencing them to do the right things.

If a man and December 19 is your natal day, with you "honesty should always be the best policy." Influence and plenty of money appear to be rightfully yours. As a doctor, artist, author, actor, sales agent, manufacturer, inventor, scientist or promoter your opportunities to become successful seem to be unlimited.

WEDNESDAY

If a woman and December 20 is your birthday, your versatility should win for you quite a reputation. You are probably of a decidedly domestic turn of mind, with more



Elizabeth Cowell, the former Television announcer is a W.A.A.F. She earns 1/4d a day driving Air Marshal Portal, a member of the Air Council and Chief of Personnel, round London. Miss Cowell is shown above polishing the Air Marshal's car. (Copyright, Fox).

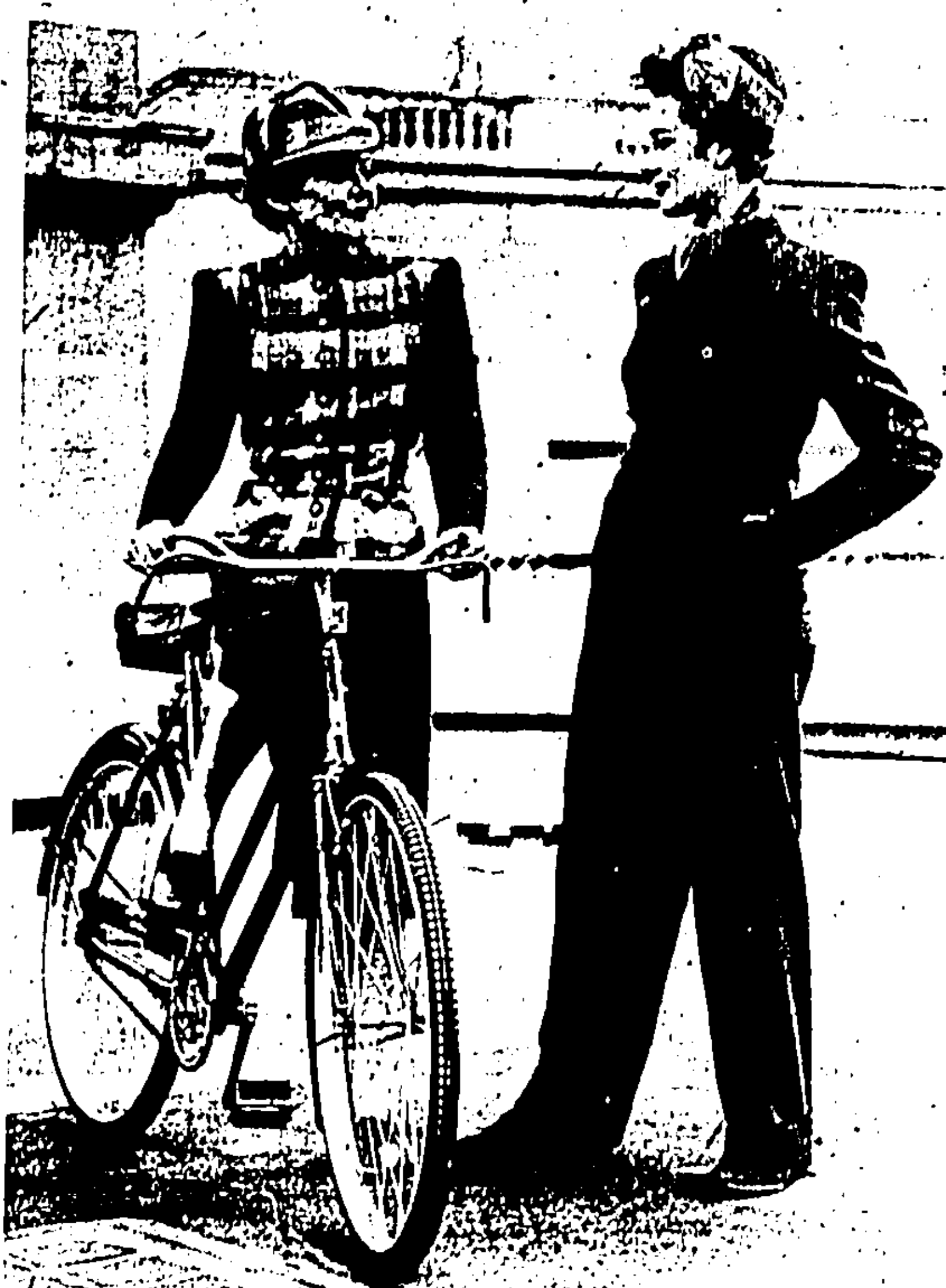
ambition for a happy homelife than a career. Your self-control may be much admired. Blessed with a happy disposition, you should be very popular and much sought after. As a professional hostess, interior decorator, specialty shop or restaurant manager, office executive, artist, musician or actress you may make a fine record and an excellent income. Your selection of a husband probably will reflect sound judgment, and should assure your family's happiness. The child born on December 20, generally has a surplus amount of energy, loves to experiment, and is frequently either decidedly artistic or mechanically minded. Many brilliant records are made by children born on this date.

If a man and December 20 is your natal day, only through the exercise of tact and a sense of fair dealing will success crown your efforts. Through journalism, theatrical work, medicine, chemistry, botany, art, selling or financing you may reach a position of affluence and power.

THURSDAY

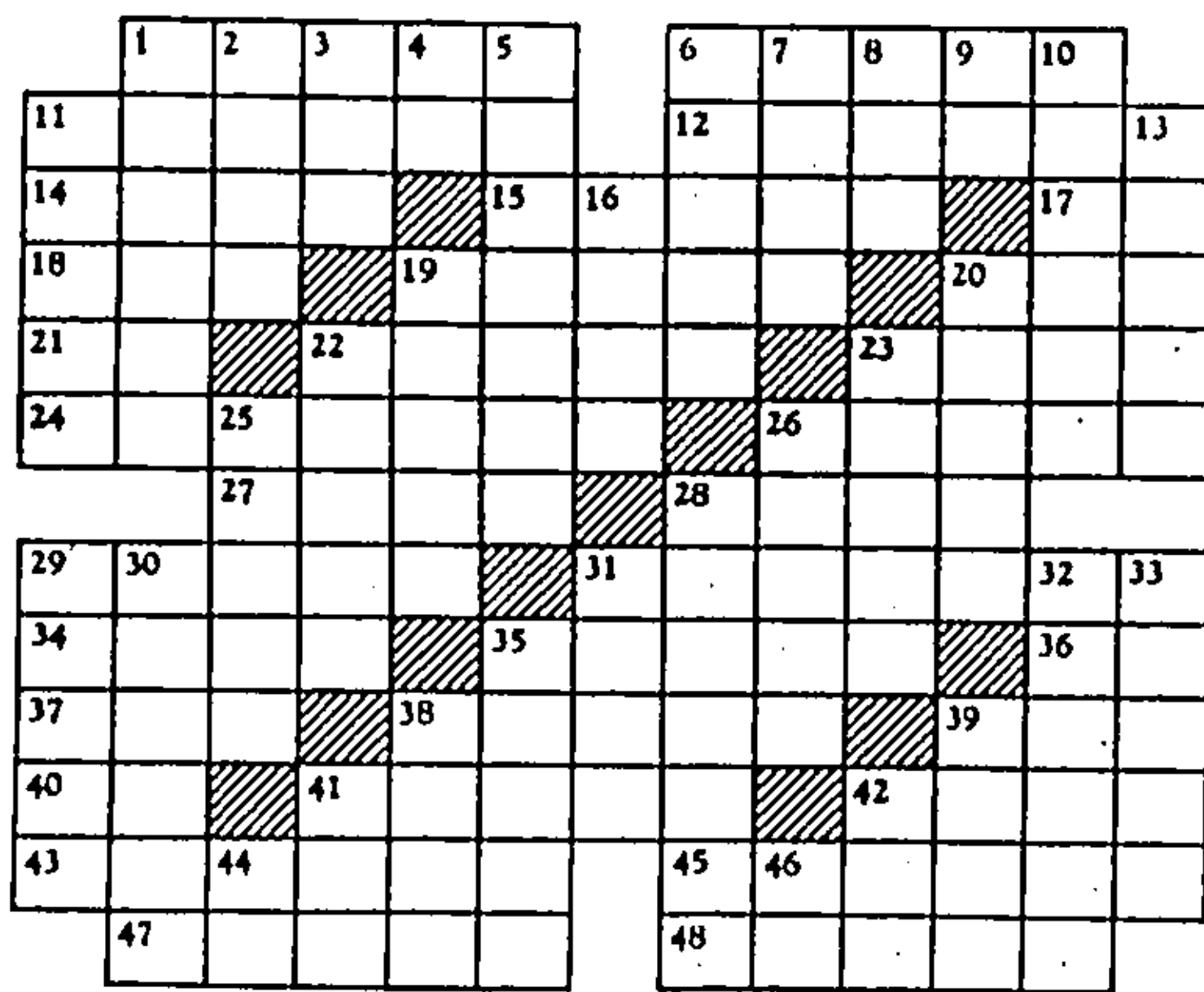
If a woman and December 21 is your birthday, jealousy, "without rhyme or reason", has caused many born on this date a needless amount of suffering, so give it no room in your life. Your greatest fault may be that you are not often amenable to reason, if anything has aroused your anger. The quicker you realise that faults are the frailties of mankind needing correction and not condemnation, the happier you

(Continued on Page 15)



Despite the war, the fashion shows go on. At Bush House, Aldwych, W.C. recently, the International Wool Secretariat sponsored a fashion parade of "Contemporary Clothes in Wool." Two of the costumes shown were a cycling suit inspired by Sherlock Holmes, and a suit of slacks with double-breasted jacket. Both are shown in the view above. (Copyright, Fox).

SUNDAY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

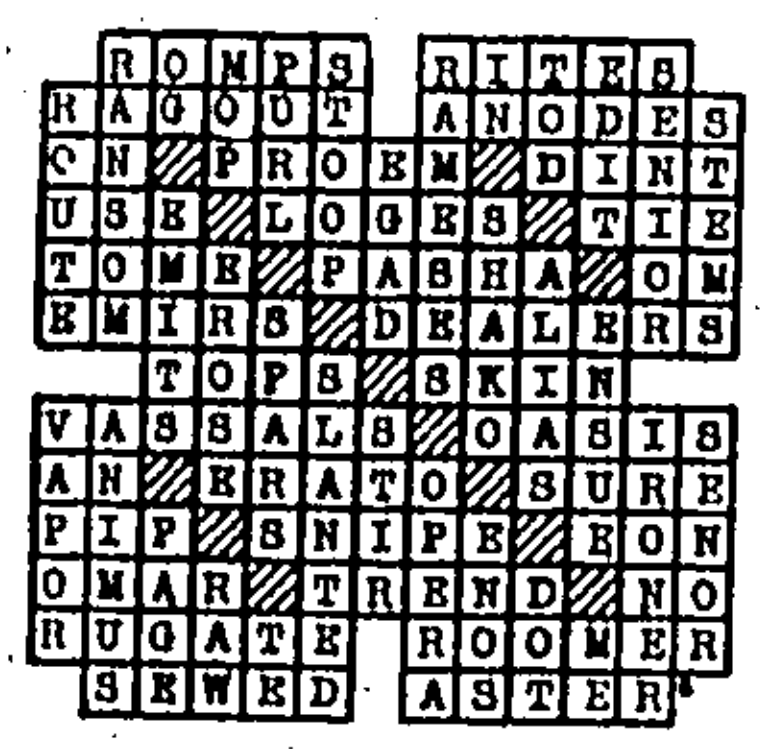
- 1 Sword
6 Test
11 Architectural block
12 Singing bird
14 Blind impulse (pl.)
15 To adorn
17 Sloth
18 Sister
19 Retinue
20 Wing of house
21 Conjunction
22 Eighth of quart (pl.)
23 Exit
24 Option
26 Woodland deity
27 Wing-like
28 Lemon-like fruit
29 Long ear
31 Music flourish
34 Bronzes
35 Arrives
36 Part of "to be"
37 Worm
38 Awns

- 39 Compass point
40 Note of scale
41 French river
42 Eager
43 Agile
45 Approached
47 Recesses
48 Mountain lakes

- VERTICAL
1 Surgical sewing
2 Egyptian sun disc
3 Vehicle
4 Spanish article
5 Symmetrical

- 6 Realty maps
7 Grain
8 Pronoun
9 Anent
10 Loyalty
11 Landed estate
13 Door keeper
16 Stream
18 Fiber plant
20 Consumed
22 Water birds
23 Sports
25 Forest delities
26 Takes part
28 Softly radiant
29 Severe
30 Cheese ingredient
31 Grain
32 Simpletons
33 To correct
35 Boxes
36 To cheat
39 To merit
41 Finland city
42 Distant
44 Midwest state (abbr.)
46 Babylonian god

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4APB3



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2APB52

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Ely Culbertson

THE bidding of an expert partnership is like the functioning of a well oiled machine under the guidance of a master operator. The intelligent use of conventional bids, such as the four-five no trump, leaves as little as possible to pure chance. Take to-day's hand, for example. There was nothing sensational about the way it was bid, nor the final contract that was reached. Just a straight, workman-like job under perfect co-operation. South, dealer.

North-South vulnerable.

NORTH

S-Q J 4
H-8 3 2
D-9
C-10 9 7 5 3 2

WEST

EAST

S-10 6 S-K 9 8 7 5 3 2
H-K 7 H-10 6
D-J 8 5 2 D-Q 7 4
C-Q J 8 6 4 C-K

SOUTH

S-A
H-A Q J 9 5 4
D-A K 10 6 3
C-A

The bidding:
South West North East
2 hearts Pass 2 n'trump 3 spades
4 d.a. Pass 4 hearts Pass
4 n'trump Pass 5 diamonds Pass
5 n'trump Pass 6 hearts Pass
Pass Pass

After South, through the medium of four bids, namely, the opening two bid, the showing of his second suit, plus the announcement in the four and five no trump bids that he held all the aces, had given North a perfect description of his hand. Some players with the South hand would gamble that North held three or four hearts to the king and no more than two diamonds, and would go to seven on that basis. South did not make that tragic error. The mere fact that North had expressed a preference for hearts on two different occasions was no guarantee, South knew, that he (North) held the heart king. Besides, if North had had that card he might have done a little more bidding on his own account.

As to North's bidding it will be noted that he did not make the mistake of signing off twice when South showed 150 aces with his four and



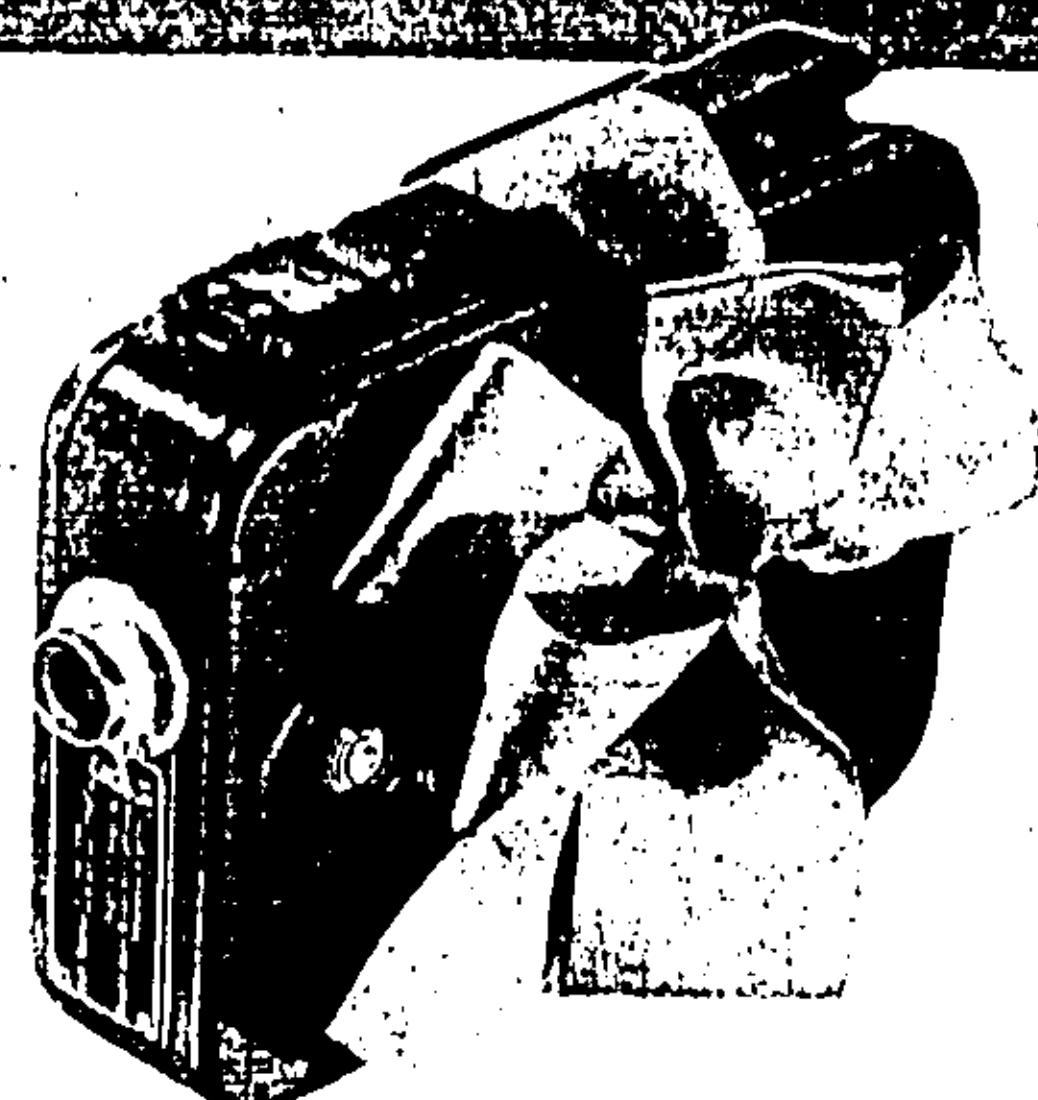
WOMEN FIRE-FIGHTERS:—These women, photographed during their first fire practice, are members of the women's section of the Auxiliary Fire Brigade at Flamborough, in the North of England. They work during the day, being relieved at night by men of the A.F.B. (Copyright, Fox).

five no trump. The five diamond sign-off to the four no trump bid was obligatory, even though North had a singleton diamond. When the five no trump came, however, North correctly realised that there was no further responsibility on his shoulders, and, therefore, properly chose the suit in which he wanted to play.

Only a little care was required in fulfilling of the contract. West opened the spade ten and, having nothing to lose by a cover, declarer put in dummy's jack. East, however, having nothing to gain by covering, ducked and the blank ace won. Declarer cashed the diamond ace and ruffed a low diamond with the deuce of hearts, then re-entered his hand with the club ace to ruff another low

diamond with the heart eight. East's diamond queen falling on this round, the diamond suit was solid and the only thing to fear was an adverse ruff. Declarer did not make the mistake of finessing against the king of hearts. He realised clearly that, if the finesse lost, a diamond would come back and, if East had a trump left, a fatal ruff would ensue. With the object of getting out trumps as quickly as possible, and not caring whether East or West had the king as long as the diamond ruff could be prevented, declarer led a heart from dummy and went right up with the ace, then played back the queen. His precaution was well taken. Obviously, to have finessed would have meant defeat.

The Gift You'd Like Yourself
CINE KODAK



If you had never experienced for yourself the thrill of making and showing personal movies, what gift would bring you greater pleasure than the Cine-Kodak Eight? And, of course, that is true, as well, of anyone on your Christmas list whom you particularly want to please. The Cine-Kodak Eight is the ideal gift. It brings the delights of movie-making comfortably within the reach of all. A 25-foot roll of film for the Cine-Kodak Eight runs as long on the screen as 100 feet of amateur standard home movie film.

Loaded with Kodachrome Film the Cine-Kodak Eight gives gorgeous full-colour movies. Simple to make as black-and-white; no extra equipment is needed; the colour is in the film. See the thrifty Cine-Kodak Eight at your dealer's.

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ROLEX

Suggestions for Xmas Gifts

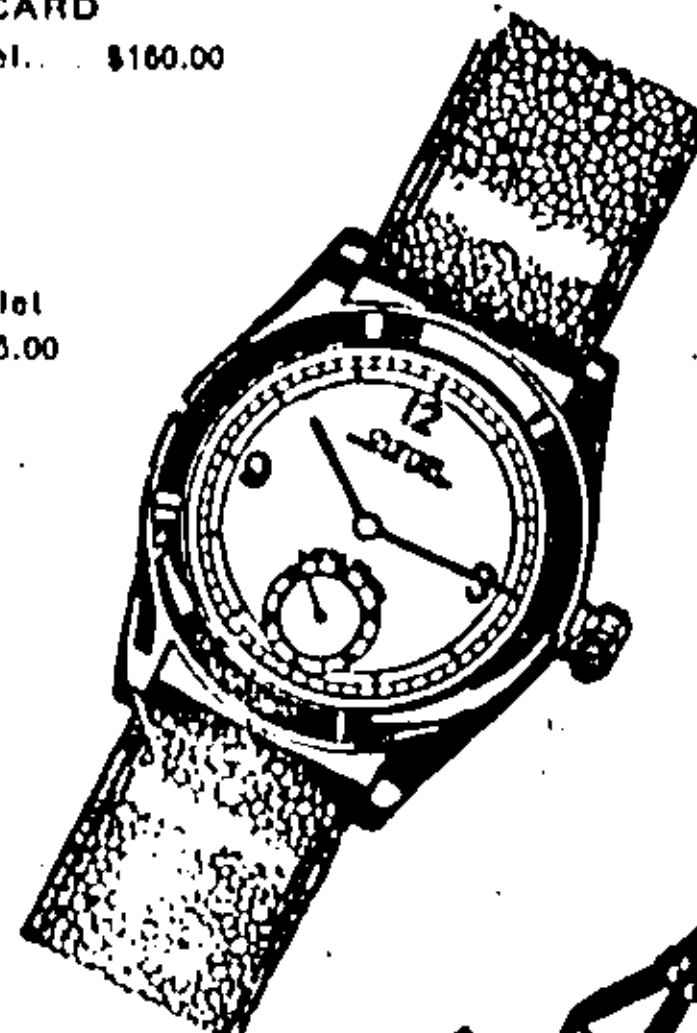


ROLEX
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Solid Gold—\$95.00

The Rolex Prince
BRANCARD
Stainless Steel... \$160.00



ROLEX
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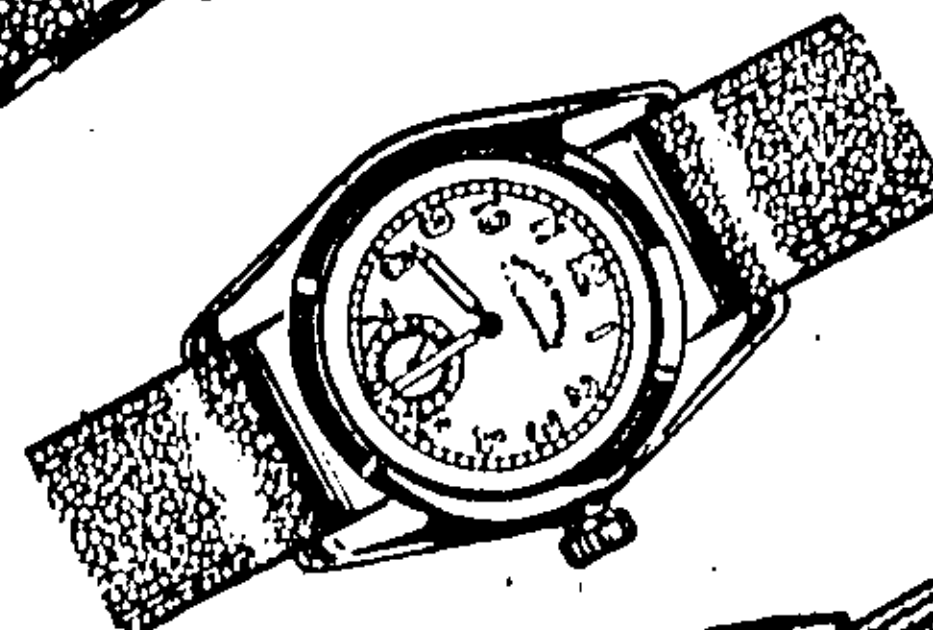


The Rolex Oyster
JUNIOR SPORT
in Stainless Steel—\$90.00

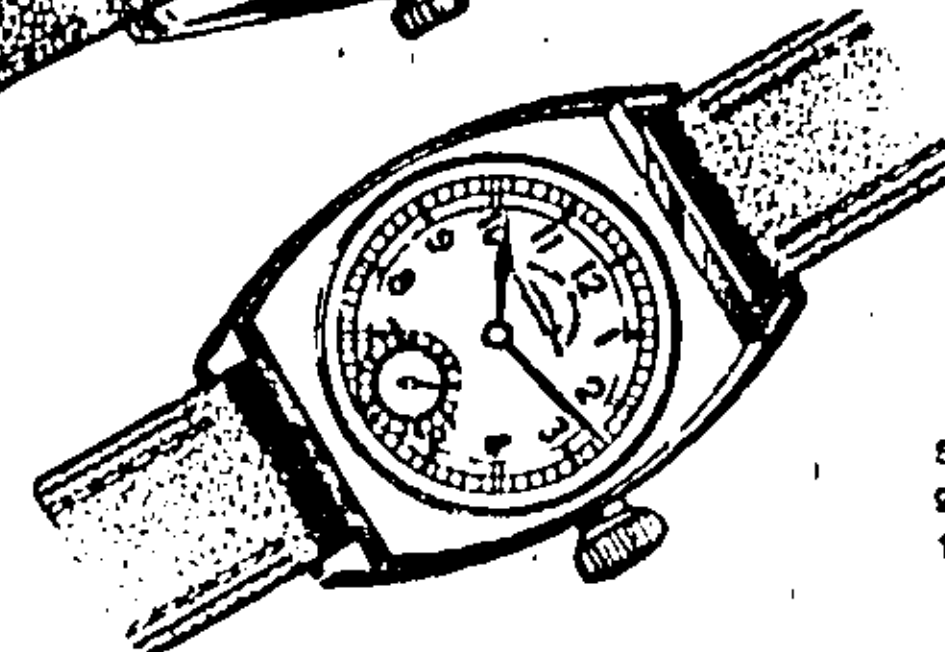
ROLEX
Ladies' Wristlet
Solid Gold—\$95.00



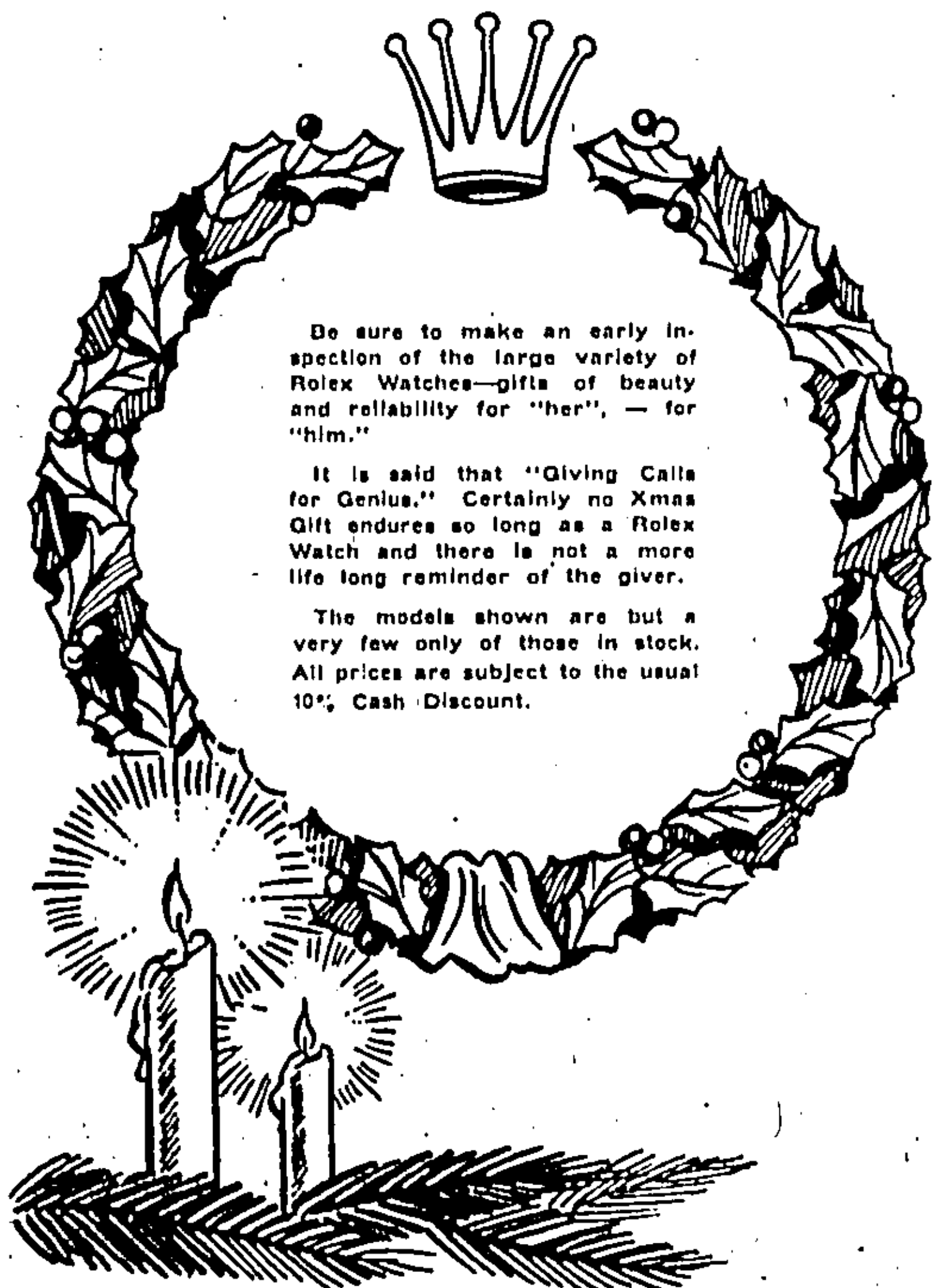
The Rolex Oyster
ROYAL
With Centre Seconds Hand,
Stainless Steel Case—\$125.00
Without Centre Seconds Hand
\$110.00



The Rolex Oyster
DE LUXE
Chronometer
\$140.00



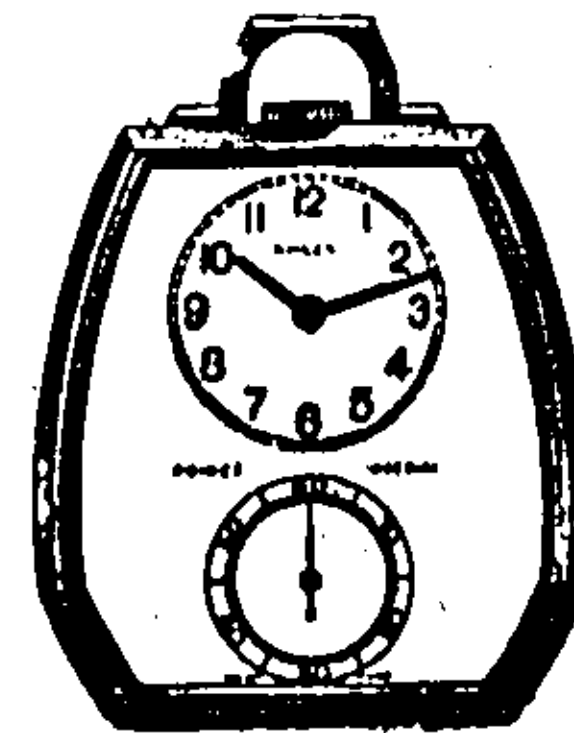
The Rolex Oyster
IMPERIAL
Chronometer
Stainless Steel...\$140.00
9ct. Gold\$340.00
18ct. Gold\$550.00



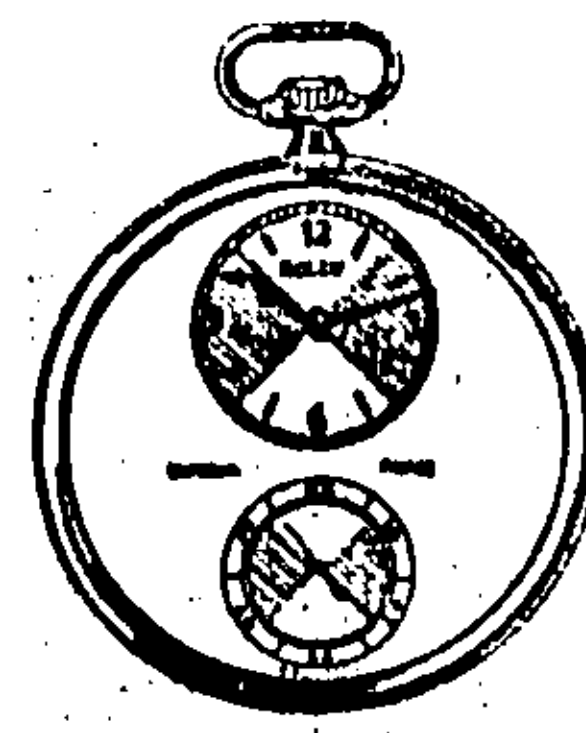
Be sure to make an early inspection of the large variety of Rolex Watches—gifts of beauty and reliability for "her", — for "him."

It is said that "Giving Calls for Genius." Certainly no Xmas Gift endures so long as a Rolex Watch and there is not a more life long reminder of the giver.

The models shown are but a very few only of those in stock. All prices are subject to the usual 10% Cash Discount.



The Rolex Prince
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Stainless Steel.....\$180.00
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BAPBO

The World--In Lighter Vein

NOT CATCHING

"Come in and see our new baby, teacher."

"Thank you, Mary, but I'll wait till your mother is better."

"Oh, you needn't be afraid — it isn't catching."

ON THE DOWN GRADE

A student in a Canadian collegiate took an examination last week and got along fine until he came to the last question. Thinking that the peasants of the Christmas holidays would imbue the professor with the right spirit he wrote after the question:

"God knows: I don't. Merry Christmas."

The professor evidently did have the proper Yuletide spirit for when the student received his paper it was marked as follows:

"God gets 100; you get 0. Happy New Year."

SILLY GOOSE

We got a kick out of a boy's composition on geese which a teacher friend of ours showed us the other day. Maybe it will provoke a snigger among you folks, too. Anyway, here it is:

"Geese is a big bird which walks funny on account of he's so low and heavy behind. Geese cannot sing much, but he can whistle a kind of a hiss which he thinks is singing. He's got a lot of meat and feathers on him which is good to eat if you like it. Geese has got paddle feet and a balloon in his stummick, so he cannot sink but just travels right along. Some geese is ganders, but I can't tell which, but they can, probably. The ganders don't have to lay eggs or anything but loaf and swim around looking for other geese of the opposite sex. If I had to be geese I would rather be a gander, but a boy is better yet."



"I've got the appendix out — what shall I do with it?" —
London Opinion.

SILENCE, SAID THE COURT

Judge: "You claim this man ran into you with his car?"

Irate Man: "He did, sir."

Judge: "Well, tell the Court what you said when he ran into you. Of course, you understand, we want you to leave out the profanity part of it."

Irate Man: "Leaving out the profanity, I said nothing."

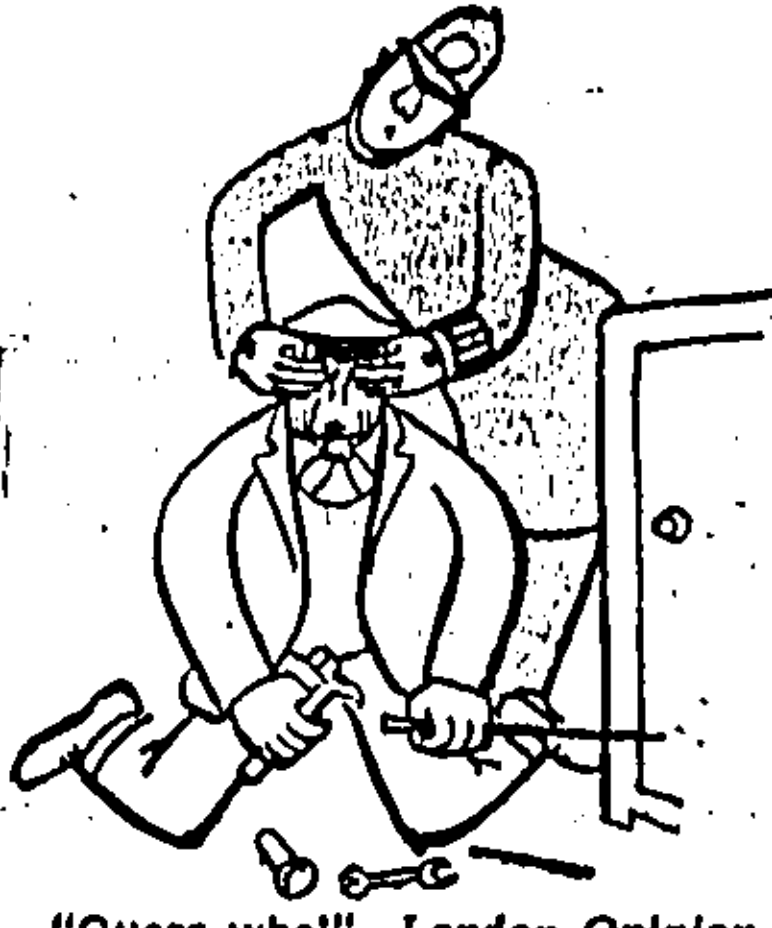
A SAD STORY

A kind hearted old lady approached a soldier who was doing a turn in the guardhouse. In a very solicitous manner she asked, "Tell me, my poor boy, what did you do to get in the guardhouse?"

The buck private looked at her a moment and replied, "Well, you see it was this way—I didn't want to join the army but I was drafted and drew number 598, a bed that was too short for me, a uniform that was too long for me, marched ten miles to a church I didn't belong to, had to listen to a sermon that I didn't agree with and when the minister at the end of the sermon said: 'Number 598, Art thou weary. Art thou languid, Art thou sorrow distressed?' I got ten days for saying I was tired as hell."

TUMMY TALE

A current joke has to do with the maniac who firmly believed that all his trouble was due to a cat in his tummy. The feline, he told doctors, scampers around inside and causes no end of agony and discomfort. Came the day when he really became ill, a bad appendix. While operating, the surgeon had a brilliant idea. Now is the time to end this cat business for once and all. He sent out for a black toment and when the patient struggled out of the ether, the surgeon proudly held up the wide-eyed tom and said: "Your troubles are all over now. Look what we took out of you." The nut hugged his tummy and moaned, "Dopes, you got the wrong cat. The one that's been bothering me is a white one!"



"Guess what!"—London Opinion.

MORE WIND

Rastus—"Boy, it was so cold whar I cum from we had to frow watah out de window an' slide daown de icicle to git out ob de house."

Mose—"You all talk nuffins. Whar I lib it's so cold we gotta build flahs undah de caws to stop 'em from givin' lee cream."

STORK STUFF

Wisteria, age 9, was a precocious brat. In fact she was too precocious to live. Wisteria kept a diary.

Avidly in search of information, Wisteria approached her mother with the perennial question of the very young set as follows:

"Where did I come from, mama?"

"Er—the stork brought you, dear."

This was not explicit enough for Wisteria. She pressed the matter further.

"Where did you come from, then, mama?"

"The stork brought me, too," replied the cornered parent. Wisteria sought out her grandmother.

"Mama says the stork brought me, and brought her, too, Grandma. How's about giving me the low down? Where'd you come from?"

"The stork brought me, too, darling."

Wisteria went to her room, got her diary out and inscribed:

"After careful consideration, and exhaustive research, I have come to the conclusion that there hasn't been any love life in our family for the past three generations."

Every moment enjoyed in the

"GRIPPS"



There's a thrill in dancing to
good music and on a perfect
floor.

DINNER DANCE
AND CABARET
NIGHTLY
Saturdays extension 2 a.m.

HONG KONG HOTEL

HOROSCOPES

(Continued from Page 10)

will be. You may find a satisfactory medium for self-expression through painting, music, writing, teaching, dramatic work or selling. Love should dominate your life and make you contented.

The child born on December 21 is seldom lacking in self-assurance, animation and promotional propensities for organising social activities among its playmates. Many varied, interesting and profitable experiences seem to be awaiting the adulthood of this youngster.

If a man and December 21 is your natal day, you may have a poor memory for names, but an excellent one in other respects. You ought to be well-sighted and very clever in financial matters. Promoting, banking, brokering, selling, acting, painting, journalism, engineering or work of a scientific nature may add greatly to your material possessions and help you to make a worthwhile reputation.

FRIDAY

WE have a new season beginning to-day and there is every prospect that it will be a prosperous one. It is this your birth anniversary you

YOUR X'MAS CONFECTIONS

PENOCHE

3 cups brown sugar
2 tablespoons corn syrup
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup Carnation Milk, undiluted
¾ cup chopped nuts
1 teaspoon vanilla

Boil sugar, syrup and milk to 240° F. or until a little of the syrup makes a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from fire and add butter. Cool until lukewarm and beat until creamy. Add nuts and vanilla and turn into buttered pan. Cool and cut in squares.

RAISIN PEANUT CREAMS

2 cups sugar
¾ cup Carnation Milk, undiluted
1 tablespoon corn syrup
2/3 cup chopped raisins
¼ cup peanut butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cook sugar, milk and syrup to the soft ball stage, 240° F. Remove from heat, add the raisins, peanut butter and vanilla and let stand until lukewarm. Beat until creamy and turn into a buttered square pan. Cool and cut in squares.

were born under the Zodiacal sign Capricorn. Capricorn people, as a rule, are inclined to be serious, ambitious, and persevering. You should always be able to face and overcome any discouraging condition. You may frequently conceal your feelings, with the result that you are often misjudged. Let your generous impulses and kindness be revealed rather than concealed. You may make it a point to ignore trifles, but never the important things in your daily life. In all probability you readily forgive a mistake, but not a falsehood, for the telling of truth may be one of your pet obsessions. You believe in being practical, and can usually see through vision schemes.

If a woman and December 22 is your birthday, you are, most likely, intensely loyal to those who have won your devotion. In both home and office you should be most efficient. There appears to be a period of great prosperity and freedom from worries ahead of you. As a public stenographer, accountant, artist, teacher, actress, writer or broker, you ought to do very clever work. You should enjoy many advantages in marriage and secure for yourself a full share of happiness.

The child born on December 22, generally knows how to get the most out of life. A bright and prosperous future apparently is awaiting this youngster.

If a man and December 22 is your natal day, you should be very enterprising and full of hope, for which you have ample justification, and a confidence in the loyalty of your friends, that is not likely to be shattered. As an architect, explorer, educator, clergyman, politician, actor, author or artist your experiences probably will be varied, profitable, interesting and very gratifying.

SATURDAY

If a woman and December 23 is your birthday, sincerity is perhaps one of your outstanding

characteristics. Alert to any opportunity that might come your way, the chances are you will grasp one that will be your making. Success seems to brighten the path you may start travelling within the next twelve months. Be very careful in saying yes or no to any questions asked of you. Constructive and not destructive lines of thought will be needed to get the right results. Through prose and verse, art, dramatic work or some highly specialised line of endeavour, you may find yourself wearing the laurels of fame. Love may reign supreme throughout your married life.

The child born on December 23 is frequently deliberate in his movements, thoughtful in actions, and loyal in friendships. These characteristics are likely to prevail throughout life and will be largely accountable for this youngster's ultimate success.

If a man and December 23 is your natal day, your humour and pleasing personality should make you a social favourite and a born salesman. Music, art, acting, educational work, contracting, building and promoting are among the activities that might enable you to make plenty of money and a distinguished name for yourself.



MANY A MAN IS DISCUSSED LIKE THIS by his employers



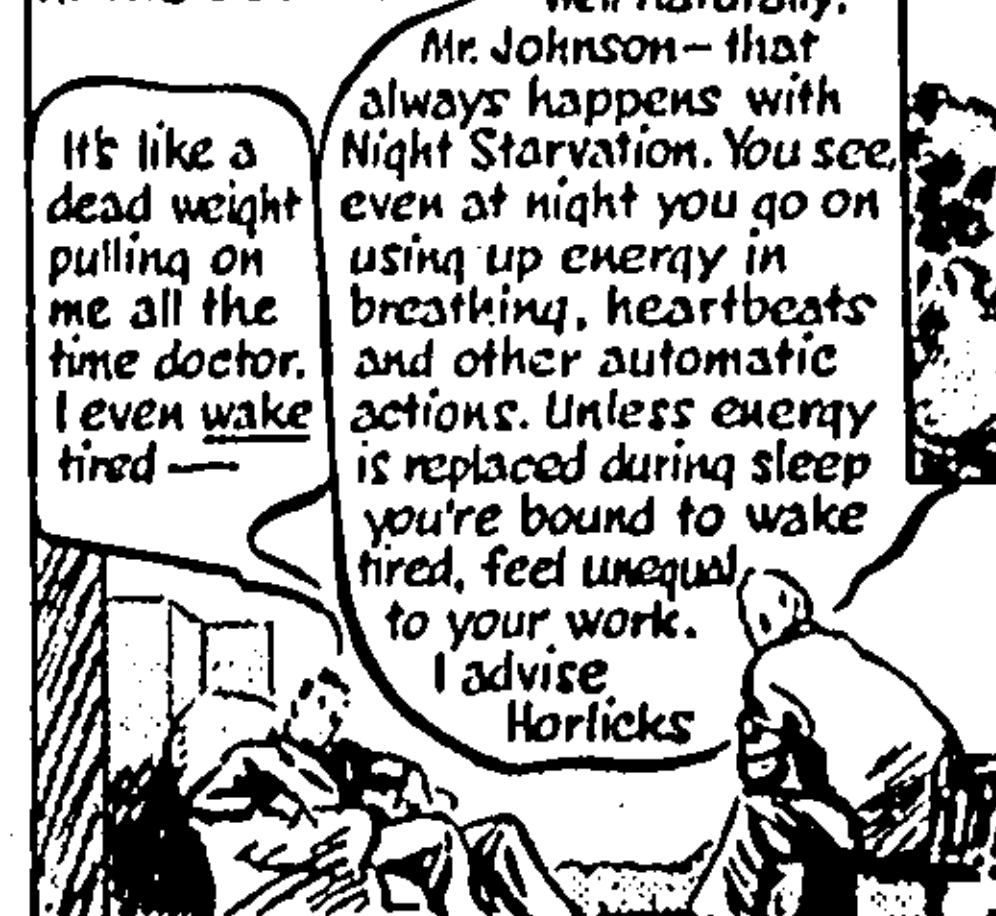
THAT EVENING



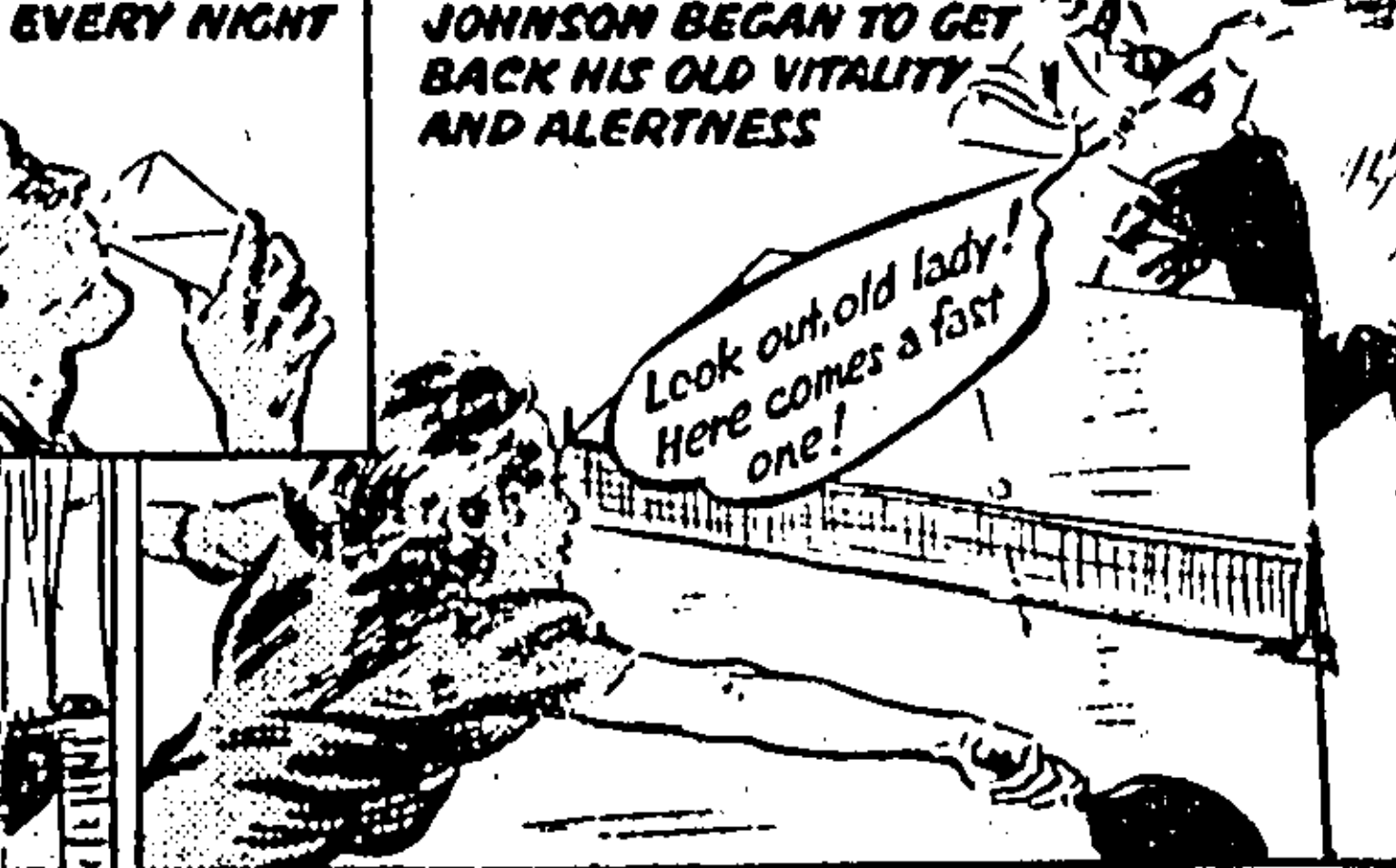
A LITTLE LATER



AT THE DOCTOR'S



SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT



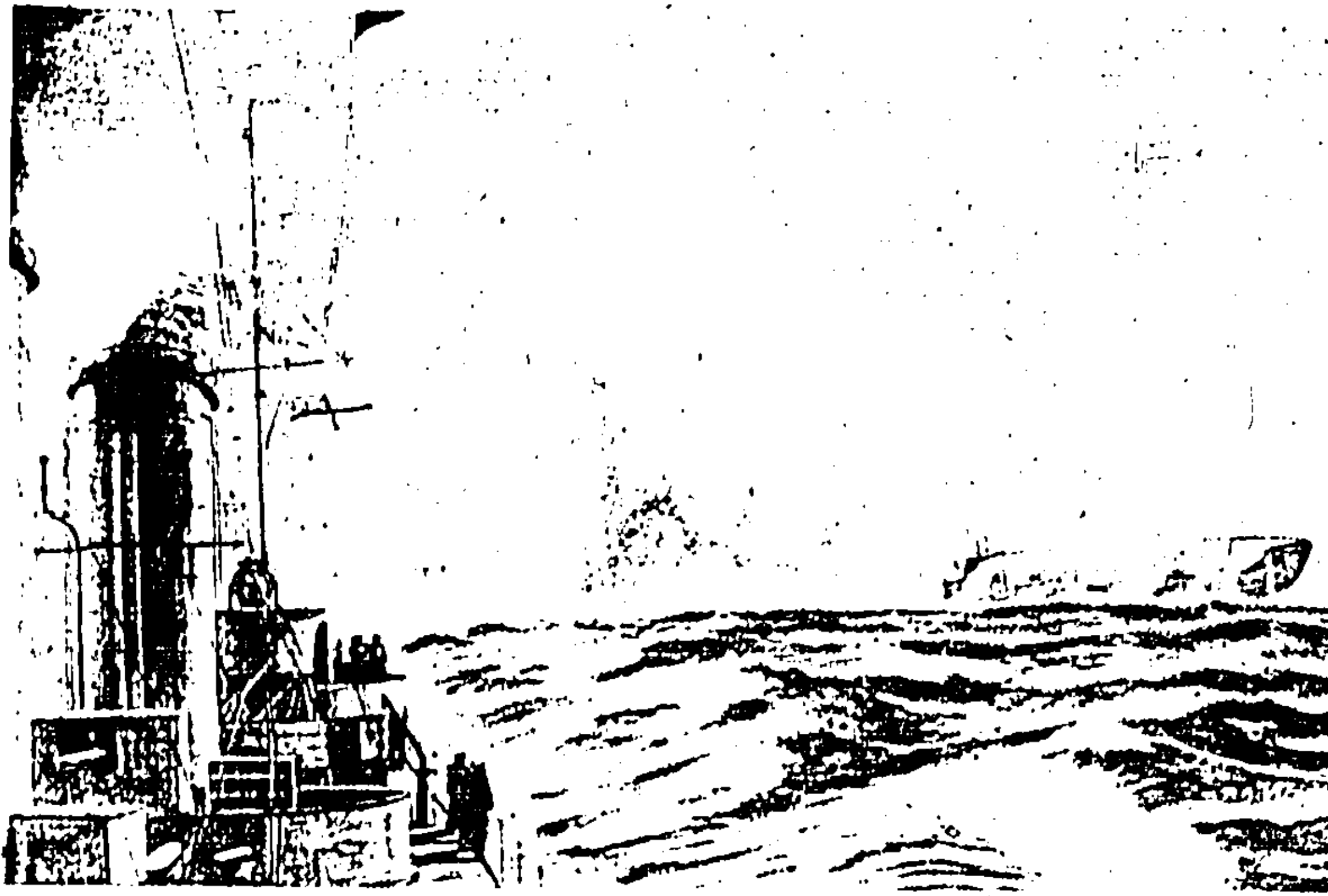
TWO MONTHS LATER



DOES YOUR HUSBAND WAKE TIRED, FEEL RUN-DOWN, WORRIED ABOUT HIS JOB?



HORLICKS
GUARDS AGAINST
NIGHT STARVATION



This striking artists impression gives some idea of the work of the Navy when U-Boat hunting. Here the naval ship has, with the aid of her hydrophones, located the position of the underwater menace, and has dropped depth charges on the spot. The explosion has blown the submarine to the surface, after which she slides back into the depths never to rise again.

Looking At England

(Copyright, Fox)



The members of an anti-aircraft gun post in the North of England have started a small farmyard, and during their spare time, the soldiers turn farmers. Here is a happy study of a soldier-farmer "bringing home the bacon."



Mr. Hector Hughes has a hobby of making marionettes and has just completed one of "that man again." In the photograph Mr. Hughes puts "Hitler" through some motions.



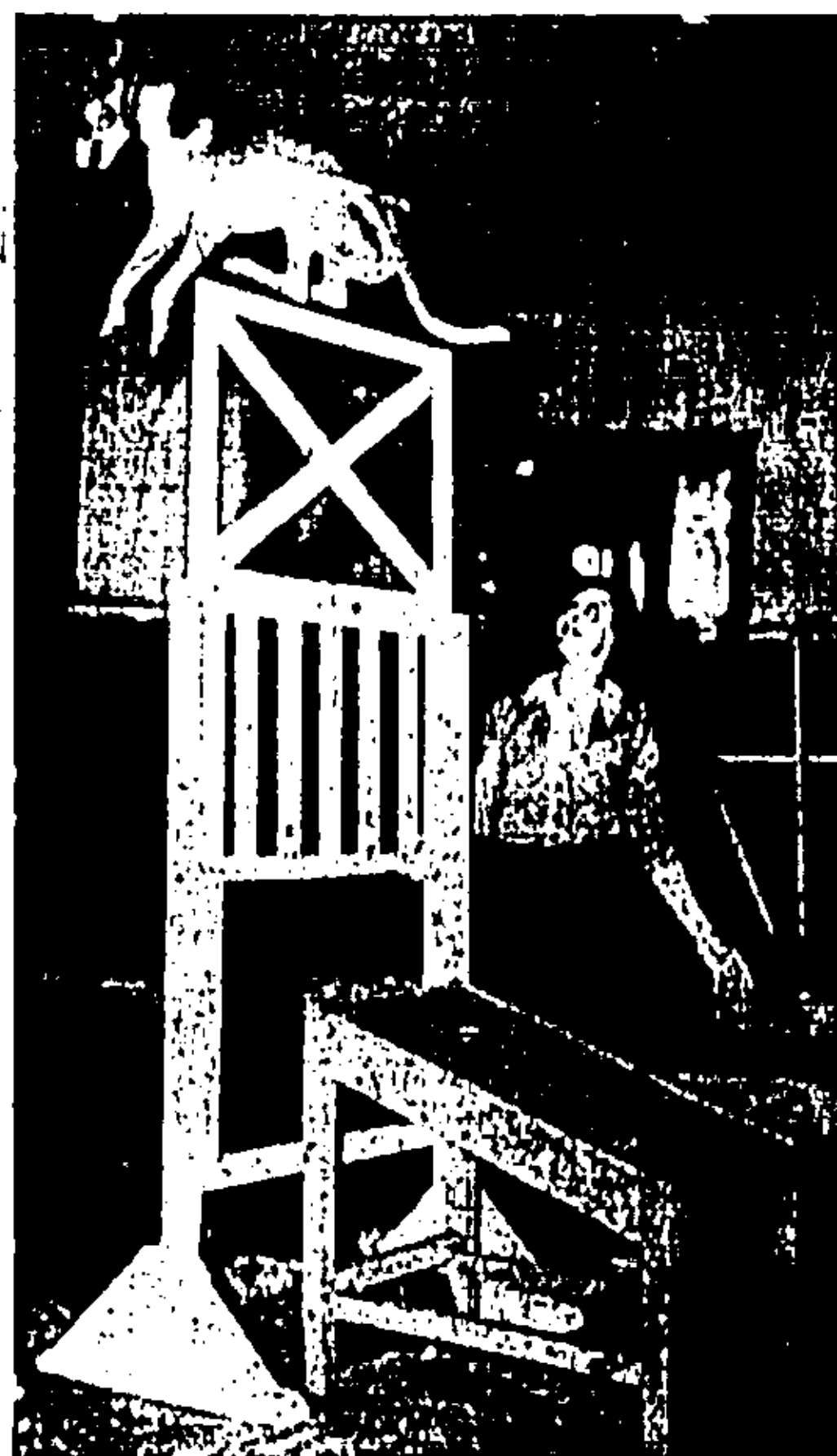
Another view "down on the farm" in the North of England, where members of an anti-aircraft gun post are rearing pigs, ducks, chickens, goats and geese. Steel helmets and chicken feeding don't, as a rule, go hand in hand. Many of the gun-post's meals are provided from the farm.



Prince Ras Monolulu, the famous tipster, introduces a topical touch with his steel helmet, but he keeps his familiar feathers all the same.



When feeding time is near at the London Zoo, the keeper passes by with the bucket on his arm, but the penguins make sure they don't lose sight of him, and promptly fall in behind, in marching order.



Their winter quarters having been requisitioned by the Government, the Cyril Mills circus is now rehearsing in the home of Mrs. Bertram Mills in Bucks. Miss Kaye, who trains dogs, is seen above putting one of her performing dogs through the jumps.



Elsa Buchanan, former Hollywood actress, is now in the Women's Land Army "somewhere in Surrey." Doing 16th-century "very different from the glamour of Hollywood" but Elsa seems happy enough as she carries a calf over the muddy ground.

Soviet Thunder Missing Geneva Decision Hailed As Prestige-Raising TIRADE OF ABUSE BY MOSCOW AND BERLIN

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

Paris, Yesterday.
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS has perhaps not saved Finland but she has saved herself," the Rightist "Le Matin" comments on the exclusion of Russia from Geneva.

Meanwhile diplomatic circles point out that Geneva's decision has not produced the thundering reply which Russian circles predicted, probably with a view to intimidating the lesser powers.

Significantly, the Soviet has not broken off relations with the powers which voted her exclusion.

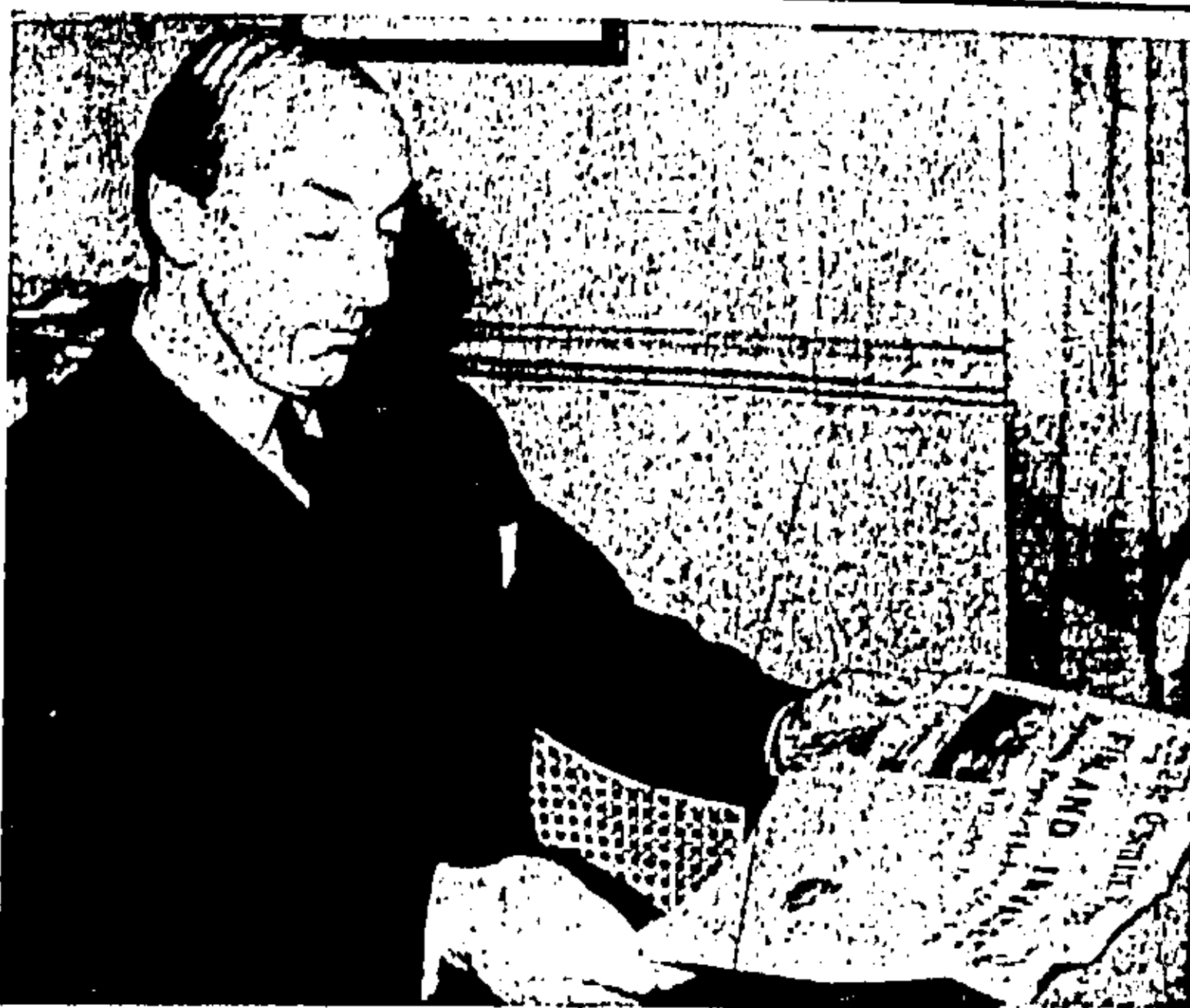
The same circles point out, however, that it would be unwise to draw definite conclusions from Russia's immediate reaction to Geneva's vote as Moscow's attitude entirely depends on the means of action at her disposal and on what she considers its interests.—Havas.

London, Yesterday.
While Moscow was undergoing a black-out test last night, the Radio was giving "enlightenment" on the subject of the expulsion of the Soviet from the League of Nations.

SCANTY INFORMATION
The information given was scanty, the announcer indulging mainly in a vitriolic attack upon the League and upon Britain and France.

The abuse was repeated later by the Berlin Station, which suggested that the Soviet invasion of Finland was not to blame for the action of the League. The Soviet was the "victim" of Allied manoeuvring.

The "New York Times" expresses the views of neutrals when it says: "The dishonour which has fallen on the Soviet is richly deserved. Not since the foundation of the League has there been a more flagrant instance of unprovoked aggression, or



"FINLAND INVADIED".

Mr. Georg. A. Grippenberg, Finland's minister in London, photographed at the Finnish Legation reading the newspaper story of the invasion of Finland by Stalin's Red Army. (Air Mail, Copyright).

EXPULSION OF THE SOVIET APPLAUDED

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

Paris, Yesterday.
THE PARIS PRESS expresses extreme satisfaction at the League of Nations' decision to expel the Soviet.

Many newspapers expect the move to result in closer co-operation between Moscow and Berlin.

The "Excelsior" says: "The League has fulfilled its duty and has regained much of its prestige."

"Pertinax," writing in "L'Ordre," points out that the fact that Turkey voted against Russia means that Turkish policy will probably follow Anglo-French policy even more closely in the future.

"L'Oeuvre" is of opinion that the League's decision might encourage Germany to attack the Balkans, since she will now be sure of Russia's favourable attitude.—Havas.

BLOCKADE FACTS!

(Special To "Sunday Herald")
Washington, Yesterday.
Startling proof of the efficacy of the Allies blockade is given by United States foreign trade statistics released to-day.
During November, American exports to Germany amounted to \$2,500 as against \$2,421,200 in the same month last year.—Havas.

SENATOR BORAH'S WARNING

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

Washington, Yesterday.
Unless the Republican Party takes up immediately a definite stand towards all foreign policy questions it will suffer a "humiliating defeat."

This is the opinion of Senator William Borah, as expressed in a letter addressed to Mr. Allen Dulles, American delegate to the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, and at present adviser to Mr. Thomas Dewey, New York's District Attorney, who has just confirmed that he will stand as a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination.

"Our foreign policy," writes Senator Borah, "and all questions of foreign affairs will be the most discussed problems during the electoral campaign, and if an attempt were made to eliminate or minimise these questions, the only result would be a humiliating defeat even well before the elections."—Havas.

THE ADOLF LEONHARDT

Capetown, Yesterday.
The German ship Adolf Leonhardt, which was scuttled by her crew, had been sheltering in Lobito Bay, Portuguese East Africa, ever since the war began.

After scuttling her, her crew took to the boats. Six officers and the crew were landed at Capetown, by the British warship which stopped her and handed them over to the South African Government authorities.—Reuter.

*** The Adolf Leonhardt, of 2,989 tons, was owned by Leonhardt and Blumberg, of Hamburg. Built at Emden in 1921, she was formerly the s.s. Theben and was about 340 feet long.

EIGHTY GERMANS INTERINED

London, Yesterday.
Eighty more Germans have been interned in the Union of South Africa, including Dr. Anton Obholzer, a Professor at the University of Stellenbosch.—British Wireless.

day Herald," that when he caught up with the snatcher, he produced a toy pistol and pointed it at him, while Derek Whitton, caught hold of him.

BOY USES TOY PISTOL TO HOLD UP SNATCHER

TWO VERY YOUNG EUROPEAN BOYS WERE COMMENDED BY MR. R. A. D. FORREST YESTERDAY, FOR EFFECTING THE ARREST OF A SNATCHER IN QUEEN'S ROAD EAST ON FRIDAY.

The boys were Derek Whitton, 12, and Fred Stanford, 10, both residing in the Military quarters, Kennedy Road.

A Chinese woman was walking near Murray Path, when the snatcher seized her woollen shawl. The boys who were near at hand, gave chase, caught the man and handed him over to a soldier and then to the Police.

The accused, Tsu Chi, 26 unemployed, was sentenced to two months' hard labour.

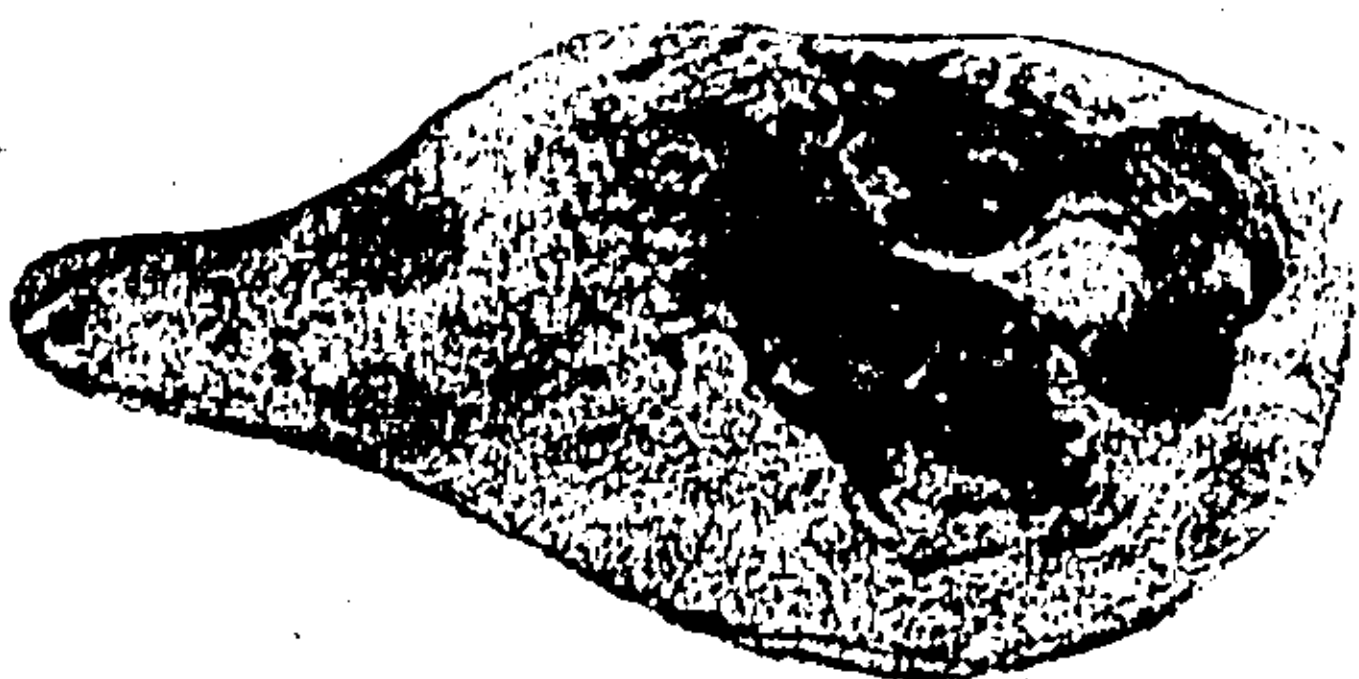
The 10-year-old, Fred Stanford, told a representative of the "Sun-



Fifteen of the crew of the 2,750 ton Newcastle, snatcher "Ghael Creek," were rescued by a Polish destroyer, when their ship sank after hitting a mine off the West coast. Most of them were injured. Photo shows one of the survivors clinging to the Polish sailors. (Air Mail, Copyright).

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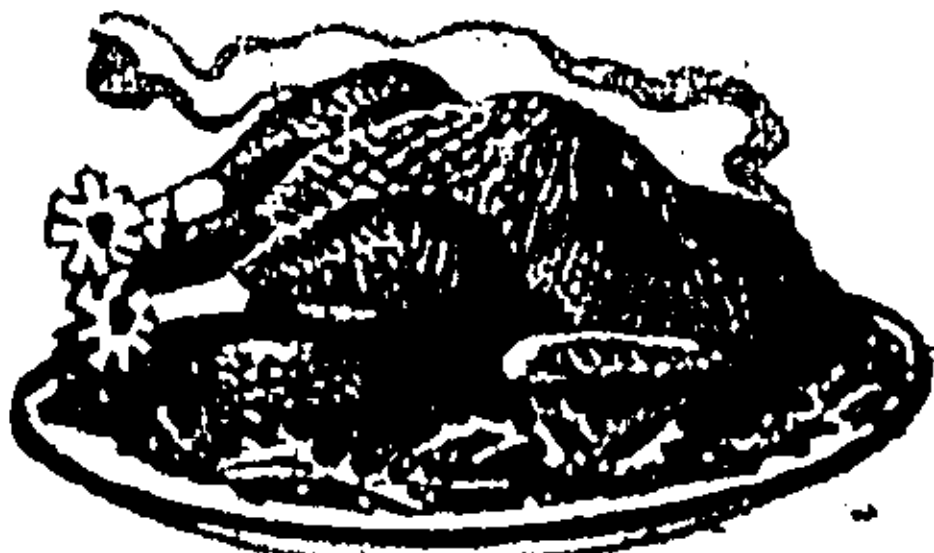


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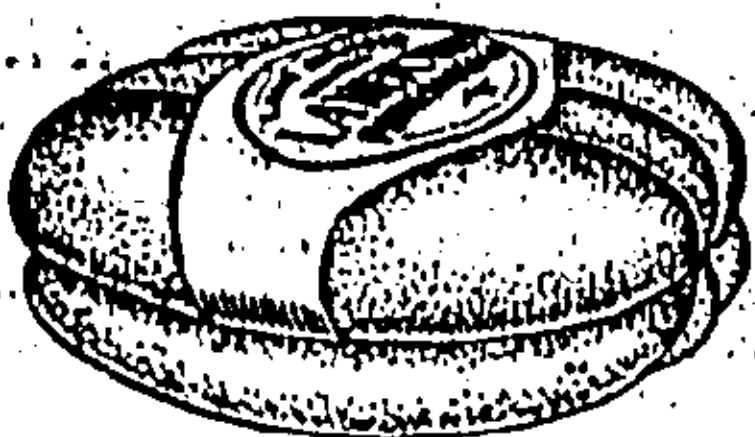
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How Germany Seeks Her Inspiration In Warriors Of Older And More Barbaric Days

Hitler's Profound Miscalculation

It is not strange that the nations which are most dangerous to-day are those which have cultivated a form of life that is exclusive to themselves, and which rigidly and intensively train their citizens by methods that support these principles and no others.

The Germans may say on the one hand that Nazism is not for export and the Russians on the other may say that Bolshevism is, but the point is that both agree, that other conceptions of life can not only find no place in their scheme but cannot even be considered.

Cordon Round State

Each of these nations has drawn a cordon round their state and refuse admission to alien ideas, and a hearing to the people who might possibly change their views. Neither Russians nor Germans travel outside their own boundaries. Each place is a prison which confines its own citizens, lest by visits abroad they may become infected. Facilities for travel have never been so great as they are to-day, but as far as Russia and Germany are concerned they may as well not exist. It is extremely difficult for a Russian to get a passport to go abroad, and it is just as hard for a German to get out of Germany even if the passport were given, since the maximum sum a German could take out of the country before this war started was ten dollars. Hong Kong money. Divison or foreign exchange was not obtainable, and it was therefore only by some process of barter that a German could support himself in England or in France. Enlightened people in Germany and there were some who realised the danger of such a circumscribed life, were most anxious before the war to get their daughters attached to some household where they would learn English and English ways and where they would give domestic help in return for board and lodging or the sons were sent in exchange for an

English youth if such an arrangement could be made. This, of course, only touched a very small fraction of the intelligent people, and was hardly likely to register any effect.

Wherever one went however in Germany, a request was sure to be made for some such arrangement, for such people realised that patriotism was not enough, or perhaps unconsciously they felt that such patriotism as they had to profess was not founded on very substantial ground, and they wanted to know by experiment or by comparison and contrast whether such admiration as was demanded was quite justified.

At Mercy Of Leaders.

Not only are Germans and Russians practically unable to travel abroad especially into democratic countries, but they find it difficult to learn about such countries from books or newspapers since the home product merely echoes the thoughts of those in power, while the foreign books and newspapers are either too expensive, or are not available. It was possible to buy the "Times" and the "Daily Telegraph" on the newspaper stalls in the railway station, or in the Unter den Linden when it was not banned for having said something that was not in keeping with Nazi policy, but as we have said, few can afford to buy such papers daily, and so the public is not kept informed.

Let us be fair to Germany, however. There were one or two newspapers in Germany whose editors did not always see eye to eye with the ruling party although they belonged to the long critical articles copied from the household where they would learn English and English ways and where they would give domestic help in return for board and lodging or the sons were sent in exchange for an

were quite successful in this way in conveying what they really felt.

Then, wireless again merely conveys the words and thoughts of Dr. Goebbels, and nothing else. Should a listener have the temerity to listen in to a foreign station, if he is found out he is marched through the street with his hands tied behind his back, while a storm trooper, behind him, carries the offending instrument to advertise the nature of his crime. What his fate is no one knows. He may get free again, but usually not.

Neither the Germans nor the Russians realise that the finding that those in foreign lands have a high regard for it also or by finding in other countries things are not done so well. If however the contrary is the case then there is all the more reason for travel since the

BY "CIVIS"

knowledge gained is a valuable help in improving one's own state.

It is true that there is a working class movement in Germany which encourages travel. It is called the "Strength Through Joy Movement." Kraft durch Freude and occasionally visits are paid to foreign countries. Italy entertained some of these people last year, but the hotel proprietors were not at all pleased with their guests who had very little money to spend, and whose hotel bills which were paid by the organisation were at the lowest possible rates. These tourists however were never really away from their own country. They belonged to an organised party which went round as a group, said things as a group, and had very little opportunity of getting to understand social life in Italy. It was felt that Italy was a safer country for such persons to visit than England or France since the danger of infection there was less.

This insulating process was carried out also in the economic field, for the aim of the totalitarian state is self-sufficiency. This means an intensive cultivation of the soil in order to make the nation self-supporting from the point of view of food the most important factor in keeping up the nation's morale in a protracted war.

It was for this reason that the cultivation of the country side was encouraged. The farmer was given to understand that his work was of the utmost importance and that agriculture was the mainstay of the national life. Just as the Emperor of China, the Son of Heaven used to plough, amid great ceremony and pomp the first furrow in the precincts of the temple of Heaven at the Spring Festival each year, so Hitler in order to enhance the dignity and importance of farming used to address a great assembly of farmers in the autumn to impress upon them and the nation the need of an adequate food supply.

Land Service

It was in Germany that the idea of service on the land for every youth of eighteen was instituted. This land army consisted of those who had passed through the secondary school course and were about to proceed to the University or into one of the professions direct. Six months on the land was a necessary qualification before proceeding further. Armed with spades instead of rifles this semi military body of 200,000 youths paraded in the cities both before and after their service on the land.

The cinemas helped considerably to advertise the activities of these young men in the farms, doing reclamation work and on river conservancy. The brighter and healthier side of the work were duly shown and helped to popularise the open air life in contrast with the artificial restricted life of the city.

The vigorous happy glow on the faces after a hard day's work when recreation, political discussions, singing and such things were the order of the day conveyed the idea that the German youth thoroughly enjoyed his lot on the land and would not change it for any other.

Many farmers grumbled at the assistance given since it had to be paid for, and was far from efficient because these youths were not trained like agricultural labourers, and were frequently withdrawn in order to attend lectures on Nazi politics.

Still they contributed something to the attainment of the objective namely economic self-sufficiency. Youths from working class families in towns at the age of thirteen were transferred in vast numbers to the farm schools in order to create

in them a love of the soil. The hope that some of them would stay and become farm labourers and the rest who did return to their homes in town would spread the new gospel of 'race and soil.'

Hitler Youth

In addition to stimulating their active participation in the life of the country side in order to ensure an interest in rural life and the food supply the German leaders tried very hard to make Germany self-sufficient culturally. The Hitler Youth and the workers were encouraged to learn the legends and so recapture the true spirit of the heroes of old, through song and saga and to become more distinctively German than ever before.

The Fuehrer seems to feel that the failure of Germany in the 1914-1918 war was due to a departure from the ancient tradition. There had been a dilution of the national spirit through the inclusion of alien elements.

By intensifying on the one hand things Germanic in origin and on the other expelling from the national life those things, which were foreign it was believed that Germany would become true to her noble past and also worthy of it.

It was this spirit which prompted the extinction in Munich in 1908, of modern and therefore decadent art and side by side the old revered German art.

It was with the idea of restoring Germany's pride in her own past that the Ministry of Culture sought to eliminate the music that failed to conform with the ancient standards and the literature that suggested a wider loyalty than that of the state. Architecture too was receiving attention in Germany, and a return to something Aryan, whatever it may mean, was being prepared.

John Gunther quotes the story of the Russian airmen who went to destroy Berlin in the war that was made about the intentions of more powerful neighbours that serious consequences follow. The Blue Book issued by the British Government reveals the extent of this ignorance as it also explains the mistakes which have marked German diplomacy during the past few years.

Realm Of Science

So it was in the realm of science

there developed a special attitude towards scientific work which for the German had no value unless it was pursued wholly in the interests of the German state. Dr. Karstadt in Göttingen in 1938, said:

"To-day we take this vow. We renounce research for its own sake. We teach and learn medicine to keep the German people strong and healthy. We teach and learn the sciences not to discover abstract laws but to sharpen the implements of the German people in competition with other people. If the German universities make and keep this vow then it will naturally come about again that they will be the first to be consulted by the State."

This intense cultivation of things German is a reaction then from the state of upheaval that followed the last war. It is a demand for a return to the old standards and for the recovery of the old Germanic spirit, which animated the warriors of old. Germany has retreated within herself in order that she might gather sufficient strength to make the attack which will restore her broken prestige. In concentrating all her thought on rebuilding her shattered forces, both material and moral, she has made it impossible to appreciate the strength beyond her borders. Her prodigious efforts have produced that state of self-admiration which arises, when the achievements of other nations are not only ignored but despised.

Blue Book Expose

In these circumstances it is not surprising that miscalculations about the capacity and the intentions of foreign nations must occur.

This may matter little in her relations with weaker and smaller nations, in fact the ability to ride rough shod over such nations may be a necessary self-justification; it is when destroy Berlin in the war that was made about the intentions of more powerful neighbours that serious consequences follow. The Blue Book issued by the British Government reveals the extent of this ignorance as it also explains the mistakes which have marked German diplomacy during the past few years.

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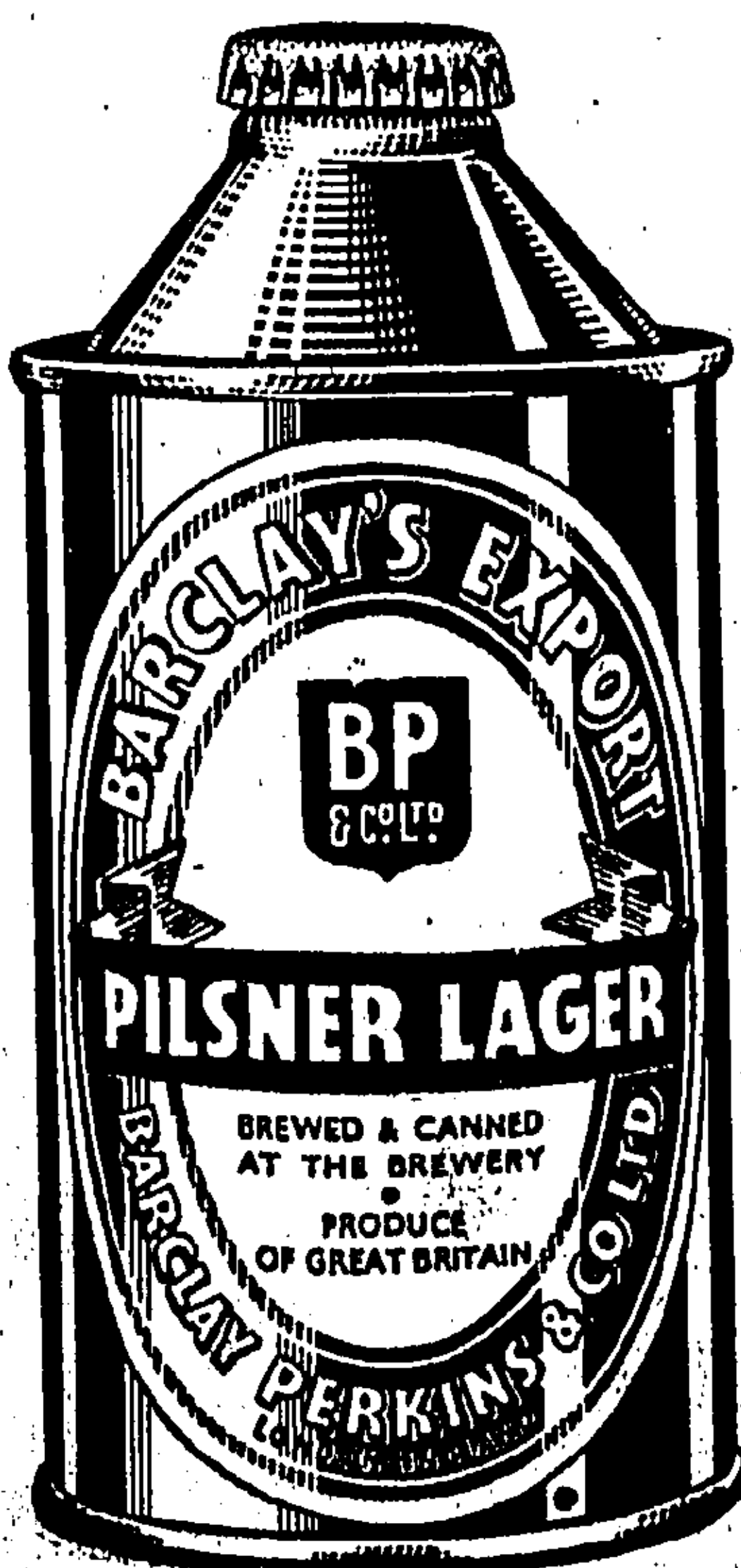
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CHRISTMAS NIGHT (ROSE ROOM DINNER DANCE)	TILL 2 A.M.
NEW YEAR'S EVE (ROSE ROOM CARNIVAL)	TILL 3 A.M.

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CHRISTMAS DAY (SPECIAL TIFFIN CONCERT)	1 TO 3 P.M.
NEW YEAR'S EVE (GRAND CARNIVAL)	TILL 3 A.M.

ORCHESTRAL ARRANGEMENTS ON ABOVE OCCASIONS.

THE BAND OF THE 2ND BN. THE ROYAL SCOTS (THE
ROYAL REGT.) BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT. COL. D.
J. McDOUGALL, M.C., AND OFFICERS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY (SPECIAL TEA DANCE) 5 TO 7 P.M.

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GALAS AND
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—A QUARTER OF AN HOUR AFTER EACH
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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed Full of Vigor.

Your liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food does not digest. It just decays in the bowels, gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks pink.

A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those famous Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red package. Refuse anything else.

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DINNER \$10
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CHRISTMAS — NIGHT
25th
DECEMBER '39

EXTENSION 2 A.M.
DINNER \$7
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HONGKONG & SHANGHAI
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New York Attorney-General To Stand For Presidency

"RACKET-BUSTER" CONFIRMS DECISION

New York, Yesterday.

RACKET-BUSTER Thomas E. Dewey confirmed to-night that he is going to stand for United States President on the Republican ticket in next year's elections. So once again American history may repeat itself. A "small town boy," laughed at for his big ideas, may become leader of 120 million people. Dewey's ideas have always had one central theme—the elimination of graft.



THE SULTAN of
BAGHDAD
and the SULTANA.

Pictures from the pantomime
"Ali Baba" which opens at the
Y.M.C.A. this week.



CAROL RECITAL TO-MORROW

Under the auspices of the Y.W. and Y.M.C.A.'s, a Concert, in the form of a recital of Christmas Carols, will be held to-morrow at 7.30 p.m. at St. Paul's Church, Glenealy.

The Rev. Mr. Lau Yuet-sing, Chairman of the Chinese Churches Union, will preside.

The Recital, with Dr. Yung Kai-tung as conductor, and Miss Yung Mo-wan and Mr. Au Wai-man as accompanists, will be given by the Union of Chinese Choirs.

Among those taking part are the Choirs of Basel Mission Church, Hop Yut Church, Christ Church, True Light Girls' School, Baptist Church, St. Paul's Church, St. Stephen's Church, Chinese Choral Society, Chuchow Christian Association, St. Mary's Church, St. Paul's Girls' College, Holy Trinity Church, Church of Christ, Methodist Church, Wanchai Church, and Sun Oi Church.

The Concert is open to the public and there is no admission charge.

NEW DEVICE WILL END SUCCESS OF THE MAGNETIC MINE

London, Yesterday.

J. D. S. ALAN, the "Sunday Dispatch" Motoring Correspondent, makes some interesting revelations regarding Britain's counter-measures to the magnetic mine. He writes:—

The most effective type of magnetic mine is designed to rest on the bottom or sides of relatively shallow shipping channels, where at high tide a ship's hull does not clear it by more than 25 feet.

U-BOAT MEN: "WE HATED IT"

Captured U-boat men, as they were taken ashore at a Scottish port last week, told their captors that they were glad their share in Germany's submarine warfare was finished.

On the notice board of one of the two warships which brought them in was a sincerely worded message of gratitude and appreciation to the Englishmen from the German U-boat commander.

It thanked the English officers and crew for their wonderful hospitality. Most of the 43 prisoners, in talks with the British sailors, had revealed anti-Hitler views, and one of them told a new-found British seaman friend, "I hated every minute of the time we were at sea sinking defenceless victims."

"SEE YOU IN BERLIN"

Such was the atmosphere on board the British warships that when the Germans were marched down the gang-plank at the dockside to a waiting motor-bus and armed escort, the crews lined their decks and gave one hearty farewell.

"Cheerio, see you in Berlin." And the big fair-haired German sailor to whom the remark was addressed grinned broadly and shouted back "O.K."

There were other shouts like "Bye-bye, Fritz. All the best," and "Keep smiling, boys, see you some day."

SCANTY RATIONS

While on board the British warships the Germans had told how they had been living for weeks on scanty rations and under miserable

conditions. The mine is "dead" for about a minute to give it a chance to settle.

It is then controlled by a magnetic needle, like a compass needle, which lies steady in the magnetic meridian; that is, it points approximately to the North Pole.

Every metal structure, such as a ship, is surrounded by a magnetic field, an area of electric force, exceedingly feeble, yet sufficient to attract a sensitive needle.

If a ship passes within 25 feet of the mine, the needle is deflected.

At a predetermined number of degrees turn from the north, it makes an electric contact which fires the mine.

DOUBLE PURPOSE

The chief object of the Germans is not merely to sink a ship, but to cause it to block our shipping channels.

Ordinary mine sweeping, calling for gallantry and endurance, becomes doubly dangerous with this type of mine.

The Admiralty electrical experts swiftly devised a means of throwing a powerful field of electric magnetic force some hundreds of feet ahead of the sweepers.

This is controllable, like a ray. Used in conjunction with fresh measures for the aerial safeguarding of narrow channels, the Navy will soon have the new danger under control.

Often their meals consisted only of scraps of poor quality bread. For long periods they were out of touch with their base, and lived a hunted, fearful existence.

Footnote: While on board, one of the prisoners said, "Well, you've got us. But we got one of your ships not long ago," giving the number of the vessel.

"Is that so?" said a Briton, smiling; "that is the very ship you are in now."

He came to New York to study singing. He stayed to send others to Sing Sing.

He fought every enemy in turn. First he was quietly told to "lay off" and then they tried to buy him. Ways of making big money—while still putting up some fake cases to throw dust in the eyes of the electors—were opened to him.

Beautiful women—gangster's "molls" under the surface—paid him flattering attentions, tried to trap him into making a false step. Dewey was as contemptuous of threats and bribes alike.

Gradually New Yorkers, duped so many times by the "clean-up" election cry, began to see that here was a man who really meant what he said.

"Racketeering can be crushed," he said. So they made him District Attorney and told him to go to it.

HUNTED "BIG SHOTS"

But his response amazed even those who elected him.

Instead of going for the small stuff he tore down the covers which screened the "big shots."

He dragged Johnny Hines, leader of Tammany Hall, into the courts and accused him of accepting bribes from gangster "Dutch Schultz."

Hines came to court smiling. He left it in a prison van.

"Lucky" Luciano, \$400,000 a year "protection" racketeer, and "Toots" Herbert, head of a big poultry trust, were next "up the river."

Dewey, at 37, has made good his word. He has cleaned up New York. Now, he says, he is "going places"—to clean up a while nation. — Our Own Correspondent.

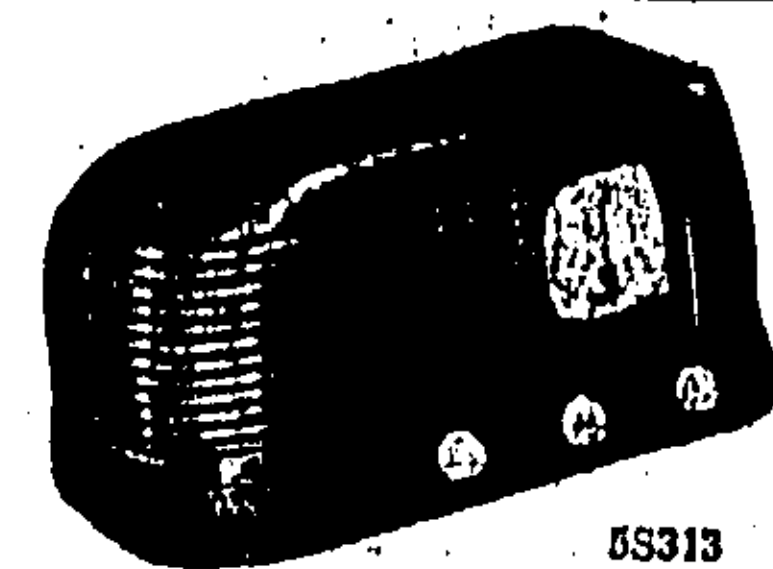
POLES IN CINEMAS HURL ABUSE AT HITLER

Paris, Yesterday.

To fulfil their boast that life in Warsaw is normal again, the Nazi authorities have reopened two cinemas.

They have changed the uniforms of the programme girls from red and blue to the grey and green of the Reichswehr. Those cinemas are showing "Education on the Slegfried Line."

The Gestapo complain that the cinemas keep them busy. Every time the lights go out the Poles in the audience shout abuse at the film and at Hitler. When the lights go on, patriotic slogans are chalked on the walls. Each night the Gestapo make dozens of arrests.—Havas.



FOR X'MAS & NEW YEAR

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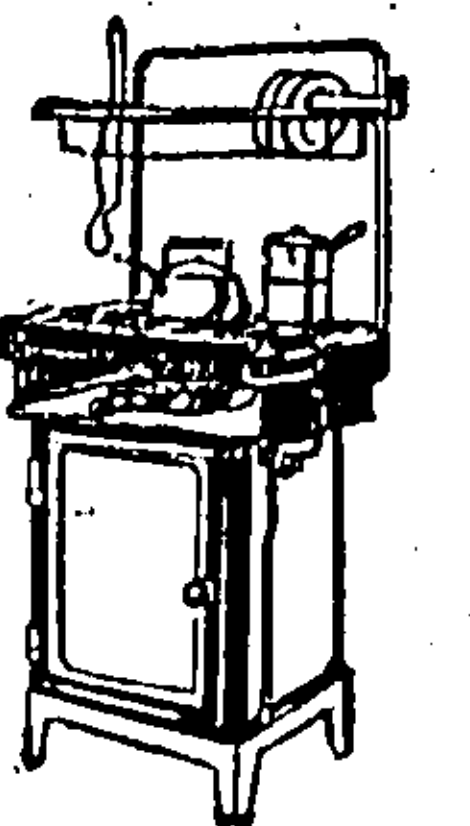
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The PROOF of the PUDDING...

... quite apart from the attractive appearance of the New World which brings new beauty to the kitchen, the superb cooking performance of this modern gas cooker will be a source of delight to the housewife. At no time will this be better appreciated than at Xmas, when the success of the festivities depends upon perfect cooking. Be sure to have a New World in your kitchen—the oven well filled with seasonable fare—a turn of the "Regulo" Oven regulator, and in a given time the opened door will reveal a feast cooked to such perfection that it will be a pride to serve.



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Lt. Col. D. J. McDougall, M.C.
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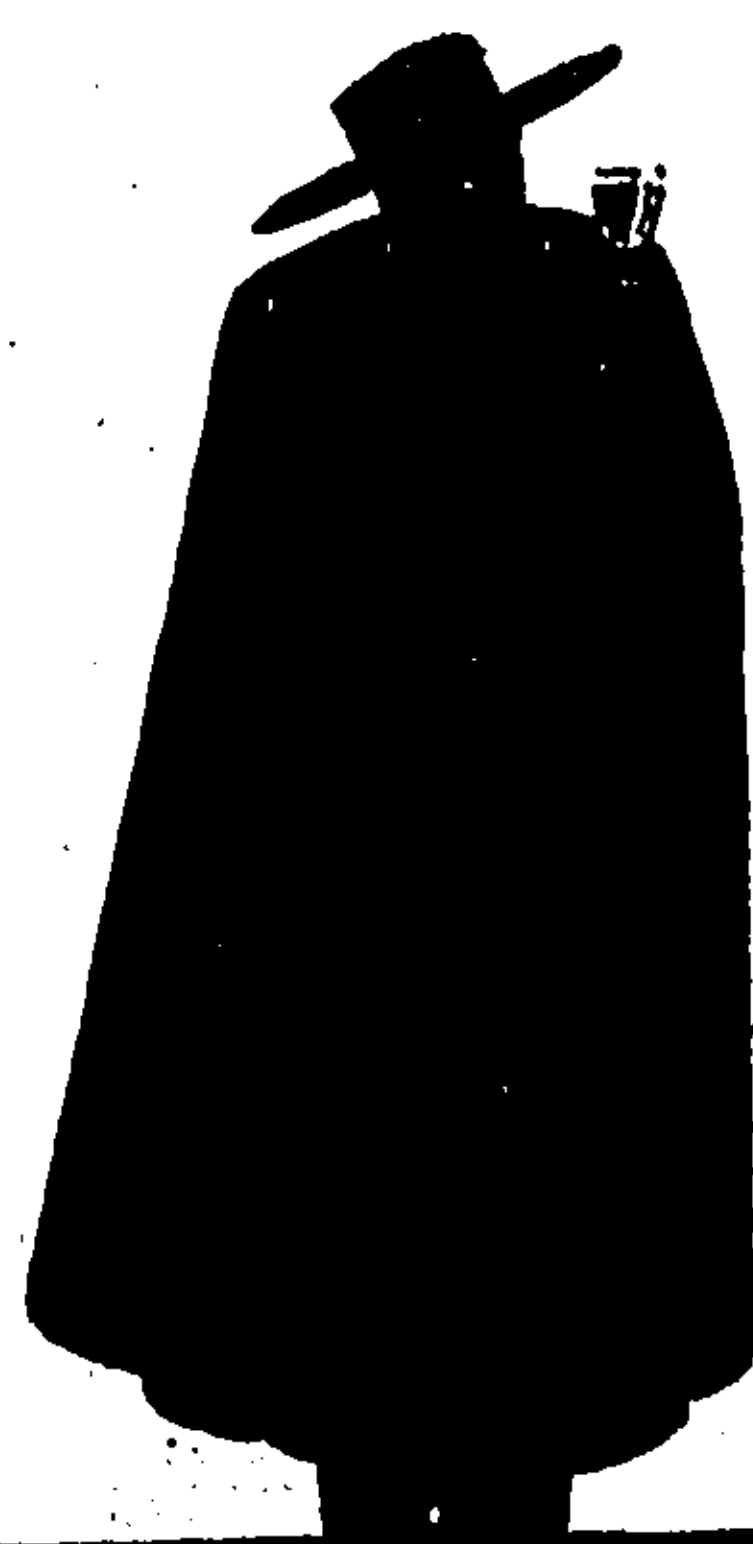
Christmas Day
Tiffin Concert
25th December
1 p.m. — 3 p.m.

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QUINTETTE

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Tiffin Concert
1 p.m. — 2.30 p.m.

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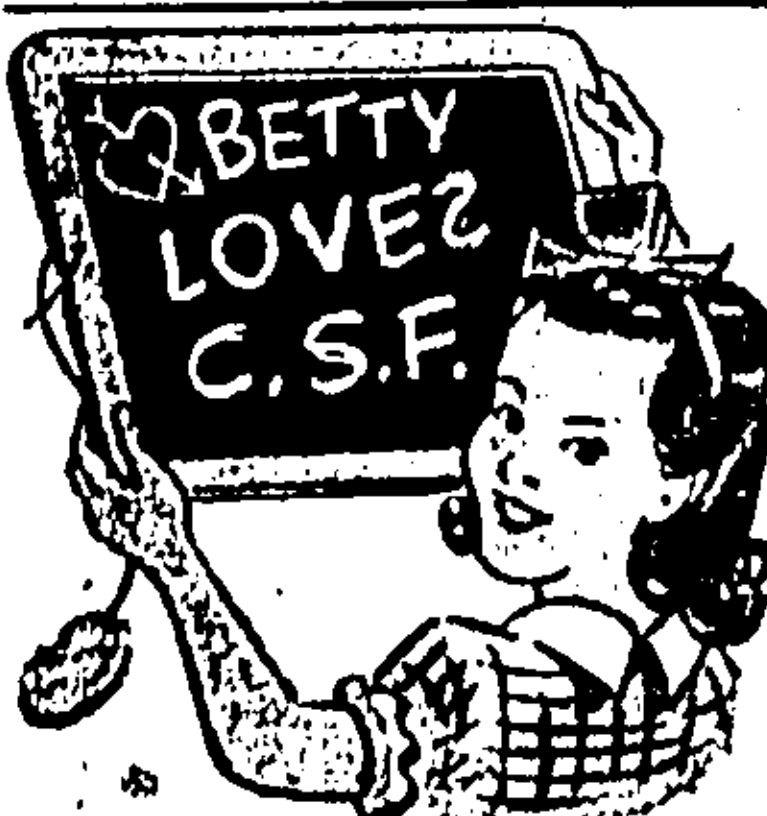
ATHLETE'S FOOT INFECTION STOPPED BY NEW DISCOVERY!

Have you noticed an annoying itch between your toes? Has the skin become thick, white and moist, or red and inclined to peel? If so, look out! These symptoms may indicate the infection known as Athlete's Foot. After exhaustive tests, a famous New York Laboratory finds that Absorbine Jr., the mild yet powerful antiseptic, kills the germs that cause this nasty infection.

Don't take chances on serious complications if you have any of these symptoms. Douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet twice a day. Absorbine Jr. kills the tiny parasites and promotes quick healing. Ask for a bottle today. Sold in all good stores.

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For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, cuts, sprains, abrasions.



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A blending of elixir of senna in rich syrup made from figs, 'Califig' is gentle, yet thorough in its action, harmless and non-habit forming. It guards against constipation and kindred ills, purifies the blood stream and creates healthy, hearty appetites. Give your children a regular course of California Syrup of Figs. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS
Made specially for children.

Propaganda And FACTS

Much false history has been written and many erroneous opinions are the result of it. It is, however, far more disturbing to see, in one's own time, false history not so much being written as growing up of its own accord and forming part of the tribulation of the age. There are many false opinions about the last war which are widely accepted.

One that has considerable vogue in England is to the effect that the military leaders were always wrong, and that Mr. Lloyd George, in some ingenious manner, was able to win the war in spite of them. Another remarkable theory which finds general acceptance in the United States, is that America was persuaded, by insidious propaganda, to come into a war in which she ought never to have taken part, and that after it, the European Powers made a disgraceful peace at Versailles, which America rightly repudiated, and which is largely responsible for all subsequent disasters, including the present war.

That this opinion should prevail is probably due to the assiduous and skillful propagation of German ideas over a period of twenty years. It cannot have been easy to persuade a great people that their President, their Senate, their Congress, their Press, and they themselves had been completely deceived and duped into spending a vast treasure and sacrificing many thousands of precious lives in a vain and foolish cause. If this were true, what a fearful condemnation would it supply, not only of the leaders of both political parties, who concurred in the decision, but also of the rank and file, who almost universally supported them. It seemed to many Europeans at the time, that President Wilson's great achievement was to have brought his nation united into war—which he could hardly have accomplished if he had yielded to the promptings of ex-President Roosevelt, who would have come into the war very much sooner. That both these remarkable men should have fallen victims to the subtlety of British propaganda, is a view which most people would have supposed was unthinkable if it were not so widely accepted at the present time.

What did America gain by coming

into the war? This is a question that I was recently asked in New York, to which, perhaps, the best answer is another question—What would America have lost by staying out of the war? And the answer is—her own self-respect and the good opinion of the world, and "that's something", as Browning's Eva Lippa Lippi said, "of simple beauty". No nation gains much by warfare, which brings poverty and disaster to all, but there is a thing called honour which men still treasure, and there are insults which men still consider intolerable and not to be borne. If any American citizen sincerely doubts the wisdom of his fellow-countrymen in deciding to go to war twenty-two years ago, let him calmly read the history of 1917, rather than listen to the subterranean German propaganda of 1939. It is not rash to prophesy that he will rise from

By the Rt. Hon
ALFRED DUFF COOPER

the perusal of that history with a higher opinion of his own country, with a greater pride in its past, and a greater confidence in its future.

But where German propaganda has been even more successful, not only in America but also in Europe, is in the vilification of the Treaty of Versailles. There are honest men and women all over the world who sincerely believe that it was a cruel and unjust Treaty, with revenge as its principal motive and vested interests as its principal authors. The opposite is of course the case. Never at the end of a war have the victors been less inspired by malice or more anxious to devise a system which should operate for the happiness of all nations and the prevention of future conflicts.

For the first time in history, the idea was accepted that the peoples themselves, and not their rulers, should have some say in their future fate. From the point of view of the balance of power, it may have been an error not to have reconstructed the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but the reason for its destruction was the accepted fact that the various races which composed it no longer wished

to be ruled by the Hapsburgs.

The creation of Czecho-Slovakia was to the advantage of neither France, England, Italy or America. It was done solely in order to meet the wishes of the common people who lived in that part of the world. The same principles applied to Poland, to Finland, to Estonia, to Latvia and to Lithuania. The frontiers may not have been drawn with unvarying correctness, but those who drew them were moved by no other motive than the desire to meet the wishes of the inhabitants on either side.

The principle of self-determination was a new idea which was not as easy to put into practice as it sounded, but it was the right idea, it was the idea that still prevailed, and is increasingly accepted, and the statesmen who met in Paris in 1919 were first statesmen in the world who ever tried to enforce it. It should also always be remembered that bound up in the same volume with the Treaty of Versailles is the Covenant of the League of Nations and that the Treaty cannot be understood or interpreted apart from the Covenant which is its basis.

By that Covenant it was hoped to establish a new order and a new system of settling the affairs of the world. It was hoped to set up a Parliament of Nations, where all disputes would be considered and where judgment would be given and decisions reached which would be universally accepted. The terms of the Treaty, as was expressly stated in the text, were not intended to be final, and it was expected that the League of Nations would provide the instrument for their amendment.

The Colonial Clauses have been criticised, but in this department also the new theory was for the first time introduced. Again it was the well-being of the governed rather than the advantage of the governors which formed the principal consideration. The mandatory system laid down that these territories and their populations were not to become the private property of any power, but were to be administered for the benefit of the inhabitants and with a view to these inhabitants eventually assuming the responsibility of self-government. The powers charged with the mandates were obliged to report annually to the League to give an account of their stewardships and

HITLER'S FAILURE

Britain has not yet been called upon to endure the visitation of frightfulness that was promised as our portion of Nazi retribution if we dared to stand athwart Hitler's road to conquest and domination.

We are fully conscious, of course, the immunity we have enjoyed during the past weeks has not been due to hesitation on any humanitarian grounds on the part of Hitler's war machine. Nor has it been regard for the recognised rules of warfare that has led Hitler to hold his itching hand.

Hitler, who has yielded nothing to decency or honour in peace time either to his own people or to weak opponents outside the nation-wide prison he has created, is not the man to forego inflicting the maximum of destruction to the life, and of damage to the property, of the British people who have displayed the nerve, the audacity and the strength of will to reject both his so-called divine inspiration and divine mission.

The ruthless application of the policy of frightfulness is with Hitler not a question of morality or humanity but simply one of opportunity. If it will serve his foul purposes and base designs and he can indulge it with a large measure of safety, he is not afflicted with doubts or hesitations in advance or with remorse and shame afterwards.

Against the Polish nation, whose defensive equipment for resistance and offensive resources for retaliation were utterly inadequate, Hitler did not fail to employ frightfulness in all its most abhorrent and intimidating forms. The civilian popu-

lation and open towns were choice targets for his bombs and shells and bullets. Short and desperate though the struggle was, the Polish soldier displayed a heroism and a fortitude which in due course will receive the recognition they deserve, while at the same time the civil population endured and continues to endure at the hands of the invader an anguish that will for ever be a shame and a reproach to Nazi Germany.

In the crucified Czech State, tortured and trampled on and spoliated with all the savagery of barbaric invasion, the policy of frightfulness has been given full rein. No one can have read the detailed accounts, inadequate though they have been, of recent happenings in that unhappy but unsubdued land, without experiencing an emotion akin to spiritual sickness that a civilised and cultured people, bred in the tradition of liberty, should be made the sport of unbridled violence and cruel terrorism by malevolent and unprincipled foes.

Hitler is learning that though he may control bodies, he cannot enslave minds. Nothing affords more convincing proof that he knows how abjectly he is falling than the mur-

derous attacks which are unleashed from time to time upon the Czech population. Could any confession of failure be more contemptible or more conclusive than the spectacle of the tools of the powerful wreaking a pitiless vengeance upon the weak and defenceless who refuse to bow the head in token of submission? Is there anything so nauseating or repulsive as the brutality of the invading marauder whose uneasy mastery seeks to proclaim itself by tearing the heart and soul out of a proud and unflinching people?

The conscience of the civilised world is a living thing, and there are moments in mankind's tragic history when it is a decisive influence. It has been quickened by the martyrdom of the Czechs, and is enlisted in the cause of their restored freedom. Who is there amongst us who was not caught up in the wave of horror and indignation a few days ago at the news that the Nazi authorities were now sowing death in the deep seas to find its victims amongst the

passengers in neutral ships? As I said earlier, neither international law nor the dictates of humanity weigh with the Nazi mind; other-wise they would not be carrying guilt for the crime of the sinking of the Dutch "Simon Bolivar" and the loss of over one hundred passengers, including women and children.

If we lose a submarine or a warship or an aircraft carrier by the action of the enemy, we regret our loss, particularly of gallant officers and men who are ready to risk death and to pay the supreme sacrifice in furtherance of the cause for which their country fights. But we do not complain, because that is part of the price that must be paid for the victory that we seek and are determined to achieve.

But when we read of death-dealing mines being strewn in the main searoutes that are kept free for neutral shipping and commerce to use with safety in the pursuit of their lawful undertakings, and of passenger liners being blown up without any warning, and at the gravest peril to the lives and safety of innocent passengers and seamen, whether neutral or British, and that the number of survivors is dependent not on any success from the perpetrators of the wanton outrage but solely on the chance of there being time to launch the ship's boats or of British, French or neutral ships being in the vicinity and able to reach the scene of destruction in time, we cannot but stand against at the criminal mentality that plans such dastardly and ruthless destruction.

War is a tragic and bitter experience even when it is conducted with due regard to such laws of humanity as have been designed and accepted to keep its evil consequences within bounds. But when such limited safeguards of common human rights are cast aside and not even the veneer of civilised conduct is retained, war and conquest take on all the ugliness and bestiality that science and reckless imagination dominated by relentless and unprincipled minds, can give it. Not even individual heroism on the part of the enemy can redeem the Nazi Government from the evil of their practices or their evil cause from the added stain with which those practices mark it.

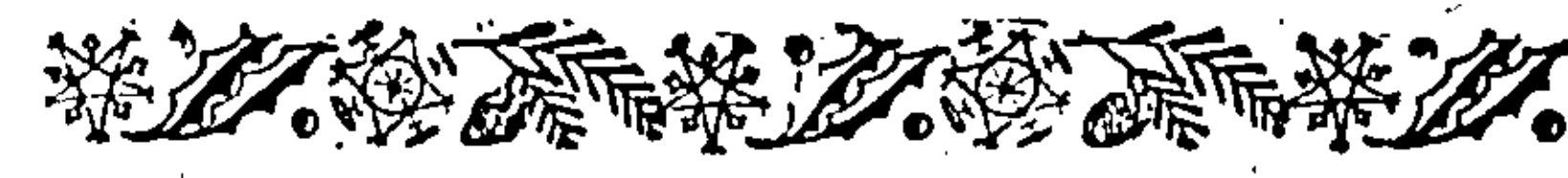
Wherever Nazi Germany stalks, it uses both its teeth and its claws, and leaves all the bloody marks of the enraged and lustful beast.

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By the Rt. Hon
ARTHUR GREENWOOD



Here's Where to Greet



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NEW YEAR'S EVE, 31st DECEMBER EXTENSION TILL 3 A.M.

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KAN TONG PO,
Chief Manager.

LONDON "TUBES"
NOW READY FOR
AIR RAIDS

London, Yesterday.
THE TRANSPORT MINISTER yesterday made a journey in the first train run under the Thames since the outbreak of war, when he made an inspection of flood protection work carried out in the Underground Railway system.

FIVE NAZI
FIGHTERS
SHOT DOWN

LONDON, YESTERDAY.
THE AIR MINISTRY HAS ISSUED FURTHER DETAILS OF THE R.A.F. ATTACK ON A GERMAN BATTLESHIP, SEVERAL DESTROYERS AND A SUBMARINE.

One of the pilots engaged brought home with him a diary, in which the clash is described as a running fight.

No sooner had the bombers swooped to the attack on the surface craft when they were engaged by at least two squadrons Messerschmidt fighters.

They themselves were twelve in number, and the Nazis attacked with between two and three to one. Five of the Messerschmidts, it is now established, were shot down.

Three R.A.F. planes failed to return.

—Reuter.

THE GERMAN CLAIMS
Berlin, Yesterday.
The German claims in the North Sea dog-fight had risen to a round dozen by late last night. They started off with six and worked their way up by two's to this figure! —Reuter.

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Manager.

The Minister inspected the Fox floodgates which have been installed at Charing Cross and Waterloo, these stations being on either side of the river.

In all there are sixteen gates built of steel and totalling 87 tons in weight, and their erection had been a race against time.

Manufactured in Scotland the gates were not ready to start for London till December 8, and the journey, the lorries conveying them being delayed by the heavy fog, was not completed until December 9.

The Minister witnessed the operation, which takes two minutes, to completely close the gates, thus making the tunnel watertight.

Of 51 Underground stations in which it was necessary to take precautionary measures all but two will be in operation again on Sunday.—British Wireless.

ARGENTINE
BRITONS
RESPOND

London, Yesterday.

Remarkable as a demonstration of loyalty to the British cause is a fund amounting to £100,000 raised by the British community in the Argentine.

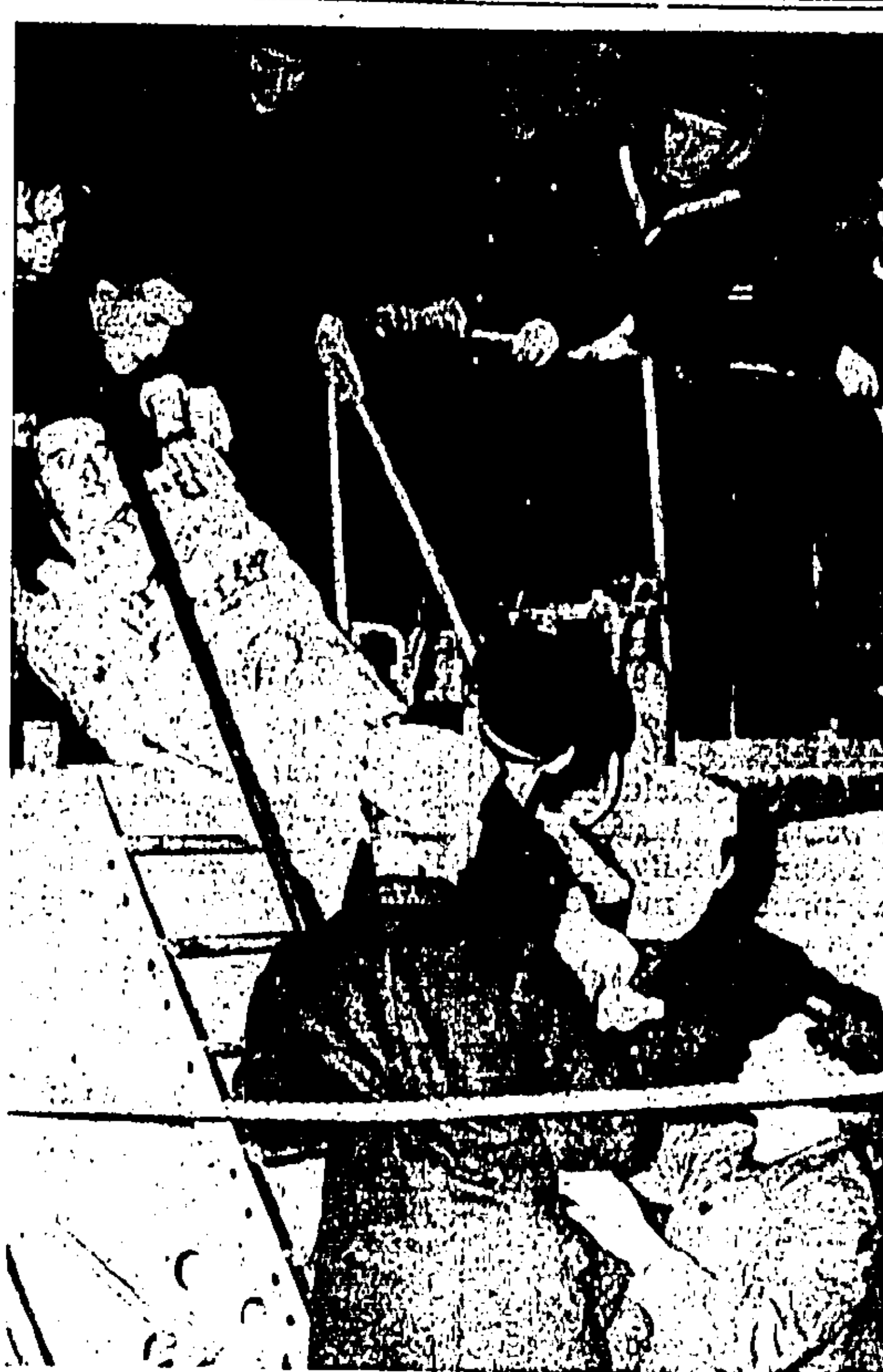
It is not the only form of help which Britons in the Argentine are giving.

They are also sending home thousands of eggs for sick and wounded British soldiers and airmen. Already nearly 100,000 have been despatched.

The scheme has been organized by a Buenos Aires businessman, who in the last war started a similar fund.

Between 1916 and the end of the war over a quarter million eggs collected and sent to the United Kingdom for the benefit of the wounded.

In April this year he volunteered to reopen the fund in the event of war, and his offer was promptly and gratefully accepted by His Majesty's Government.—British Wireless.



Fifteen of the crew of the 2,730-ton Newcastle collier "Sheaf Crest" were rescued when their ship sank after striking a mine. Photo shows survivors being helped ashore. (Copyright, Fox).

RED CROSS
FUND NEARS
MILLION

London, Yesterday.

The Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund rose by £400 yesterday and now stands at £876,000.

Among yesterday's gifts were £4,000 from New York, £22 from Havana and £8 from Virginia.—British Wireless.

HONG KONG
STOCK
EXCHANGE

Following is the list of changes and enquiries in local share quotations issued yesterday:

BANKS

Hong Kong Bank \$1340 b., \$1345/-

50 sa.

Bank of East Asia \$78 s., \$78 sa.

INSURANCES

Union Ins. \$400 b., \$412½ sa.

SHIPPING

Douglases \$71½ b.

Indo-Chinas (Pref.) \$80 b.

Indo-Chinas (Def.) \$60 b.

DOCKS, WHARVES, GODOWNS, ETC.

H.K. Docks \$10.40 b., \$10½ sa.

Providents \$4.60 b., \$4.60 sa.

LANDS, HOTELS & BLDGS.

H.K. and S. Hotels \$5 b., \$4.90 sa.

H.K. Lands \$33½ b., \$34 sa.

Humphreys \$7.80 b.

H.K. Realities \$4.40 b.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

H.K. Tramways \$17.20 s., \$17¼ sa.

Star Ferries \$80 b.

Yau-mat Ferries \$23½ b.

China Lights (Old) \$6.10 b., \$6¼ sa.

H.K. Electric \$53/53¼ sa.

Sundukan Lights \$11.60 b.

Telephones (Old) \$25¼ sa.

Telephones (New) \$8.60 b., \$8¾ sa.

INDUSTRIALS

Cements \$16¼ sa.

H.K. Ropes \$8 sa.

STORES, A.C.

Dairy Farms (Old) \$21 b.

Dairy Farms (New) \$20¼ b.

Watsons \$8.85 b., \$8.85 sa.

MISCELLANEOUS

Entertainments \$8½ b.

Constructions (Old) \$1¼ b.

MANILA SHARES

Antamoks Ps. 15½ sa.

Atoks Ps. x.d. 18 sa.

Baguio Gold Ps. 15 b.

Butong Buluh Ps. .011 b.

Big Wedge Ps. 21¼ b.

Coco Grove Ps. 17 sa.

Consol. Mines Ps. .0025 b.

Demonstrations Ps. 11 sa.

I.X.L. Ps. 40 x.d. b.

Ipo Gold Ps. 13 x.d. b.

Itogons Ps. 28 x.d. sa.

Mambulao Ps. .015 b.

Mosbates Ps. 10½ sa.

Mind. Mother Lode Ps. .08½ b.

Mine Operation Ps. .10 sa.

North Camarines Ps. .10 sa.

Paracale Gumaus Ps. .10½ b.

San Maricelo Ps. .80 sa.

Sargao Consol. Ps. 15¼ b.

Suyoc Consol. Ps. 13½ b.

Syndicate Inv. Ps. .019 b.

United Paracales Ps. .32 sa.

FINANCIAL
POOL PACT
WELCOMED

London, Yesterday.

The Anglo-French financial agreement is welcomed in the columns of the weekly journal "The Economist."

An article on the "Entente Financière" declares: "It is, we may hope, the first step in the progress of economic collaboration that will extend beyond details of finance or limitations of war economy."

Discussing the consequences of the agreement reached between M. Reynaud and Sir John Simon, it sums up, in the sentence "The foreign assets of the two countries are to be pooled," and in this connexion it calls attention to the interesting estimate made this week by the Federal Reserve Board in Washington, according to which gold, dollar balances and marketable American securities belonging to the United Kingdom and France approximate to U.S.\$7,400,000,000 or £2,150,000,000.—British Wireless.

CRUDE OIL
IN CARGO

London, Yesterday.

The German freighter Dusseldorf which was captured by a British warship off the coast of Chile, had been in Valparaiso harbour for several weeks, and she slipped out of port on Wednesday bound for "an unknown destination."

The British warship which captured her reports finding 7,000 tons of crude oil among her cargo. The Dusseldorf was later sunk.—Reuter.

TREASURY BILLS

London, Yesterday.

The total amount applied for in tenders for £200,000,000 Treasury Bills was £92,500,000. Average rate per cent for Bills at three months was 25/3-81d against 24/6-48d a week ago.—British Wireless.

Mrs. Betton, of No. 42, Kennedy Road, lost a gold bracelet, valued at \$80, between the Parkland Grill and the Queen's Theatre on Friday night.

Mr. M. McLeod residing at the Seaman's Institute, has reported the loss of a wallet, containing \$33, in Gloucester Road, on Friday.

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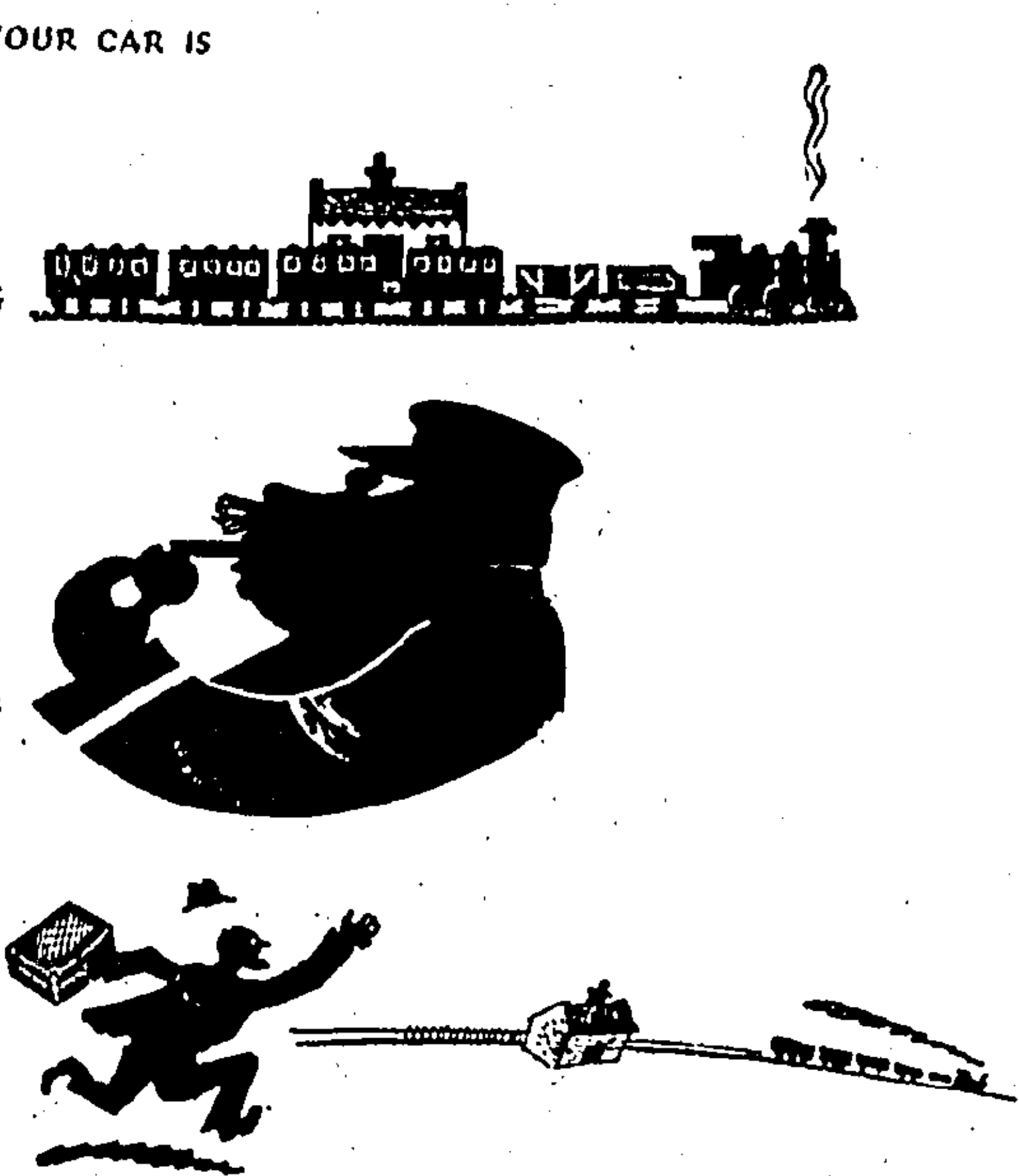
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densation of water formed by combustion of gasoline. At starting—the moment when wet engine wear occurs—the oil film is already there, and it remains unbroken at the highest running temperatures, giving complete lubrication to pistons and bearings.

ARMY ROUT NAVY 20 TO NIL

Threequarters Combine Brilliantly MAY GIVES GRAND DISPLAY IN DEBUT AT SCRUM-HALF

VETERANS ON VIEW AT K.C.C.

A four tussle will be staged at Kowloon Cricket Club after noon when veteran members of K.C.C. will encounter the veterans of H.K.C.C. at cricket.

All those taking part in the match must be over the age of 45 and although, except for one or two cases, the play will not be very skilful, it should be most amusing.

The teams will be captained by Mr. Justice Lindell (Kowloon) and Hon. Mr. T. E. Pearce, and the Hong Kong team will include His Excellency the Governor.

Lunch will be served in the pavilion at 1 p.m. sharp and play will commence at 2 p.m.

At Happy Valley, No. 3 (M.G.) Company, H.K.V.D.C. will entertain the battalion team of Middlesex Regiment. The Volunteer team will include some of the finest cricketers in the Colony, and, on paper, should beat their "regular" opponents. This match will start at 12 noon.

The following teams have been selected:—

H.K.C.C.—T. E. Pearce (Capt.), Mr. Geoffrey Northcott, C. Baker, R. D. Gillespie, C. D. Humphreys, E. J. R. Mitchell, C. C. Stark, R. S. W. Patterson, A. Redmond, J. S. Lovell and T. McLeod. Umpire E. W. Hamilton.

K.C.C.—R. E. Lindell (Capt.), E. Abraham, F. E. Nash, W. Nash, C. G. Green, Capt. W. M. Parsons, Capt. A. H. Martin, J. Fraser, S. Jex, T. G. Stokes and W. H. Hobbs. Umpire: J. P. Robinson. Scorer: F. Goodwin.

No. 3 (M.G.) Coy., D. J. N. Anderson, C.M.S.E. C. C. Fincher, Sgt. G. Winch, Sgt. E. Zimmerman, Lt. Col. N. A. E. Mackay, Lt. Col. D. E. Zimmerman, Mr. A. Zimmerman, Mr. W. L. Napier, Mr. T. A. Madar and Mr. W. K. Wap. Twelfth man, Mr. R. T. Broadbridge. Scorer Sgt. V. White. Umpire Mr. T. Locke.

MIXED DOUBLES TENNIS AT KOWLOON B.C.C.

A friendly mixed doubles tennis match will be played at Kowloon Bowling Green Club to-day when K.B.C.C. entertain K.C.C.

Following are the teams:— K.C.C.—Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Millard, Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. F. E. Taylor, Mrs. Madar, Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Wexham.

Messrs. H. W. Crabb (Captain), P. Wynter-Blyth, A. C. Perry, F. Kennerly, H. Wexham, H. E. Taylor, D. Curtis and G. M. Gillard.

K.B.C.C.—Messrs. J. Sturgeon, V. Clarke, E. Lawson, E. Turpin, P. Peckham, J. Rogers, J. Whyte and E. Hardie.

Messrs. J. Sturgeon, C. E. Turpin, J. Douglas, L. Sykes, A. Rogers, F. P. Clarke, P. Peckham and J. Whyte.

TO-DAY'S SOFTBALL

The following is to-day's softball programme:—

LADIES' H.K. Ball Club v Pirates (Princed Edward Road, 10 a.m.) Wahos v Panthers (Princed Edward Road, 11.30 a.m.) Cardinals v Cubs (Princed Edward Road, 1 p.m.) Wildcats v Canadian Chinese (Princed Edward Road, 2.30 p.m.)

MEN'S Recreio Aces v V.R.C. (Recreio, 11.45 a.m.) Recreio Aces v Chung Wah (Recreio, 2.30 p.m.) H.K. Baseball Club v C.B.A. (C.B.A., 12.30 p.m.) Canadian Chinese v Trojans (C.B.A., 1.45 p.m.)

INTER-HONG Shell Oil v H.K. S'hai Bank (La Salle College, 9.45 a.m.) R.A.F. v Texaco (Kui Tak, 3 p.m.)

C.B.A. SOFTBALL TEAM

Following will represent C.B.A. in their League Softball fixture against H. K. Baseball Club at King's Park at 3 p.m. to-day: Higgins; Kopping; Hoff; Gurevitch; Whitley; Smith; Fowler; G. Alnsie; King; Fowler and Manning.

DEMPEY DUE TO-MORROW

Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight boxing champion of the world and one of the most colourful personalities the game has ever seen, is due to arrive by Clipper to-morrow, returning to Manila, where he will referee the Garcia-Lee fight, the following day.

ANOTHER BADMINTON ACE COMING SOUTH

Following the recent arrival in the Colony of Henry Eardley and his sister Miss Decima Eardley, Shanghai badminton stars, comes news that Lionel Kew, another prominent Northern badminton player, is due to visit the Colony. It is understood that he will play for St. Andrew's.

RIDING SCHOOL OYMKHAMA

Hong Kong Riding School are holding their Oymkhama, at 10.00 a.m., on Sunday, January 24.

PINKERTON IS AGAIN THE OUTSTANDING FORWARD

A BRILLIANT back division, ably supported by the best pair of halves they have fielded this season, paved the way for Army's decisive victory over Royal Navy by two goals, a dropped-goal and two tries (20 points) to nil in their Triangular Rugby Tournament fixture at Sookun-poo yesterday.

Rarely has an Army threequarter been seen to such advantage, while May's excellent debut at scrum-half undoubtedly played a big part in their well-deserved victory over a side, which, although obviously beaten in the early stages of the second half, went down fighting to the last minutes.

The inclusion of Skipwith at left-wing threequarter and Hook at stand-off-half considerably strengthened the Army defence as well as attack.

Paul, Navy's most dangerous threequarter, was held completely in check by Lang, outstanding Army back, while Carter, just recovered from a leg injury, was not at his best at stand-off, although he rarely saw the ball in the second half.

One of the deciding factors of the match was Army's superiority in the back, where they dominated play in both the set scrums and in the loose. Sutherland hooked well, while May got the ball away in quick time. Hook made the best of his opportunities and only attempted to cut through twice, making considerable headway before being grasped by dently tackling on the part of Stevens.

GRAND DEFENCE There was little to choose between the two full-backs, although Stevens' grand defence saved many a goal. Picton, on the other hand, was rarely called into action, and did what was required of him very satisfactorily.

With Clark and Carter badly handicapped at the base of the scrum by a slow heeling-pack, in which the back row was mainly responsible, the Navy threequarters were for the majority of the game seen in the unusual role of defenders, and it is many a long day since Navy have had to bow before an Army back division.

Pinkerton, who commenced as a wing-forward and later moved to the second row, was outstanding forward on view, but closely associated with him were the other Royal Scots, Cuthbertson, Duke and Sutherland, while Page was also seen to advantage. Berry, although a hard-worker in the loose, was guilty of fly-kicking on several occasions when dribbling was called for.

Bowden and Nicholl were the pick of the Navy threequarters, although the former was not as free as usual.

Club first fifteen, playing without Stewart, Bidwell and Esouquet in the back division, and Cuthbertson, Walkden, Wanklyn, Godfrey and Needham from the pack, suffered defeat at the hands of Police Rugby Football Club yesterday at Sookun-poo when the guardians of the peace, playing against Club for the first time in the history of the game, won a thrilling ding-dong struggle by two goals (10 points) to a goal and a try (6 points) after leading 3-3 at the interval and at one stage in the second half being 6-5 in arrears.

Poor outsiders who failed to avail themselves of their opportunities and faulty handling by Carruthers were responsible for Club's defeat. They had their chances in the opening half but simply could not get going properly.

Police were a well-balanced combination and invariably took their men low, their defence being sound at all times. Club backs, on the other hand, tackled badly with the exception of Charter.

There was little to choose between the full-backs, Wall being slightly the sounder of the two and gaining much ground before disposing of the ball. Thompson displayed a safe pair of hands and kicked confidently.

LACK INITIATIVE

Van Leeuwen and Lavalle, Club's wing threequarters, were much slower off the mark and lacked initiative, the latter throwing away two good opportunities by kicking into touch. Carruthers shone in patches and scored Club's first try when he miraculously held a difficult pass at full-speed. His handling deteriorated considerably in the second half and back movements repeatedly broke down as a result. Charter, did his best and on several occasions looked like scoring, only splendid tackling by Wilson and Fay preventing him from reaching the Police line.

Taylor was the best of the Police backs, his speed, tackling and splendid backing-up being very much in evidence. There was little fault one could find with their back division. Packing three-four and employing Riddell as a five-eighth, Police more than held their own in the tight and in the loose, and their display yesterday was an object lesson to the Club pack, especially where shoving was concerned.

DISAPPOINTING SERVICE Henderson and Thompson were a better pair to watch than Lucombe and Leslie, although Henderson's service was very disappointing and Thompson had to take the ball at very awkward angles. The latter was the most dangerous of the Club players and in the opening stages only failed to pass the way for a score through lack of support.

Lucombe gave a grand display repeatedly going down on the ball in the face of the Club forwards. Leslie did his job in an inconspicuous manner and lost little time in doing so.

Club's pack were disappointing with the exception of Heusman, Bomma, who was excellent in the line out, Kommett, Dunnett, Taylor, did well in the line-out, but was slow in following up, while Dean was also disappointing, although he saved a certain try by gathering in the run in the face of a formidable Police rush.

Riddell was not a success at five-eighth and often got in Leslie's way although he was splendid in the forward line, in which Dempsey and Jackson also shone.

POLICE SCORE FIRST Wilson opened the scoring for Police with a grand try, cutting through the left centre and eluding Thompson to convert between the posts. Fay added the goal-points.

Club backs saw much more of the ball following this reverse, but their back movements repeatedly broke down through lack of initiative. Eventually Van Leeuwen gained possession, only to be "collared" by Taylor, but his wild pass was taken on the run by Carruthers, who scored near the corner flag. Charter failed to convert. Just before the interval Charter burst through the centre and looked like scoring a certain try when Fay took him low.

Club staged a revival in the opening minutes of the second half, Henderson scoring slightly wide of the posts as the result of Kennedy's pass and Charter added the goal-points to give Club the lead for the first time. Club's success was short-lived, however, as from the drop-out D. Taylor forced his way over for a try which Fay improved on after hitting the cross-bar.

Club were on top in the last 15 minutes, but determined tackling by Police prevented any further score, and they left the field worthy winners.

POLICE—T. N. Wall; D. H. Taylor; D. C. Fay; G. S. Wilson; B. V. Pomma; R. B. Leslie and E. C. Lucombe; A. Wheeler; P. J. Cullinan; L. A. Beattie; J. Kommett; J. Dunnett; D. Taylor; J. Henderson; R. E. Heusman; K. W. Baller; E. W. Smith; E. A. Bompa; A. M. Kennedy; R. O. M. Dean; A. J. G. Taylor and J. C. Thompson.

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ARMY TRIO FOR INTERPORT FOOTBALL

We are given to understand that the Military Authorities will allow three Army players to play in the Interport football match against Shanghai in the Northern city next February, but we also understand that no Police players will be available.

before the interval Pinkerton was seen in a grand solo dribble, taking the ball from almost the halfway line over the Navy line, only to be touched down by Bowden, who again time to prevent a score.

TWO NARROW SHAVES

Commencing the second half eight points in the lead, Army never slackened their pace, but May nearly conceded points when he was twice penalised for picking the ball out of the scrum.

Nicholl, the Navy centre, was injured and left the field but resumed soon after at full-back, Stevens going up to centre.

Army backs saw much more of the ball in the second half, Sutherland hooking well, while quick heels and excellent service from the bas of the scrum saw their backs away before Navy's wing forwards could intercept.

Navy nearly scored when Paul paved the way for an opening for Bowden, but Pinkerton came across to tackle brilliantly, giving Picton time to recover the ball and find touch.

After scrappy play in the centre of the field, Navy were penalised 10 yards outside their 25, but Lang was short with his kick. Army pressed from the cap-out and the ball was passed by Duke to Waite, who scored in the left corner almost unopposed, Nicholl's tackle coming a trifle late. Berry just failed to add the goal-points.

ARMY WELL ON TOP Army were definitely on top at this stage, the Army backs getting

YACHTING RESULTS

Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club's 5th Corinthian Series over 7.5 miles resulted yesterday as follows:—

Yacht	Finished Pos'n	Pts	Cham.
Redbank	17.25.42	1	16 4
(Lt. Cdr. M. S. Pennington, R.N.)			
Painted Lady	17.30.08	2	14 2
(Dr. Dean-Smith)			
Jan	17.31.56	3	12 1
(Capt. J. Krogh-Moe)			
Mixed Classes—Started at 14.50			
Aliso	17.17.52 1/2	1	11 4
(Mr. W. A. Ingram)			
Slakin	17.30.00	2	9 2
(Mr. D. Allen)			
Widgeon	17.32.21	3	7 1
(Mr. McCabe)			

the ball time and again. Lang, who had played a brilliant game at right-centre, came into the picture with a dazzling run and broke clear through the centre with Cuthbertson backing up just behind. Will Nicholl to pass, Lang passed the ball forward to a goal at the next minute, however, for from the resultant scrum the ball came out quickly to Hook, who drew his man and then sent the ball back to Lang who calmly dropped a fine goal from 20 yards.

Navy retaliated desperately in the last few minutes, but Army struck once again when Duke broke away and when tackled by the collar of his shirt, passed to Pinkerton, who dashed between the posts for another try which Lang converted to complete Army's tally.

Dr. J. A. R. Selby (Club) refereed and the teams were:—

ARMY—Spr. Picton (R.E.); Spr. Ardinghall (R.E.); Sgt. Lang (R. Scots); Cpl. Waite (R.E.) and Lt. Skipwith (R.A.). Lt. Hook (R.A.) and Lt. May (Durham). Bdr. Evans (R.A.), Cpl. Sutherland (R. Scots), Lt. Hewitt (Middlesex); Lt. Pin (R. Scots); Cpl. Cuthbertson (R. Scots); Sgt. Page (R.A.); Lt. Cuthbertson (R. Scots) and Capt. Duke (R. Scots).

NAVY—Pay, Lt. Stevens; Tel. Bowden; Tel. Paul, Mid. Nicholl and Sub. Lt. Kennedy; Lt. Carter and Lt. Cdr. Clark; Ldg. Wtr. Barlow, Lt. (E) Brown, Mid. Martin, P.O. Smart, A.B. Longmuir; C. Wtr. King; Pay, Lt. Charles and Ldg. Wtr. Ferris.

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CHATER ROAD

DRINK EWO PILSNER

brewed from finest imported Pilsner Hops.

POLICE BEAT WEAKENED CLUB FIFTEEN 10-8

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Club backs saw much more of the ball following this reverse, but their back movements repeatedly broke down through lack of initiative. Eventually Van Leeuwen gained possession, only to be "collared" by Taylor, but his wild pass was taken on the run by Carruthers, who scored near the corner flag. Charter failed to convert. Just before the interval Charter burst through the centre and looked like scoring a certain try when Fay took him low.

Club staged a revival in the opening minutes of the second half, Henderson scoring slightly wide of the posts as the result of Kennedy's pass and Charter added the goal-points to give Club the lead for the first time. Club's success was short-lived, however, as from the drop-out D. Taylor forced his way over for a try which Fay improved on after hitting the cross-bar.

Club were on top in the last 15 minutes, but determined tackling by Police prevented any further score, and they left the field worthy winners.

POLICE—T. N. Wall; D. H. Taylor; D. C. Fay; G. S. Wilson; B. V. Pomma; R. B. Leslie and E. C. Lucombe; A. Wheeler; P. J. Cullinan; L. A. Beattie; J. Kommett; J. Dunnett; D. Taylor; J. Henderson; R. E. Heusman; K. W. Baller; E. W. Smith; E. A. Bompa; A. M. Kennedy; R. O. M. Dean; A. J. G. Taylor and J. C. Thompson.

CLUB—F. M. Thompson; H. Van Leeuwen; J. C. Charter; M. G. Carruthers; R. M. Lavalle; J. M. Thompson; D. T. R. Henderson; R. E. Heusman; K. W. Baller; E. W. Smith; E. A. Bompa; A. M. Kennedy; R. O. M. Dean; A. J. G. Taylor and J. C. Thompson.

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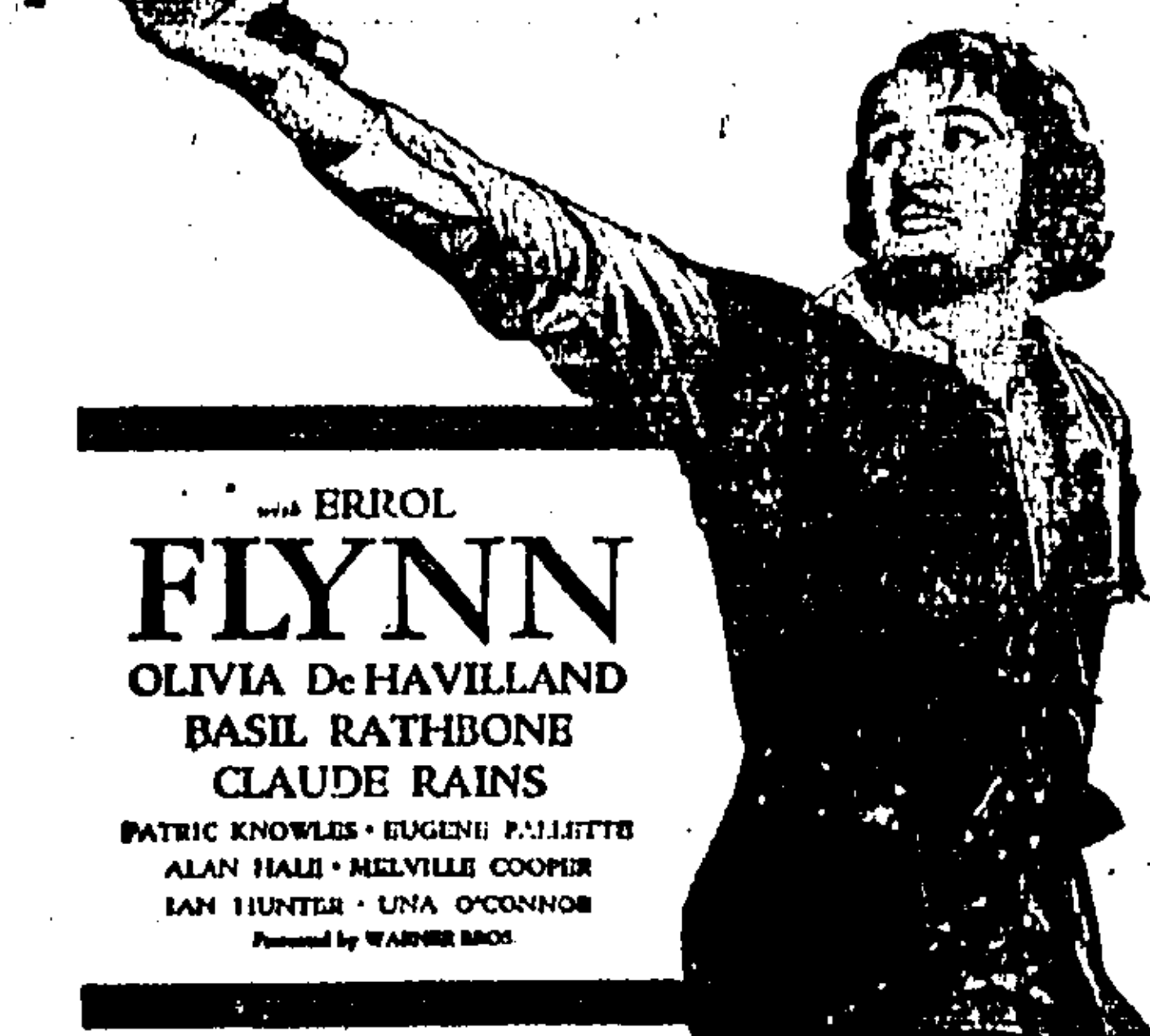
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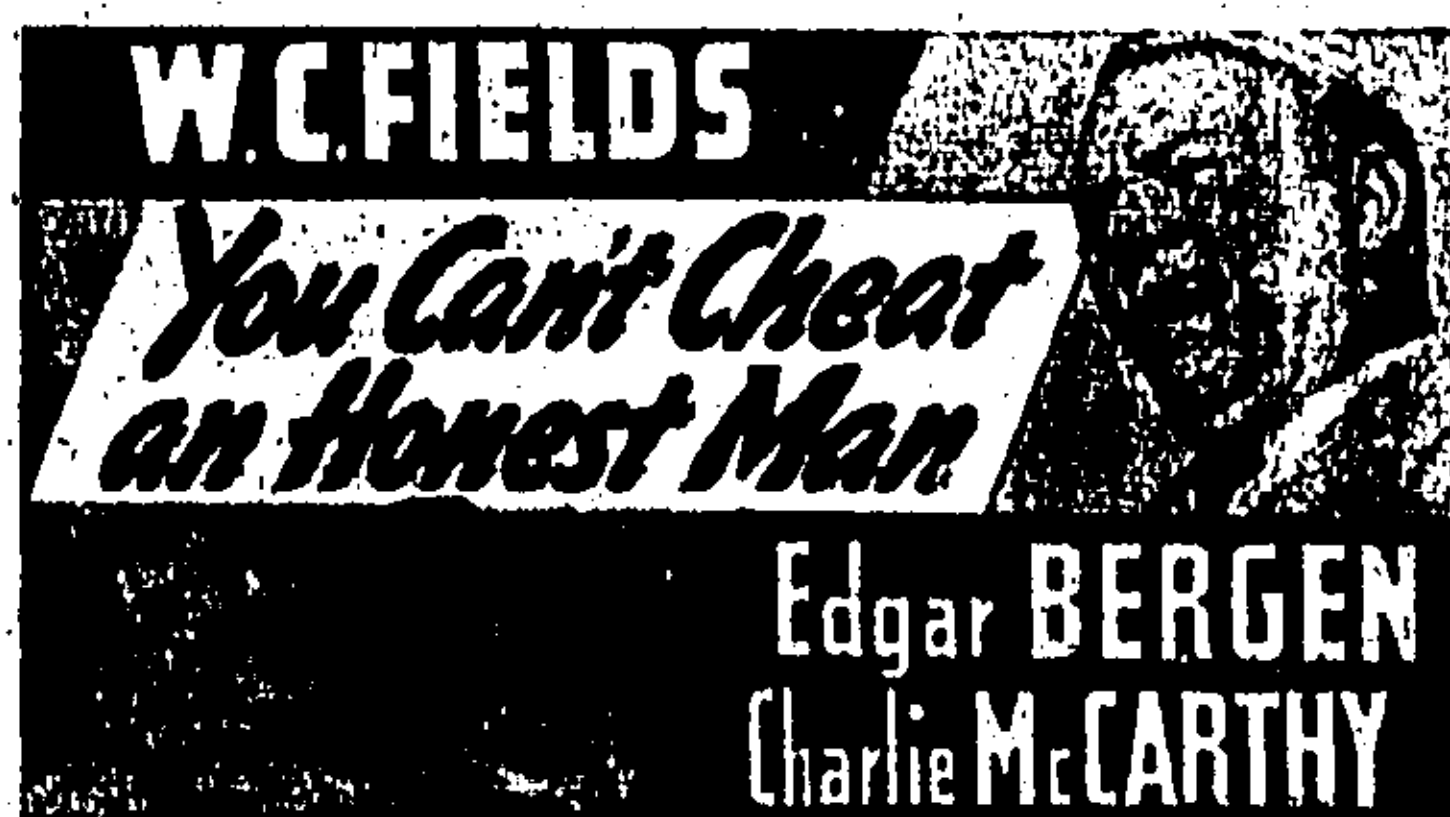
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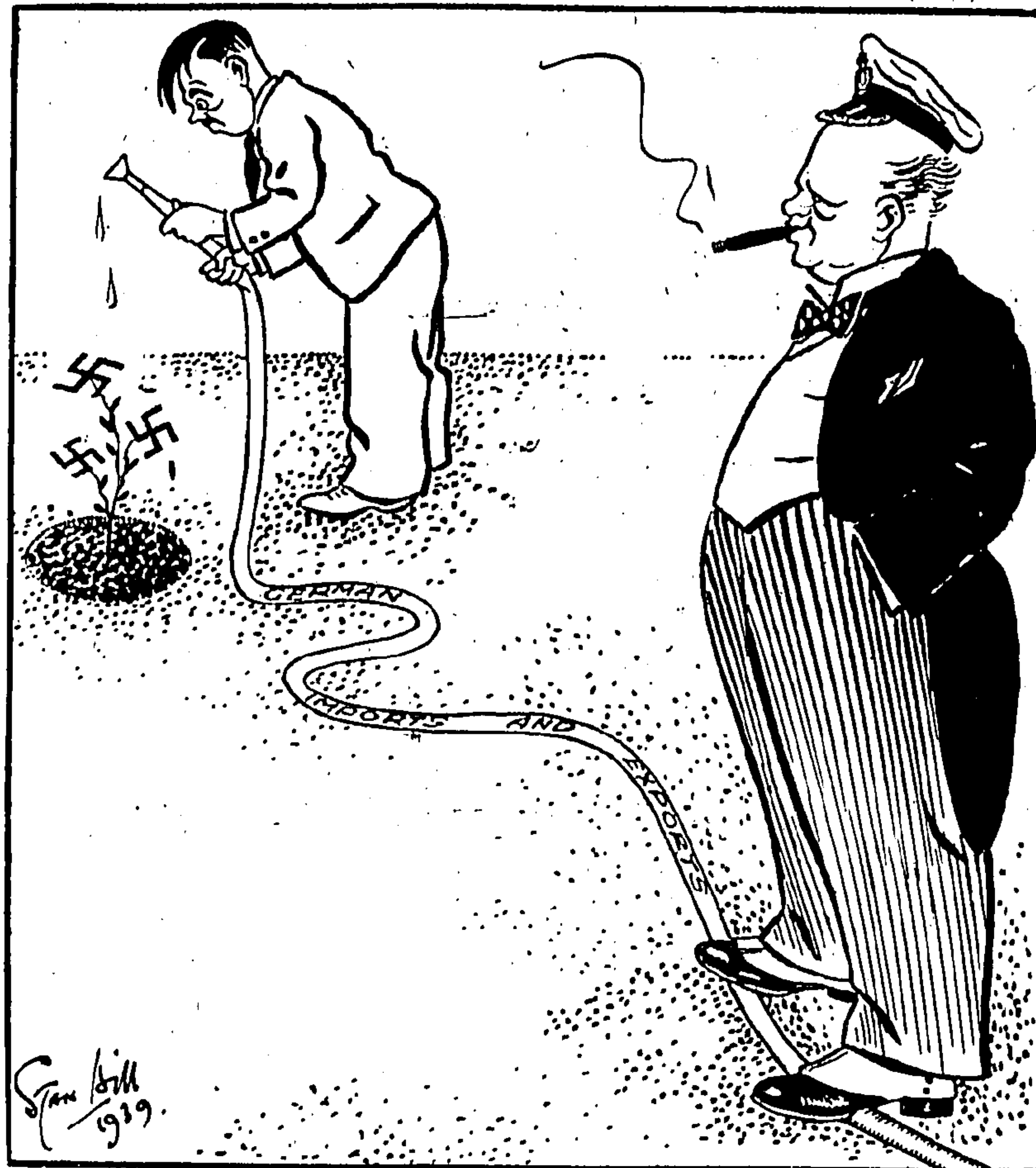
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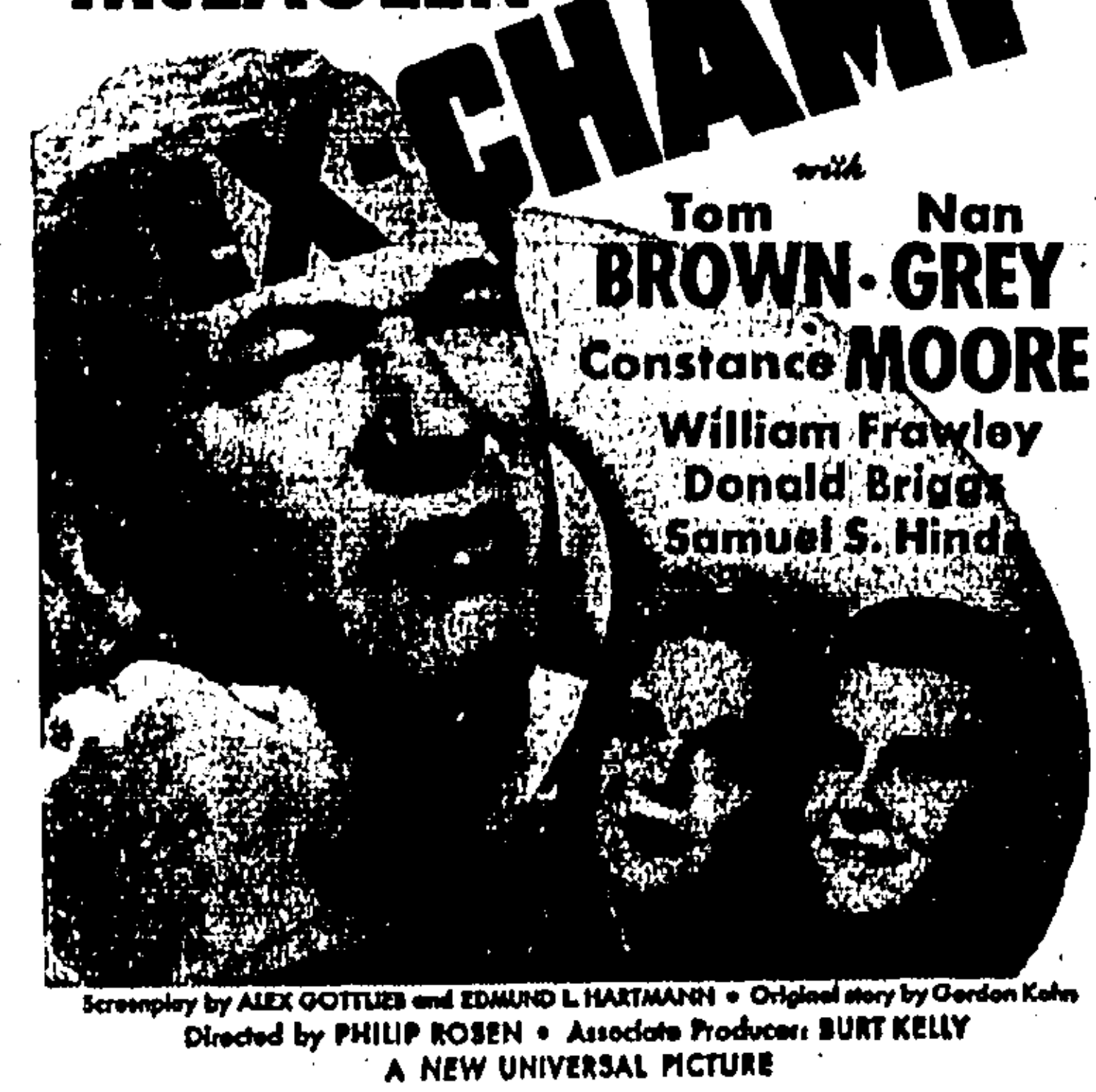
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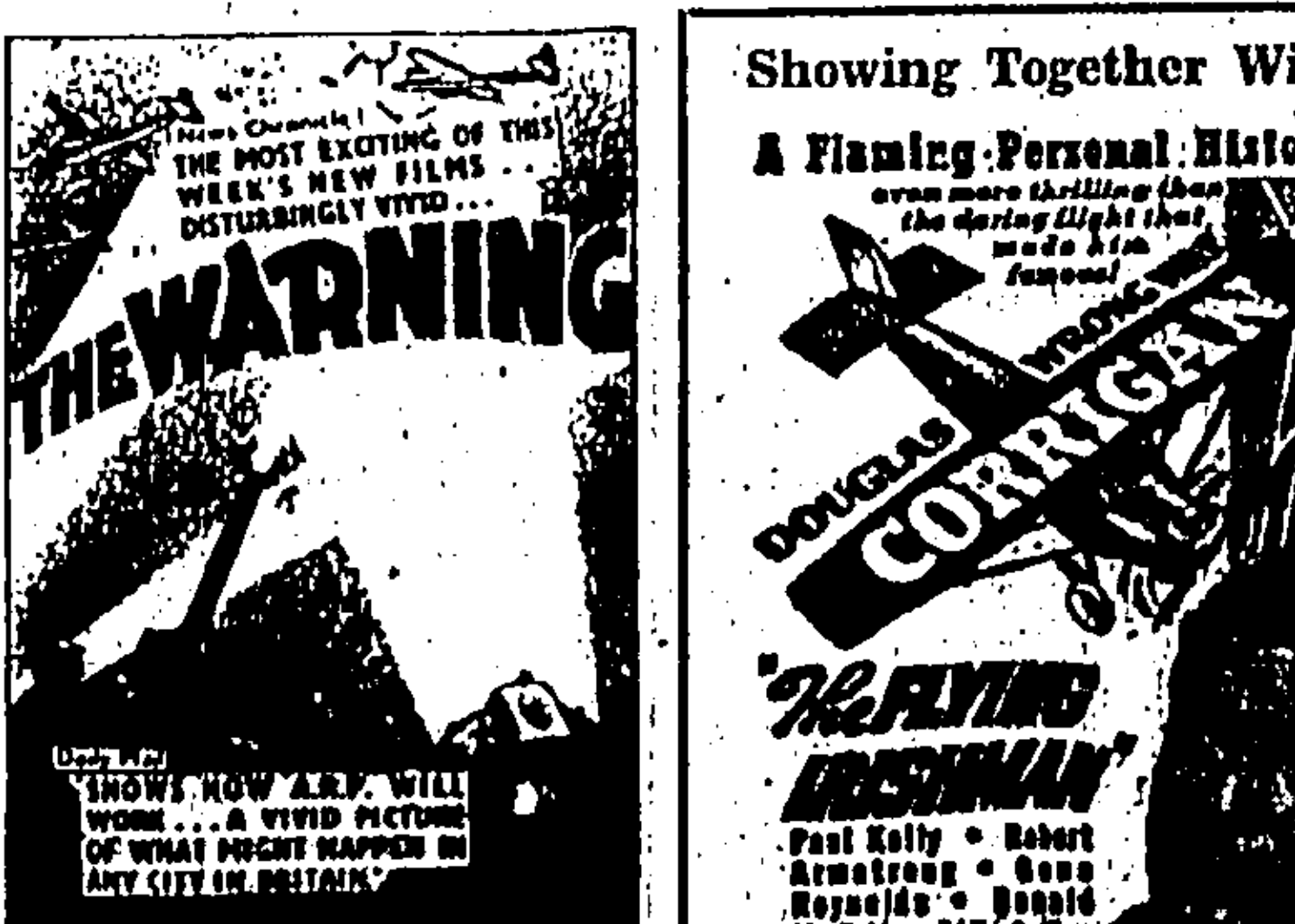
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STUDEBAKER

The Smallest Make The Worst Noise

THERE used to be good shooting on the marshes behind here," said the red-moustached major. "Some fellow was telling me the other day that there is still some partridge left. Curious, what?"

As I was nodding my interest there was a gur-umph of big gunfire. It jolted the back of my neck, like a rabbit punch. It sought out my diaphragm. The major paid no attention and went on chatting amiably about the possibility of duck lingering on the marshes.

We were walking up and down outside some low brick buildings, not a thousand miles from Charing Cross. The windows of the buildings rattle at intervals from 9 o'clock in the morning until nightfall. Inside one room there were three senior artillery officers, writing busily, smoking pipes. It is a rule there that you can smoke inside but not outside. As I stood in the room there were several small thuds and another big gur-umph which threatened the windows and jolted my stomach.

"No, no," said one of the red hats, glancing up from his papers. "It never breaks them."

Another long room was filled with brass instruments, called chronographs, all separately mounted on concrete. Each of the instruments has a steel rod attached to it. By keeping my eye on one of the rods I saw it drop down a fraction of a second before a gur-umph rattled the panes.

A civilian, one of several in the room, took off the rod and measured it on another machine. "It's really very simple," explained an officer. "This chronograph is electrically connected to two wire screens out on the butts. Each shot that is fired goes through the screens, breaking the wires and making a nick in the steel rod, and so you get the muzzle velocity of the shot."

At the invitation of the Ministry of Supply I was at the Proof and Experimental Establishment which is charged with the proving of guns, cordite and components for the Navy and the Army. As the colonel said: "No matter how carefully a gun has been made and inspected there's always got to be proof that it goes off properly. So we do it."

There is probably more activity on the English Proof Butts—these open-air ranges—just now than there is on the Maginot Line. Certainly the sixty or seventy Royal Artillerymen in the establishment fire far more rounds than a battery on active service. On an average they get

through 300 rounds a day, from 0.5 inch stuff up to cordite charges for propelling 15 inch naval shells weighing a ton.

Whether they are testing a sample of cordite or trying out a big gun there is still the teasing question in

By IAN COSTER

everybody's mind: what's going to happen?

Shepherded by an officer, I left the buildings and walked over to the Proof Butts. There, mounted on a "proof sleigh," a long railway truck, was an eighty-foot-long 14 inch naval gun pointed sullenly at a square opening, about the size of big garage doors, a bare 200 yards away. The square opening was in a built-up sandhill.

The range seemed absurdly small for that gun. It was like having an elephant to roll a croquet lawn. But they seemed to know what they were doing. Gunners, in dirty white overalls, rubber boots, grimy caps, clambered about the railway truck. A crane lowered a flat-nosed shot of solid steel weighing two-thirds of a ton, and it was rammed home energetically by eight gunners with a long rod.

Several other men went by with sacks on their shoulders. Each one was a bag of cordite to make the three-hundredweight charge. The cordite is kept at a temperature of 80 degrees and it is wrapped up to keep it warm on the journey to the



faced fellows—wore ear protectors against the sound, though they all have them. "We don't need them when we're standing away from the gun," said one. "Anyhow, the big stuff doesn't hurt your ears. The smaller the gun the worse the noise. That two-pounder anti-tank over there makes the worst crack of the lot."

The proof gunners are all picked artillerymen. There is a waiting list for the butts. They get 6d. extra a day and Sundays off. They can live at home and keep regular hours. They arrive at 8 a.m. in mufti on bicycles. Most of them are married, with children.

"I've been here five and a half years," said one, rethreading the broken wires in a frame. "It's a good, healthy life, and steady, safe work. In fact, you hardly know you're in the Army." His hearing was certainly not affected.

An officer told me that he had never heard of anyone applying to be taken off the butts, because of nerve strain. "They all work out their time," he said. "They are careful men who know their job and don't take risks."

The proof gunners used to have a good tug-of-war team. They evidently could still muster one, judging by the way they rammed the shell home. Most of them have passed their football days.

But every gur-umph on the butts is a test. Something may go wrong. The colonel said: "Some unnoticed flaw, some small crack may be there. You never know."

"And what effect does it have on you, sir?" I asked as another gur-umph rattled the panes of his poky office. "None at all," he replied, looking back over four years of proving. "Never notice it."

"Doesn't it make you irritable?" I said. "Irritable?" asked the colonel. "I have been irritable all my life."

What Will The Spring Bring?

What will the Spring bring?

Winter has closed down upon the great armies assembled on the Franco-German frontier, and the possibility of an immediate German offensive in the West has gone.

The question arises whether the immobility imposed on the German forces by winter conditions will merge into chronic inaction, or whether the German High Command will make a determined effort in the spring of next year to break through the Allied defences.

The general impression of the informed layman to-day is that defensive tactics and equipment have mastered offensive operations on land.

My own view is that the German High Command will not be deterred by this apparent superiority of defence over attack.

German military leaders are unlikely to acquiesce in a stalemate which can only result in a progressive weakening of Germany's position on the home front and immobilise indefinitely the powerful war machine which has been created at such infinite cost.

I am concerned here only with military factors. All turns upon the question whether the new weapons which have assumed increasing importance since the last war will dominate the struggle or whether the older weapons in their modern form still retain their importance.

Have tanks and aircraft superseded infantry and artillery as the decisive factors in warfare?

In the last war the power of infantry and artillery weapons was immensely increased, but they were far from having reached the limit of their potentialities. Nor were they used as effectively as they might have been. Troops were hurried into the struggle inadequately trained and their leaders, pressed and hampered by day-to-day necessities, were unable to make an exhaustive study of technique. Nevertheless, towards the end of the war revolutionary advances in technique were made, particularly in the employment of artillery, which went far to producing decisive results.

The sensational advent of the tanks, tended to obscure the part played by the older weapons and operate most effectively.

there was a tendency to attribute to them that revival of offensive power which was supposed to be so much to the war a year sooner than was expected.

Tanks are admittedly of great importance; they are of course accepted as an indispensable weapon in modern war and they have been developed out of all comparison with their prototypes. In certain conditions they may play a dominating role, but under other circumstances their potentialities are limited either by the nature of the ground or by the developments that have taken place in anti-tank defences of various natures.

No one denies that modern weapons have tended to increase the power of defence, but for military experts the decisive problem is not how to make defence completely invulnerable, but to devise means of restoring offensive power.

Military victory can in the long run only be won by offensive action and the power of defence must still be regarded as a pivot for offensive action. Defensive action alone can only result in stalemate and if stalemate is to bring victory it will be due to economic or political factors.

The main conclusion to be drawn from these considerations is that victory in the long run must be won by infantry, which still remains queen of the battle field. Infantry cannot achieve victory entirely by its own exertions, but it can still determine the issue through the co-operative and co-ordinated action of all weapons to bring it to bear upon its objective.

Aircraft action for purely military purposes depends for its effectiveness on close co-ordination with land action.

Attacks on railway and other communication, on movement or assemblages of troops etc. obviously depend for their effectiveness on being carried out at critical times.

Thus, the older weapons remain decisive, and successful offence remains the object of any army which seeks to secure a military result. For these reasons I believe that the German General Staff is likely to advocate offensive action, but to recommend its postponement till all arms can co-operate most effectively.

By GEN. SIR
CHARLES GWYNN



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Herbert Kell's Second Article On Switzerland's Defence

WINTER also is Switzerland's ally. Sheet-ice covers the roads and hinders the operations of an invading mechanised army. Snowstorms and avalanches block the way. Laboriously cleared, the highroads are again covered with snow in a few hours. The tank is no exception. A pile of snow between the wheels of the monster and its skids fast. Its chains can revolve as much as they like; the tank remains stuck and is an easy prey for the defender.

The anti-avalanche organisation, which has existed in Switzerland for years, can be suspended by the Swiss Army. A tiny snowball, and the avalanche thunders into the valley, burying the enemy, men, transport and material, under its crushing weight and plunging with them into the gorge.

The exhausting effects of snow and cold are felt by everyone, scouts and vanguard, first line, reserve, and supply columns. Damp and steel penetrate the clothing of troops who are only equipped for the plains. And when teeth chatter and eyes are dazzled by the white mass of the snow, firing is less accurate.

Machine-guns are not so firmly anchored in deep snow as on the ground. This demands special training for firing purposes. The defenders' trenches are hidden by the driving snow. No one knows where the shells fall. A man rushing forward to the attack stumbles through the snow. His movements are clumsy and unpractised. The greatest effort has to be made and he offers an easy target for the defenders' fire.

And even if an attack—a small advance—were to succeed, the liaison officer sticks fast with his car. The telephone wires of the artillery have been destroyed by damp. Riders or cyclists are unable to move. The only rapid means of communication is by ski. But here the advantage is on the side of the trained defender, who knows the country.

The General Staff receives no information, does not know exactly where the front line is situated. Ammunition supplies are diminishing. The reserves cannot arrive. And the next day, the attacker has to return to his old line, to avoid being captured. Endless sacrifices and exertion in vain.

An aggressor who intends to pass through Switzerland cannot reckon with a mild winter in the Swiss high-

lands. 40 degrees of cold and 3-6 feet of snow are to be found even in the lower mountains of the Uri, Schwyz and the Jura. His movements slow down, the decisive value of a passage through Switzerland is destroyed, and the small but excellent Swiss Army, in defending its own soil, can hold up the invader for a very long time.

SWITZERLAND IS RESOLVED TO DEFEND HER SOIL

But to what purpose the desperate fight of a small country, if—perhaps years later—it is finally defeated by its mighty neighbour? Would not the sacrifice, all the streams of blood shed, have been in vain? Would it not be better to let the aggressor pass, to avoid a battle on Swiss soil, to spare the wealth, the cities and dwellings of the country? These are the arguments brought forward by the subterranean propaganda of the Reich. Despite secret and public tracts, persuasion and threats, bribery and promises, this propaganda has achieved no success. It is based on a two-fold error, underestimation of the defensive force of the country and underestimation of the will of Switzerland. Switzerland not only can defend her soil—she intends to do so.

Switzerland is no artificially created state. Her existence is guaranteed by no Treaty of Versailles, no alliance, no military pact. Formed by the voluntary adhesion of four nations and 22 small independent states, this oldest of democracies has maintained its independence for over 650 years. The Helvetians fought the Austro-German Emperors and their Vogts and flung them bleeding out of the country. They beat the Italians and maintained their independence towards France. No minority problem disturbs the peace of the country. Each nationality is free. Even Romansh, the language of the Rhodians—1% of the population—is recognised as an official language.

Any letter to the authorities in Romansh must be answered by them in the same tongue. Each nationality is represented in Parliament and in the Government. The special culture of each is fostered and subsidised by the Federal Government. No one dominates, each is free. Contented with their lot, the Swiss have never demanded colonies or cast envious eyes at the "vital space" of their neighbours. This ideal state

may perhaps one day serve as a model for the organisation of a post-war Europe.

70% of the Swiss are German-speaking, but they oppose any interference on the part of the Reich. The theories of the German Racial State and so-called "vital space" have aroused violent protest, above all in German-speaking Switzerland. Even Emperor William, who liked to represent himself as the protector of Switzerland, cancelled his planned visit owing to the coolness with which this project was received by the Swiss. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, on the contrary, is extremely popular on account of her charming and democratic simplicity. During the Welmar Republic, the Swiss hoped that their northern neighbour had finally renounced her plans of conquest and would maintain a democratic constitution. Sympathy with the situation in Germany led the small Swiss investors to grant that country a loan of 4000 million Swiss Francs. Since the inception of the Third Reich, when Hitler refused to repay this loan and thus ruined countless Swiss investors, the Swiss people, whilst maintaining a strict neutrality, can no longer feel any special sympathy for the Germans.

With the beginning of the period of active German conquest, the Swiss hastened to fortify their country. In 1937, a loan of 300 million Swiss Francs was raised and more than covered within a few weeks. Since then, in under two years, Switzerland has spent over 7000 million Swiss Francs, i.e. 2000 Francs per head of the population, on her national defence.

Goebbels wasted hundreds of millions of Marks on propaganda, but in vain. None of the parties subsidised by Germany has been represented in Parliament since October 1939. Without their organisation being suspended, neither Fascists nor Communists have made any headway in the unshakably democratic country of Switzerland. Here there is no room for a Hacha or a Seyss-Inquart.

BUT IF THEY NEVERTHELESS ATTACK?

And if a German army tries to enter Switzerland? If German troops attempt to turn the Maginot Line through the three-nation corner near Basle? In that case they will have to reckon with a decisive resistance of one or more divisions on the right bank of the Rhine. In Basle, the Rhine bridges will be destroyed. Warsaw and Madrid are the great examples for this city on the Rhine, the greatest inland port in Europe. And a German army would, once on French soil, encounter the old fortified line of Belfort and Besancon.

A mere glance at the map is sufficient to show the danger incurred by an aggressor. The Swiss Army would hold up a possible German advance for so long that it could no longer come as a surprise to the French Army. But in the event of a rapid advance, there is another danger. The German Army would march without assuring its flanks. These flanks would be menaced by three quarters of a determined and angry Switzerland. Germany would have gained at one stroke a new and lengthy front, which her troops would be insufficient to cover. The last state in the series of misused nations would have been attacked. The missing link in the chain passing from France to Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland would have been found and with it the possibility of action.

Switzerland is resolved to fight to the end against anyone who attacks her neutrality. The invader will have to realise that brutal force cannot be substituted for the rights of the people and smaller nations. Guerrilla warfare, especially suited to the mountains, has been carefully studied. The Free Corps of 650 years ago will be revived.

The Swiss General Staff has paid great attention to the question of explosives. Mines will be an important item in the defence. Before the invader has fixed his line, bridges will be destroyed by mines, roads and viaducts will be ruined and the advance of the enemy delayed. In other districts a marching column will be blown up or buried under alone avalanches. Finally, the enemy will be allowed to advance and his retreat cut off by mines. It would be easy to destroy an enemy advancing into such a trap. At a given time, the Army, perhaps reinforced by the menaced neighbour, would leave its mountain fastnesses for the open and fall upon the flanks and the rear of the invader. This may result in a repetition of history which may be fatal to the German Army. A counter-attack in the morose ex-



ARMY CHIEF IN THE MUD—Lord Gort leaves his headquarters with members of the staff. Left to right are Capt. E. V. O'Leary, Capt. C. J. D. Jeffreys, Major D. W. Gordon, Capt. Lord Munster, Lord Gort and Lt. General H. R. Pownall. (Copyright, Fox).

FRENCH ARMY AND WAR OF WAITING

(From A Special Correspondent)

Paris, Yesterday.

In postponing any important action in the West Hitler is apparently still hoping that the French Army will become demoralised with aimless waiting. I have been getting many more letters from French soldiers; and have also been seeing many men on leave. Many of them complain of boredom, but none suggests for a moment that this war could or should be stopped. Thus a young lieutenant writes:

"Most of my men are peasants from Provence and the Pyrenees, simple souls, who without, of course, enjoying the war consider it just and natural. They hold strong views on Hitler, whom they hold responsible for

'this nuisance,' but they do not bother about anything like 'ultimate war aims.'"

Then there is a sergeant on leave who told me: "All this talk about boredom is rather exaggerated. Many of the men are in towns behind the front, and there is plenty of work and also plenty to keep them amused. My men do not feel very violently about the Germans, though they do about Hitler. Perhaps it is because they have not yet seen any actual fighting. Roughly one half talk of Les Allemands; the rest have started calling them Boches."

THE HIGH COMMAND'S VIEW

M. Pierard, the Belgian deputy, has had an interview with General Gamelin, and his comments on the meeting touched on a number of interesting points. He found that the French High Command was fully aware that boredom was a problem, but it did not think for a moment that it was alarming or that German propaganda by tracts or wireless could have any effect.

It is too crude and obvious for that. M. Pierard's impression was that in the view of the French High Command such boredom was greatly preferable to any ill-considered French offensive, all the more so as one of the High Command's first rules was not to waste any human lives.—Our Own Correspondent.

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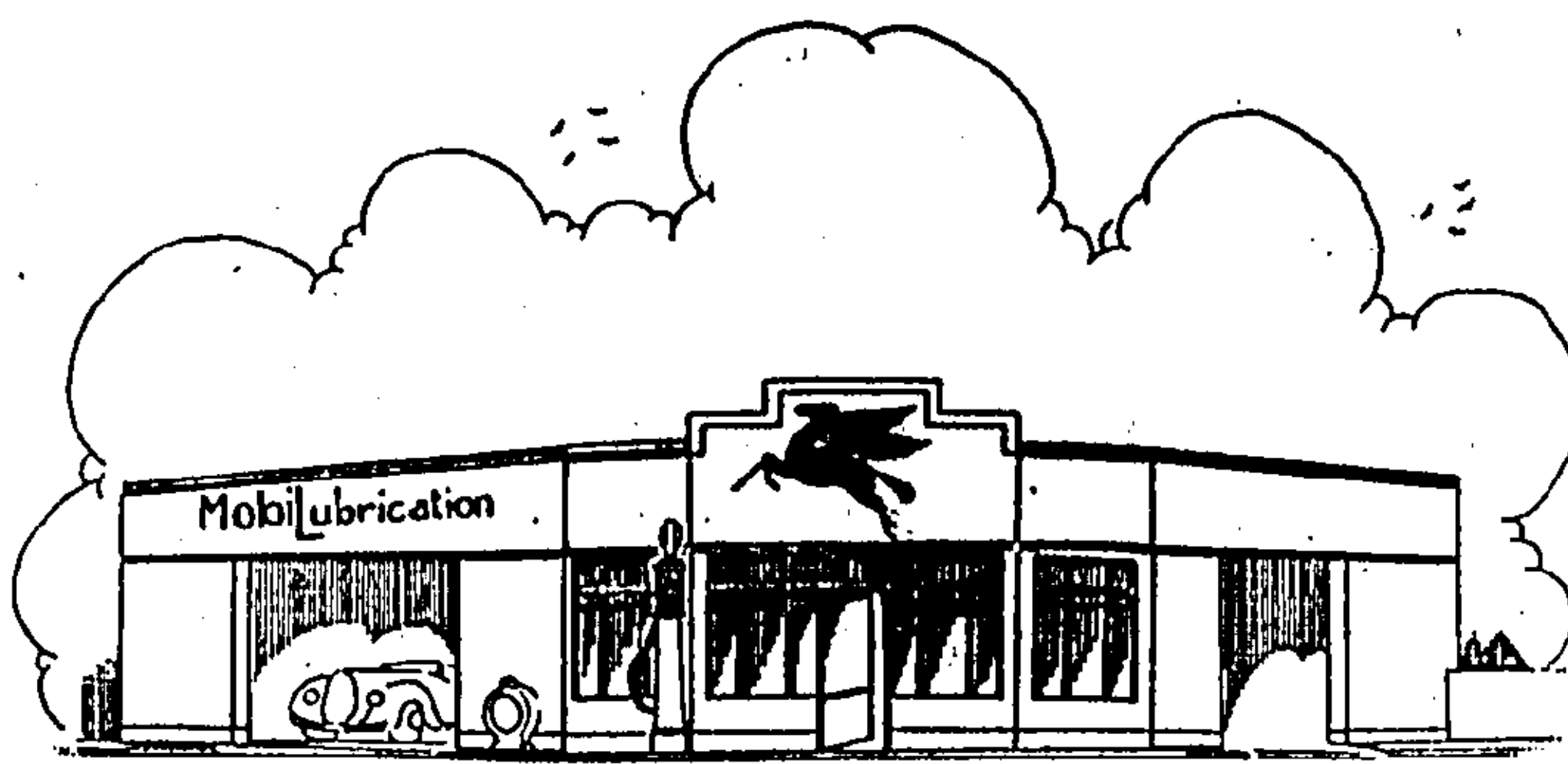
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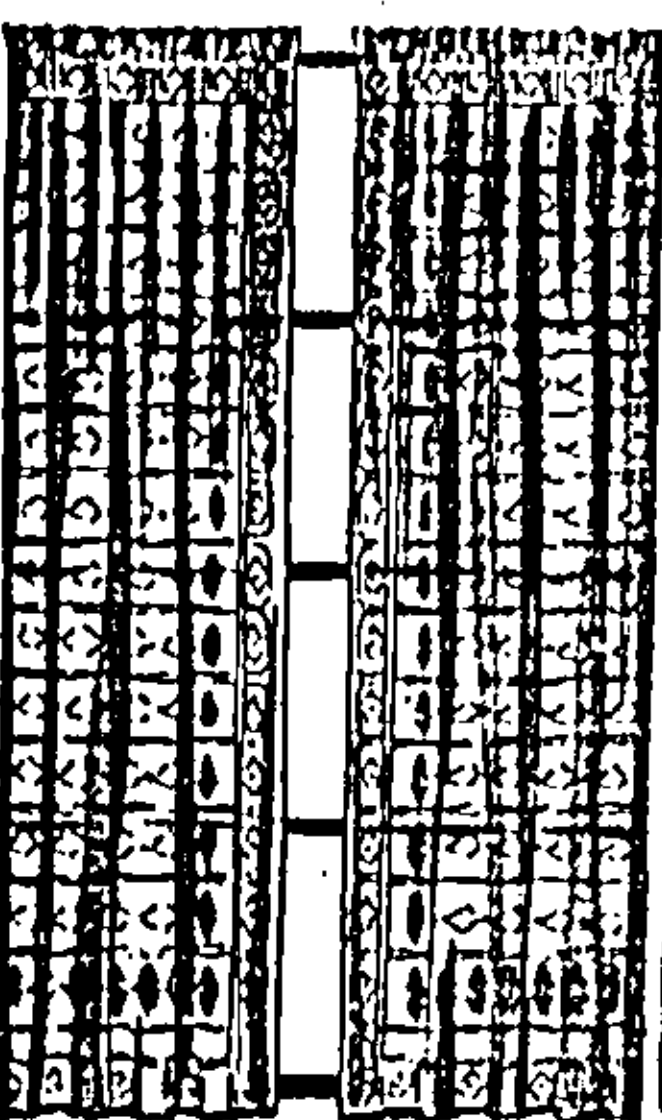
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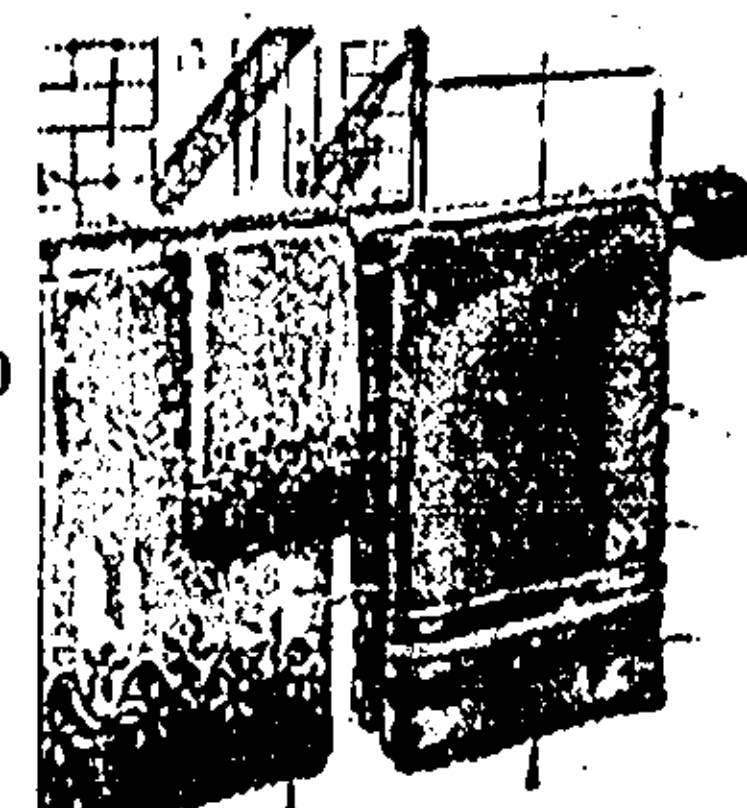
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CAUSTIC NEW YORK COMMENT German Story Of Graf Spee Thoroughly Discredited

GERMANY MEANS TO GO ON

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

Berne, Yesterday.
Rumours spread abroad
regarding Germany's alleged
peace intentions are
categorically denied in Ber-
lin political circles, accord-
ing to the "Basler National
Zeitung."

The newspaper adds that the
Reich's war aims were clearly de-
fined in Ribbentrop's preface to the
latest German White Paper, namely,
"the destruction of the Reich's
enemies."

German political circles now
take every opportunity to em-
phasize that only arms can
now settle the quarrel between
the Western Powers and the
Reich.

They also stress that the present
lull on the western front allows the
German army to make final prepara-
tions to face all events.—Havas.

PLANES BURN LIKE BEACONS

LONDON, YESTERDAY.
IN THURSDAY'S AIR BATTLE
OVER HELIGOLAND BETWEEN
R.A.F. BOMBERS AND GERMAN
FIGHTERS, THE LEADER OF THE
BRITISH SQUADRON NOTED
FOUR NAZI PLANES CRASHING
INTO THE SEA IN FLAMES.

"It was getting dark," he writes,
"and they burned for some time, for
all the world like four enormous
beacons."

One of the five Nazi planes
brought down vertically into the
sea, after being hit by the guns
of several of our planes.

The squadron leader concludes
briefly that the fight strengthened
rather than shook the morale of
his men.

All the British planes were bom-
bers.

Among their crews were three
Canadians. One of them was a
former member of the Mounted
Police, while another was an in-
surance broker in civil life.

South Africa had two representa-
tives, New Zealand four and Aus-
tralia one, an ex-draughtsman who
was at the controls of one of the
bombers.—Reuter.

GERMAN WAR THESIS

London, Yesterday.
The argument that econo-
mic blockade and aerial
bombardment of industrial
areas are justified, is con-
tained in an article which
appears in the leading Ger-
man military publication.

The article considers that blockade
and bombing are "a flank attack on
almost impregnable lines such as the
German and French."

Both methods of warfare are
regarded as "an extension of the
military front on land."

The article was written before war
broke out, but its publication now is
considered significant.—Reuter.

SEA BATTLE OFF OSTEND?

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

BRUSSELS, YESTERDAY.

HEAVY FIRING HEARD OFF

OSTEND TO-DAY IS BELIEVED

TO INDICATE A NAVAL BATTLE

BETWEEN BRITISH AND GERMAN

WARSHIPS.

There is no confirmation in official

quarters, however, and the Belgian

Defence Ministry says it has no in-
formation.—Havas.

DECISIVE BRITISH VICTORY

New York, Yesterday.

"A DECISIVE VICTORY for Britain," and "Weak-
ness of the pocket-battleship revealed," sums
up the verdict of the United States press on the
South Atlantic naval battle.

David Boone, columnist of the "New York Sun,"
says the Graf Spee is now what might be called
a patch-pocket battleship.

It looks as if she is out of the line-up permanently
but Hitler is making a strong effort to talk her
back into the war.

The Nazis raise the usual cry that
she was fouled. The Graf Spee had
hardly cooled off before Berlin was
claiming that mustard gas was used.

The "New York Post" says the
running battle was the most drama-
tic encounter of the war.

The "New York Sun" in an
editorial says Germany's new
tactics have been worsened by the
British variant of General For-
rest's celebrated old rule.

"Britain got there fastest with the
most ships."

TWO IDEAS EXPLODED

The "Detroit Free Press" declares
that two ideas have been exploded,
one that the British Fleet contained
only three or four vessels capable of
running down and coping with the
Graf Spee type and the other that
vessels with 6-inch or 8-inch guns
would be helpless in combat with line
ships.

The newspaper adds that the
elimination of one-third of the
strongest surface arm of the Ger-
man navy can only be regarded as a
decisive victory.

Neither the German claim to a
victory nor the allegation that the
British cruisers fired gas shells can
be accepted.

DISCOUNT ON NAZI LIES

The British seamanship against
superior gun-power is praised by the
"New York Times."

The Journal says: "The German
Government lost another battle
when it lied about the Graf Spee."

"The discount rate on official state-
ments from Berlin has always been
high. A few more breaks like this
and it will be close on 100 per cent!"
—Reuter.

GRAF SPEE SUICIDE DASH

(Continued on Page 21)

the captains of the sunk British ships
who were released from the battle-
ship.

They regard as unlikely any
attempt by the Graf Spee to run
the gauntlet of the British war-
ships patrolling the mouth of the
River Plate unless definite or-
ders are received from Berlin.

It is not known for certain when
the time limit fixed by the Uruguay
Government expires.

One report says the Graf Spee has
been ordered to leave by midnight
on Sunday, local time, (noon Hong
Kong Time on Monday).

Another suggests the 72 hours limit
down may run from the time work-
men who have arrived from Buenos
Aires start repairing the battleship.

It is understood they will not begin
work until to-morrow (Sunday), at
the earliest.

They came from Buenos Aires
because the only firms' workmen
in Montevideo capable of mak-
ing repairs refused the task be-
cause of their anti-Nazi views.

If the Graf Spee does not leave by
the zero hour fixed she will be in-
terred for the duration of the war.

The Uruguayan Government's de-
cision is described as absolutely
final.—Reuter.

DIFFICULT TASK

London, Yesterday.

The morning newspapers state
that the Graf Spee was busy refuel-
ling last night and also took on board
steel plates for repairing the holes
in the hull.

This will be a difficult task,

ITALY'S NON-BELLIGERENCY

COUNT CIANO ESCHEWS ROLE OF PEACE-MAKER

Rome, Yesterday.

THE WELL-KNOWN FASCIST views regarding the peace
treaties and the need for their peaceful revision,
were dwelt on by Count Ciano, the Foreign Minister,
in a speech in the Chamber of Facios and Corpora-
tions this morning.

Count Ciano emphasised the positive contribution which
Italy had made towards peace and recalled the Span-
ish civil war and the reasons why Italy, morally and
materially, supported General Franco.

HITLER WARNING TO SWEDEN

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

PARIS, YESTERDAY.

A WARNING NOTE BY HITLER

TO STOCKHOLM CAUSED THE

SWEDISH DELEGATE TO THE

LEAGUE OF NATIONS TO RE-

FRAIN FROM VOTING AGAINST

RUSSIA AND GRANT FINLAND

IMPORTANT ASSISTANCE, SAYS

THE NEWSPAPER "L'OEUVRE."

The newspaper adds that Hitler

had previously rejected Sweden's

offers to negotiate with Germany for

the settlement of all pending ques-
tions, affirming that the war does not
permit the Reich to engage in any
diplomatic talks.

It is the Reich's intention to con-
tinue the policy of threats against
Sweden.—Havas.

however, as local workers have
refused to help repair the war-
ship.

The newspapers differ as regards
the hour when the time limit ex-
pires, but most of them expect the
warship to make a dash for the open
sea before then.—Reuter.

NOON H. K. TO-DAY

Montevideo, Yesterday.

It is learned that the Admiral Graf

Spee is preparing to leave port at
any moment.

It is believed the authorities

have given her until midnight on
Sunday (noon, Hong Kong Time
on Monday) to depart.

It was earlier reported that the

battleship had been ordered to leave
by 5 p.m. on Sunday (6 a.m. Hong
Kong time on Monday).

It is understood the time limit ex-
pires 72 hours from her arrival.—
Reuter.

PATCHING WOUNDS

Montevideo, Yesterday.

Though the time limit for the Ad-
miral Graf Spee's stay here expires
to-morrow (Sunday), the exact hour
has not yet been announced.

The crew of the damaged battle-
ship are still patching up her
wounds, many of them being kept
hard at work while their 88 com-
rades were being buried.

Owing to the refusal of Uruguayan
technical help, other men may be
sent from Buenos Aires.—Reuter.

U.S. NAVY'S CLOSE INTEREST

Washington, Yesterday.

The Navy Department may

invite some of the British mer-
chant marine officers captured
by the Admiral Graf Spee to
visit the United States and give
a full account of the battle.

The Navy Department is an-
xious to know how the German
warship's high pressure steam
engine stood the test, as there
is a great controversy in the
United States on the subject.—
Reuter.

SOVIET SUBS. FOR GERMANY

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

PARIS, YESTERDAY.

THE SOVIET HAS DELIVERED

TO GERMANY AN IMPORTANT

NUMBER OF SUBMARINES AND

THUS HAS GIVEN ANOTHER IN-

DI-CATION OF THE CLOSE CO-

OPERATION BETWEEN RUSSIA

AND GERMANY, WHICH, AC-

CORDING TO MOST OBSERVERS,

WILL BECOME CLOSER AS A

SEQUEL TO RUSSIA'S EXPUL-

SION FROM THE LEAGUE OF

NATIONS.

Most newspapers express the

opinion that the political conse-
quences of the League's vote will be felt
in the near future. "Everything is
dependent upon the influence it may
have on Stalin's advisers in the
Soviet Political Bureau," the news-
paper "L'Espresso" wrote.

The newspaper "Le Jour"

welcomed the fact that most of
the Geneva speakers, while
branding Russia, also attacked
German methods in international
relations from which Russian
aggression originated.

All the papers understood the
motives behind the neutrals' absten-
tion from voting which is fully
justified by their fear of being at-
tacked.—Havas.

SOVIET CONSIDERS POSITION

(SPECIAL TO "SUNDAY HERALD")

Paris, Yesterday.

The possibility of break-

ing off diplomatic relations

between the Soviet and

France was discussed by

Kremlin leaders yester-

day, says the newspaper

"L'Oeuvre."

The report adds that Marshal

Voroshilov, the Soviet Defence Com-
missar, is definitely opposed to such
a move.

Curiously enough, Marshal

Voroshilov's view was supported
by the German Ambassador in
Moscow, Graf von der Schulen-
burg.

No indications are given as regards
the reason for the stand adopted by
Marshal Voroshilov and the Nazi en-
voy.—Havas.

NO OTHER RAIDERS AT LARGE

LONDON, YESTERDAY.

THE NAVAL CORRESPONDENT

OF "THE TIMES" SAYS THE

NAMES OF THE SHIPS SUNK BY

THE ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE AND

THE APPROXIMATE POSITIONS

WHERE THE CREWS WERE CAP-

TURED, SHOW THAT THE GRAF

SPEE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR

ALL LOSSES IN THE SOUTH AT-

LANTIC KNOWN TO HAVE OC-

CURRED HITHERTO.

Hence, the correspondent adds,
there is no reason to suppose that
there is any other raider at large in
those waters.

It is also indicated that whenever
the raider had done anything that
would probably lead to her presence
being reported, such as the sinking
of the Africa Shell and the stopping
of the Dutch ship Mapla off Mozam-
bique, she immediately left the vic-
inity at high speed.

Reports hitherto received do not
make it clear whether she sank all
her captures.—Reuter.

STOP PRESS

Sanctiago, Yesterday.

An Admiralty communique says

the German steamer Dusseldorf was

captured by a British warship and
not sunk, as previously reported.—
Reuter.

Montevideo, Yesterday.

The fog has lifted entirely,

making conditions more difficult
for the Graf Spee.

The German Ambassador in

Buenos Aires flew by special
plane to Montevideo to-day.—
Reuter.

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prietors, The Newspaper Enterprises
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